SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI NOVEMBER 1894 No. 5

ELECTION NIGHT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

By Julian Ralph

MR. BENNETT showed his knowledge of the public curiosity when he put up a newspaper building so largely of glass as to reveal to the people in the streets the movements, and something of the methods, of the workmen who produce his daily journal. The crowds which gather at the windows betray the same interest in the subject that is shown wherever a reporter appears to do his work. To us who are engaged in the business, reporters seem all too numerous, and yet no sooner does one produce his book and pencil in a public hall or place than a whisper leaps from the mouths of the people, there is a visible stir to bring the man or woman into general view, and interest in the business in hand is thereafter divided with the newspaper-historian. In some measure the newspaper directors have always made themselves responsible for that degree of mystery which clings to the business and keeps a keen edge upon the popular curiosity regarding it. There are still newspaper editors who try to pose as petty czars before their subordinates, declining counsel and refusing explanation as a general in command would scarcely do in the heat of battle. There are newspaper establishments in which the editors' rooms are as difficult of access, even to the other workmen in the building, as an inventor's closet, or the dressing-room of an actress; and there is not—and never can be—any newspaper office that is as open to the public as a store, or even as a bank. I once heard the editor-in-chief of a New York newspaper speak of "that mystery which the public always associates with the editorial sanctum." The utterance was priggish, but it sprang from a fact which has at its root the essence of journalism; for, if everyone knew what was to be published in a newspaper, who wrote each article, and who furnished the facts, the business could not be carried on. What is meat to the mass of readers may be poison to the persons concerned, and, even as it is, there is a constant battle between those who are gathering the news and those who would like to keep it out of print.

Thus it is that, in maintaining some degree of mystery about the work, a great deal more comes to be fancied to exist, and the work of journalism remains greatly interesting to all—happily to those who live under its exciting influence as well as to those who get only occasional glimpses of its processes.

But there is one night in every year, in every great newspaper office, when work is done that is the least understood of all that goes on in the making of a daily paper; one night when the highest state of fever attends the excitement and strain of the most intense work that falls to the lot of any men, except soldiers in war. That is election night. That is the night when a few men sit down at six o'clock before virgin sheets of paper, with the knowledge that before two o'clock the next morning they must cover those sheets with the elec-

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tion returns of a nation, digesting mountains of figures and apprising the public of the results in the most condensed forms, weeks in advance of the official announcements, as sparks might be counted while they fly from the shapeless iron on a blacksmith's anvil. And these calculations must stand the test of comparison with those which the rival newspapers, working without collaboration, as eager competitors, will publish at the same moment. The mass of other news brings less responsibility and concern to the deskmen in such an office. It is guaranteed by great news associations, it is sent in by trusted correspondents from all over, everywhere. Each item or story is complete in itself. It needs only to be winnowed—the least interesting to be discarded, and the rest to be cut like cloth to fit the space at hand, and polished to suit the standards of the journal.

But the election figures come in driblets and atoms, and must be put together as the Florentines make their mosaics. Some of it, we shall see, is plucked from the very air—as a magician seems to collect coins in a borrowed hat—begotten of reasoning, but put down beside the genuine returns with equal confidence and almost equal accuracy. Ah! but that is a work to try cool heads and strong nerves. I am quite certain no other men in the world include such a night of tension and excitement, periodically, as a fixed part of a workaday existence. No other men, regularly once a year, feel themselves so truly in the focus of an intense public interest, manifesting itself in so many ways. If we could really put windows into our methods, as one of us has put them into his building, that, of all times and phases, would be the one whose illumination would cause the most surprise to the public.

The Washington Correspondent.

The returns of every State are gathered by the leading newspapers in that State, and as there is a system of exchange between the newspapers, the chief care of each is to get the figures of its own State. In New York City, then, the Empire State is the subject of most concern. It is an extraordinary State at all times, but never is it more so than when it is considered as a factor in a national election. It is not only one of the

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Managing Editor, on Election Night.

party battle-grounds—a pivotal, uncertain quantity—but it is full of big cities, rolling up enormous masses of votes; and at the same time it contains wilderness-districts, groups of counties covered by mountains and forests, where the railroads and telegraph circuits are few, and whence news leaks almost as slowly as from Montana or Idaho. To canvass it, to make ready to seize its returns on the instant, as if a giant hand were to be put out to cover every hill and valley, is the task of the managing editors—a task at once delicate and gigantic. Each managing editor has his own method, developed out of the traditions and resources of each establishment, and tested and strengthened year

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The Correspondent of an English Paper.

after year. The newspaper that is so economical as to rely on any press association, or even upon its regular correspondents, is not one that is valued for its election news. The journal that is so partisan as to arrange only for Republican or Democratic sources of information may be fortunate or may be wholly deceiving to its readers—as chance decrees. But the journals which are managed with pride in their correctness, in the getting and giving of the news regardless of even their own political leaning, such truly valuable journals take no chances, throw economy to the dogs, and yield to no bias in arranging to turn the floodgates of election news into their workrooms on election night. A net is thrown over each county. The local political managers, the leading candidates, the correspondents in the country newspaper offices—all are ordered or requested to file the result of the voting as soon as they are known. Finally, personal friends of the editors and of the political writers are appealed to to "wire" the news as soon as it is determined, and special correspondents are detailed to wait upon the political chieftains and bosses, who are certain to be at their homes on that one night of the year, to send on the news that reaches them from their political agents. There are sixty counties in the State, and some are "covered" six or eight times in this way. Only fancy the number of telegrams that result from these arrangements, all superimposed upon the bales of despatches from the news associations! But the reader cannot conceive it. They rain in upon the workers like autumn leaves in a gale-swept forest. They cover the desks and the floor, and are piled in masses on the file-hooks before the night is over.

The services of the rival news associations and of special reporters are engaged to hasten the gathering of the returns from New York City and the suburbs, in Staten Island, Long Island, New Jersey, and Westchester County, where the population is dense and where the election methods have always been more loose and dishonest than in the metropolis. Thus the State and parts of other States around it are picketed with nervous, active, earnest men, and thus the tension in the offices of the big dailies makes itself felt all over the State—and, by the same pro-

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cess, all over the Union. This same comprehensive surveillance operates strongly in producing and insuring a fair count. Time was—and not very long ago—when what are called the "back counties" were not under any such influence, and their returns were figured dilatorily, calmly, at ease—and

The City Editor.

often very dishonestly. Later far than Horace Greeley's time, when he demanded the best figures that were obtainable for his journal, there was far more tampering with the vote than even the most unprincipled scoundrels dare to attempt in these days. Only the other evening a politician told me something of this nefarious business, in which he used to be concerned, in a city not far from the capital of the State. The "bosses" who controlled the city used to have the returns read to them before the public had access to them. The "bosses" held back the additions in the heavily peopled wards where the voters of their party were most numerous. The returns they studied were therefore those of their antagonists. If these showed only a normal vote they took no action, but if, as often happened, the ring rule had angered and stirred their opponents to poll a very heavy vote of protest, the bosses studied the vote, calculated its effect, and issued secret orders to their

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"The racing reporter came in, drawing off his red gloves."

henchmen to "add a couple of hundred votes in the first ward," to "swell the vote in the third ward by five hundred," and so on until, when they were ready to let the public have the returns, they were so doctored that the ring was seen to be still in power and the popular protest of no avail. To-day that cannot be done. In every district, at every head-quarters, there is a company of reporters — impatient, resourceful, possessed of but a single aim, and confident in their knowledge of their rights as well as of their power—demanding the returns from this ward, from that one, from such a village—for *The Sun*, *The Times*, or *The Herald*, or *The Tribune*. "Colonizing" and "ballot-box stuffing" were reported to the newspapers from two places in New York State during the gathering of the revolutionary vote of November, 1893, but there were no returns held back to be doctored, and more than one "boss" went down.

Now, to come back to one of the newspaper offices; to the one with which I am familiar and in which I have helped at this work year and year again — with such an annual dread of election night as to make it seem a state of millennium which those enjoy who merely read the papers after they are published. Imagine a great schoolroom in which there is no teacher's platform, with fifty or sixty desks facing all the cardinal points of the compass, so that each will get the nightlight and the daylight as best it can. Around the walls are the desks of the executive editors and of the copy-readers—the city desks, the suburban desk, the telegraph desks, the Washington and Albany desk, that of the night or "make-up" editor, and that of the managing editor. Within the hollow square fancy more than two score reporters' desks, many of them pre-empted now for the election work, and these blanketed with great sheets of yellow blotting-paper, with fresh pads of writing-paper, with new pen-holders and pens *ad libitum*, with bristling rows of file-wires. The office is quiet and restful. The copy-readers are at their accustomed work of receiving and preparing the general regular news. Of those who are to get up the election

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returns only two or three are busy early in the evening. They are those who are to receive the New York City returns, which begin to arrive by six o'clock.

The men who are to prepare the State table, by counties, the congress table, and the legislative table of senators and assemblymen elected, are lolling in their chairs. Among them are men who are trained to the work and have been so trained because they have judgment, coolness, and the ability to work like lightning and with accuracy. The political correspondent, head-quartered at Albany, has come to town with a complete general knowledge of the rivalries and conditions in each county. He has made up the legislative table in advance, prophesying the result of the election in each district as his judgment prompts him. He will be proud if he does not have to alter it in many places, but if there is an unexpected "tidal wave"—as our political revolutions are called—he will undo three-quarters of his work with an occasional grin that develops into a merry countenance as the night wears on—for your true journalist, who sees behind all doors and discovers the same chicanery and self-interest in all politicians, is very seldom a partisan. One man whom I know, and who knows us all, calls us all Bashi-Bazouks in politics, and in more or less other relations to life and citizenship. Beside the "Albany man" sits the Washington correspondent—a nabob in the estimation of the staff, which grades the editor first, the managing editor second, the city editor third, the Washington correspondent fourth, and the London correspondent nebulously, with awe, as the pagans consider one of their gods that operate and yet are never seen. This Washington correspondent brings an unfamiliar, enviable atmosphere with him. Well-salaried, in command of a "bureau" and a staff of his own, he supports not only an elegance of attire, but an ease and a pride of bearing that are eloquent of a calmer atmosphere than the boiler-room energy of the home office. He has been heard of as smoking on the back porch of the White House with a President, and it is noticed that the editorial writers not only come out of the inner sanctum to gossip with him, but that they listen keenly and keep saying "Oho!" "Ah, indeed!" and "If that leaks out there'll be a stir." Possibly the chief of the special correspondents will be in this line of idle men—a diplomatic, easy-going man, who is a puzzle to the others because he eschews the executive desks that bring the modern high salaries to men as successful as he, because he has just come from South Carolina, and is going to New Orleans as soon as these figures are gathered—a man who is perfectly at home in Paris, San Francisco, Quebec, and St. Augustine, and who has been heard to wish that he could make the acquaintance of his wife and children, since he has, he says, every reason to believe they are very nice people. There is more than one such "special," and if another of them is in town, it may be that one who detests cities and civilization, who plunges into both wherever there is a war or an earthquake or a promise of rough adventure, only to return again to a little box he has built in a remote wilderness of mountains and woods, where he hibernates with wife and children, rod and gun, until the next call to danger.

But in the meantime the night grows. The managing editor has become the centre of the earliest excitement—if I may use a word that does not apply to any moment in newspaper life. Strain, tension, rush, busy-ness—these are all better terms, especially if taken together. The managing editor is the man who in reality "runs" a daily paper. He has charge of seven-eighths of an eight-page journal—of all but the editorial page, and the forming and conduct of the journal's policy—a mysterious essence about which there is much nonsense and little that is productive of pecuniary profit in these days when the age demands that editors shall meet their readers with the same common-sense which the public now enjoys in quite as high a degree as themselves. An office-boy sits in the window behind the managing editor, and a stenographer has drawn a chair up beside that official's right elbow. The boxes that are shot out of a pneu-

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matic tube leading from the head-quarters of the principal telegraph company keep falling with a chug-chug, like the discharges of a musket—a startling, explosive noise that is to become incessant during the whole night. A bright office-boy—a sort of captain among these messengers—manipulates the tube. He opens the messages, and by means of a squad of other boys distributes them among the copy-readers and the men at work on the local returns. But all the news of the State, and of all the other States, he sends to the managing editor. That man is managing editor because he is calm and knowing and philosophical, because he is experienced, and because he understands how to manage men and a great newspaper without friction. How he does his work is marvellous. If the night editor tells him the printers are "getting drowned in copy," and that he cannot "get all the stuff in the paper," the managing editor simply clears his throat to get the general attention, remarks "Keep the stuff down, boys; too much is going up," and then returns to his work in hand, well aware that not another word need be said.

In a moment of great pressure it may happen that an idle reporter tells a story that brings a knot of other idle men around him and evokes suppressed laughter. "Ahem!" says the managing editor, "too much noise here." After that everyone hears the clock tick.

He is now the one who is drowned in "stuff." Scattered through the election despatches are requests for private news of the election from editors, candidates, governors of States, members of the cabinet at Washington, from schoolboy friends up in the country, from great Wall Street operators and railroad magnates, from party "bosses" in several States, from all over and from all sorts of persons. "Can you say if I am elected?" "Give me the earliest tip you can on your State and city." "What do you hear from Ohio?" "We don't hear a sound from Virginia—what have you got?" These show the drift of hundreds of despatches. The managing editor reads the returns and hands them to the boy at his beck to distribute among the men at the desks. The private despatches he answers over his elbow to the stenographer.

Someone tells him that the crowd is forming in front of the office. It is known as *the* crowd because it is always there on election night. It begins with a lot of little knots of men—one in front of *The Press*, another in front of *The Times*, the other in front of the buildings of *The Sun*, *The World*, *The Tribune*, and the rest. As these knots swell they join one another and blockade Park Row, and lap over into the City Hall Park—an enormous, patient, cheering, and yelling multitude of many thousands of persons all with their white faces shining above their dark clothes.

"Tell —— to begin the bulletins," says the managing editor. Then he adds, "Tell the city editor to send me a bright reporter who can write bulletins all night." The bright reporter is found, and ordered to move about among the desks and learn "whatever will be interesting to feed to the crowd." The man who receives the order to begin the bulletins is the so-called "manager of the art department," a high-sounding title when one considers the pictures with which most newspapers entertain their readers—the best that rapid presswork permits, and yet none the better for that. This art manager does not intend to disappoint or thwart the crowd in front of his bulletin—for in front of each newspaper building a great transparency has been constructed. He spent the preceding day making portraits of well-known politicians and statesmen, as well as a great number of "comics"—hasty cartoons showing the Tammany Tiger on the deck of the battle-ship New York, showing Mr. McKinley triumphantly waving his tariff bill—as well as one showing the same gentleman buried under the same document, and one illustrative of a naval engagement in which the battle-ship New York is shelling the Tammany Tiger. He is a man of cheerful resignation and of resource—this art manager—and he prepares himself for what might be termed the Whatever. These pictures he draws in outline on small cards. Over each he lays a glass stereopticon slide and copies

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the drawing on the glass. Having dozens of these ready, he flashes one—a portrait—on the white canvas sheet. It is cheered. He follows it with "a comic." A roar of laughter follows. He cannot see the servile mob, and yet he manipulates it quite as if he should say, "Now I'll press a button and they'll howl," and "Now you shall hear them laugh." How like a newspaper man even this artist is—to remain unseen, unthought of, unknown, and yet to sway the crowd as he wills. The news bulletins begin to come later, and the words that compose them are painted on glass and magnified on the canvas, just like the pictures.

The first news, even from close at hand, is always of one pattern. It consists of the returns of the brown-stone Republican districts, where there is only one vote or two to each house. It is easily counted, and so it is the first in hand. Along with it come calculations by the Press Association reporters—sent in on manifold sheets and reading like this: "48 *districts, official, give Republican vote of* 3,942; *Democrat,* 1,879; *same districts last year gave Republican,* 3,796; *Democratic,* 2,100." The chief one of the men who is taking the city returns is a born mathematician. He knows and loves figures, and handles them as Morphy played with chessmen. He employs ingenious, labor-saving, peculiar, and personal ways of dealing with them, and these blind despatches that rain in on him to the number of six hundred or seven hundred during the night, he subjects to his logarithms and formulas with what looks like invulnerable patience, until—twenty times in the night—they tell him a growing and a widening story of ruin for one party and triumph for the other. At such times he seeks out each man engaged in similar work and says, "Did I tell you that Maynard was running behind the Democratic ticket? Well, he's running 10,000 behind." Later, he made it 12,000, then 15,000, and at last about 20,000 behind.

In the meantime the office begins to fill with people never seen there except on election nights, and with men who only come when great news is stirring. The latter were the New York correspondents of the great newspapers of the country, and of Canada and England. These were business-like. They whispered to the managing editor. They wanted figures, they wanted proof-sheets, they wanted the editorial utterance of the paper that was to appear next morning, and they wanted reasons for the turn the voting was taking in Brooklyn and Buffalo, where the people overturned the governments. Others were the editorial writers, among them those who only work in the daytime and those who never come to the office at all, but send their essays in by mail and messenger. They know little of the methods of any department of a news paper except their own, and the fact was betrayed in their uneasiness, their surprised look when they saw the main workroom brilliant, lighted as the streets at noon—and crowded; with a hush upon it that they did not expect, suppressing their after-dinner tendency to talk. They noticed, too, that the office-boys vouchsafed them no deference, but elbowed them out of the way. And when they essayed to joke with the Washington correspondent and the Albany man, one of those gentlemen said "Yes—yes; but I am busy; excuse me." With the editorial writers had come some notable public men found at the clubs and eager to come down and get the news—a federal senator, a bibulous Western editor, a judge or two, and a general of the regular army. There is no reverence among newspaper men. They know humanity too well not to see beneath the mere uniforms and robes by which men are told apart. So, presently, these gentlemen withdrew to the *sanctums* where the art manager and his assistants bustled to and fro among them in order to display the bulletins out of the windows. But the notables endured the discomfort, while one of the editors went to and fro, getting outlines of the exciting election from the managing editor.

The publisher came up from the counting-room—a man of affairs and the personage who grows more and more important as the capital involved in newspaper work swells and keeps swelling—withal, a practical man who read the situation as a telegrapher reads the

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Morse alphabet. He came merely to ask if anything was wanted. Yet but for the fact that everybody else was there, it would have seemed strange to see him down-town after dark. The racing reporter came in, drawing off his red gloves and his sleek beaver coat. An enthusiast, he had much to tell of the day's events at some great race-course, but no one would listen ; in fact he became the listener to news that even he recognized as more important than his own. After getting all that was then known of the trend of the voting, he—upon whom the news had thus been forced—remarked : "If that is all true, I win eight hundred, two hats, and an overcoat." Then he sat down and wrote the report of the races about which no one seemed to care.

There sauntered in, presently, a short, ruddy-faced, foreign-looking man of the Slav type of features—such a man as those you see by the score in the polyglot crowds at the East-side cafés and reading-rooms. He neither looked at nor spoke to anyone, but taking an apple out of one pocket and a Buda-Pesth daily out of the other, began to read print that appeared to be upside down. He was the chess-editor. The bustle of the office surged around him without touching him at any point, until a boy brought him a yellow telegram. He dropped his newspaper, read a line, put down his apple, put on his glasses, and became a new man, totally unlike the stolid Hungarian who had been in his clothing a moment before. What he read was something like this :

"ST. PETERSBURG, November 7th.

"*Wishnakief Arnald* 48, 19 *centre gambit* 11, 36, 49, 12, *Queen* 16 *Knight and Bishop. Excitement. To-morrow end.*"

Yet his eyes distended, he slapped his knee with his free hand, he ran to a cupboard and took out a chess-board, and after twenty minutes spent in studying some moves that he made with his chessmen, he sat down, and in a fever of excitement tossed off a dozen pages of a report of a spirited episode and some startling new modes of play in a game of chess in Russia.

In the meantime the pneumatic tube kept up its explosions, the leather cups stuffed with telegrams came like bullets from a rapid-fire gun, and the men at work on the election figures were as busy as bees. While each man worked his way through a great pile of despatches kept under one hand, the boys threw other telegrams in front of him, until half his mind was occupied in keeping those he had not looked at from becoming mixed in with those he had used. Light was coming out of the confusion of telegrams. The mosaic was beginning to reveal its pattern. Ohio had gone Republican. So had Brooklyn and Buffalo. There was unexpected news from Virginia and Illinois. The pattern was distinct, but scores of little cubes were missing. The figures did not come from Erie, St. Lawrence, Rockland, Yates, and other counties. There was doubt as to the senatorial election in the Dutchess district, and about a senate district in Kings. The howls and cheers of the multitude in the streets were growing tiresome. It was disquieting to know that the crowds in front of *The Tribune* and *The Times* were cheering something, when there was no time or way to find out what that something was. It was tiresome, too, to have one's mind distracted when the climax of the work was approaching. The despatches were coming to fill up the missing details, but the worst of it was that the clock hands were moving much faster. Presently the managing editor would be certain to walk 'round the desks, to hear how each table was progressing, and then to say, quite regardless of all the omissions and uncertainties : "Well, I'll give you all twenty minutes ; everything must be closed up in twenty minutes, the tables footed, and the stuff up-stairs."

That order had not come, to be sure, yet it certainly was at hand, and it would never do to think of it, for to lose one's coolness would be to delay and even to "bungle" the newspaper which most prides itself on its election returns. And yet all was still confusion, and two dozen important counties and contests were either unheard from or left in a muddle of doubt. To clear

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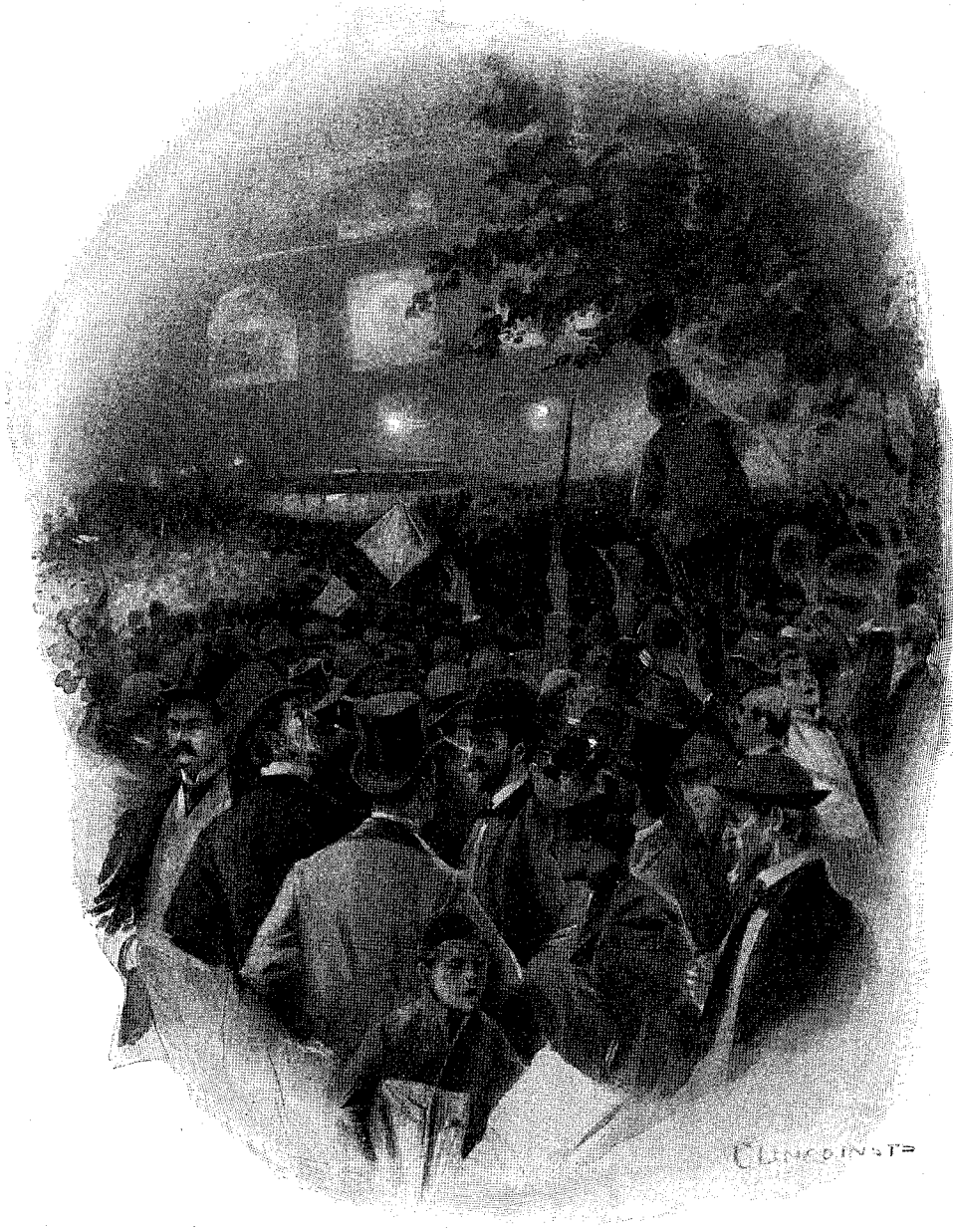

Printing-House Square on Election Night.

up these points as many telegrams had been hurried off, and office-boys stood in a little queue awaiting their turns at the long-distance telephone that was in use to prod up men in Connecticut, in Syracuse, on the edge of the Catskills, and at the far end of Long Island.

The chief leader-writer had been hidden in an inner room writing the editorial comment on the night's news. He had thought of a sub-editorial paragraph that greatly amused him. He showed it to one of the busiest men at the election desks, a man on whose

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brow a cold sweat had already formed in anticipation of the rush and worry of the approaching climax. Still, a chief leader-writer always commands deference and polite attention. The unfortunate calculator took the editorial manuscript and looked at it. To the man in the next chair the handwriting appeared to be Greeleyesque, illegible, fly-trackish.

The Chess Editor.

"I rather like that," said the leader-writer.

"Yes, it's very good," said the man of figures.

"I think I'll let it go," said the editor.

"I certainly should," said the other.

When the leader-writer had gone someone asked the other man what the editorial was about.

"It looked like what is carved on the obelisk in Central Park; I could not read a word of it," said the man of cold sweat, "but I had no time to tell him so."

From some counties the official figures have come in—perhaps from more than half, and more are coming every minute. But from others there are six, and even eight different, contradictory returns—running the majorities up and down a width of a thousand votes apart. The man who knows how each county is in the habit of voting, and how half the other counties have already voted, must fix upon one of these figures and adopt it in his table. Thus he must, at the last moment, run through the entire list. The managing editor comes, as was foreseen, but he shortens the time. "Have all the tables footed and upstairs in fifteen minutes, and each of you must write a short introductory story explaining whatever is extraordinary and peculiar in the situation. I want a paragraph, also, from each of you, for the main introduction that is to lead the paper."

Is he insane? Well, if he is, there is no time to try to cure him now. "Yes, sir; it does not seem possible to do all that—but we'll do it." Then comes the ecstasy of that night's whirl—a sort of controlled delirium in which the mind is held down to its work by some unaccountable extra-agency which may be a part of itself, and yet which operates against and over itself. The figure-spaces are filled in—each set of numerals being studied, selected, and set down, each in the bare moment of poising a pencil. If there aren't any figures to choose from (indicating the vote of some county in the Adirondacks, or of some farming county on the Pennsyl-

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vania border), one must recollect what such counties always have done and must imagine how they would feel the same influences that have altered the accustomed vote elsewhere all over the State. Down go the missing figures, grasped out of the air, and presently the table is ready to foot up. So are the other tables over which all the men are straining. The riot of noise in the street below is growing less and less. The bulletins have exhausted the news and the people are going home—visibly melting away. The office clock begins to tick again. The hush in the office is painful. As each table is footed it is exchanged for another, and the calculators go over and verify one another's figures: "I can't make this one come out as you did," says one. "Well, you must," says the other; "it came that way twice over, and it must be right." Then a moment's pause, and "It is right; who said it wasn't? Here, boy, send this up." The composing-room, where the manuscripts are turned into type, is never spoken of except as "up" and "up-stairs."

Thus the tables are hurried out of the way. But the pneumatic tube continues its chug-chug, and the boys keep shelling the leather cups and pouring the telegrams upon the desks—to be used in a second edition, for which all the work is soon to be gone over again.

"Hurry up your introductory matter," the managing editor says, with a calmness and amiability that are maddening. "You have still six minutes."

After all, when every man's head is full of his work and the tension is still drawn, it is not difficult to do a little more. What is a fourth hand-spring to a man who has already turned three? Besides, a newspaper man's capability is like a street car—"there is always room for one more." And a few lines set in large type and "leaded" will look twice as long as ordinary matter.

The Geographical Editor—"I'll bet a dollar he is in Australia or Patagonia."

Even while these thoughts are flashing through their minds, one man is describing the complexion and changes

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in the State legislature, with side-lights on the queer turns of fate that overtook men here and there in various assembly and senatorial districts. Another is explaining the results of the righteous defeat of the "ring" in Buffalo, the failure of Albany and Troy to respond to sentiments and influences that shook all the other cities and counties in New York. Another is sweeping his mind's eye all over the Union, and telling what went on in every State, at all the polls. Boys are seizing the wet sheets and flinging them into the iron basket that travels up and down inside the wall of the building, to and from the crowded workroom of the lightning-like compositors, with its alternate rows of shadows and electric beams. At last—at ten minutes to two o'clock, the great daily paper is all written.

Hot coffee is brought up from a near-by restaurant, bottles of beer are being opened with a pop and a splash, grapes and sandwiches are being devoured by men who are all on their legs, relieving the strain of long sitting. In what seems less than five minutes, quickly as the same delirious speed of the printers and pressmen can accomplish it, the paper itself, damp and ready to smear wherever it is touched, will be on the managing editor's desk with all the chief men of the office gathered behind the managing editor, looking at it over his shoulders. And, even as they look, a boy will throw over their heads *The Herald*, just as wet and fresh. And then the next, and the next, and the next of the dailies will arrive—until all the morning papers are there. Each is compared with the one gotten out by ourselves. No two agree exactly, though all are in the main alike; but it is observed that the winning party is credited with a larger majority in our journal than in any of the others.

"How do you account for that—are we all right?" the managing editor inquires of the man who figured that majority.

"Dead right," says the man addressed; "we'll have to put it higher yet in the second edition."

A moment later a whisper runs from mouth to mouth, and twenty heads are turned toward a bearded man who is calmly writing at one of the desks, utterly heedless of the general curiosity to see the rival journals, oblivious of all the excitement over the elections, at peace amid all the strain and wear and tear of that night of nights.

"He's been in Africa since eight o'clock," one editor whispers. "He does not know there has been an election."

"Who is he?" asks one of the "specials."

"He is the geographical editor. I'll bet a dollar he is in Australia or Patagonia—let's look and see."

The man who last spoke walks over to a point from which he can read what the placid editor is writing. This is what he reads:

"The Maxim guns proved more than Lo Bengula could meet. Bulawayo, his capital, was not fortified for modern warfare. It is a small——"

"Now, then, gentlemen," says the managing editor, "let's cut the tables out of the first edition, paste them on good big sheets and go to work again. The despatches that have come in while we have been loafing will supply whatever we missed, and if we don't come close to being absolutely correct, I miss my guess. Now, then, let's rattle up the second edition."

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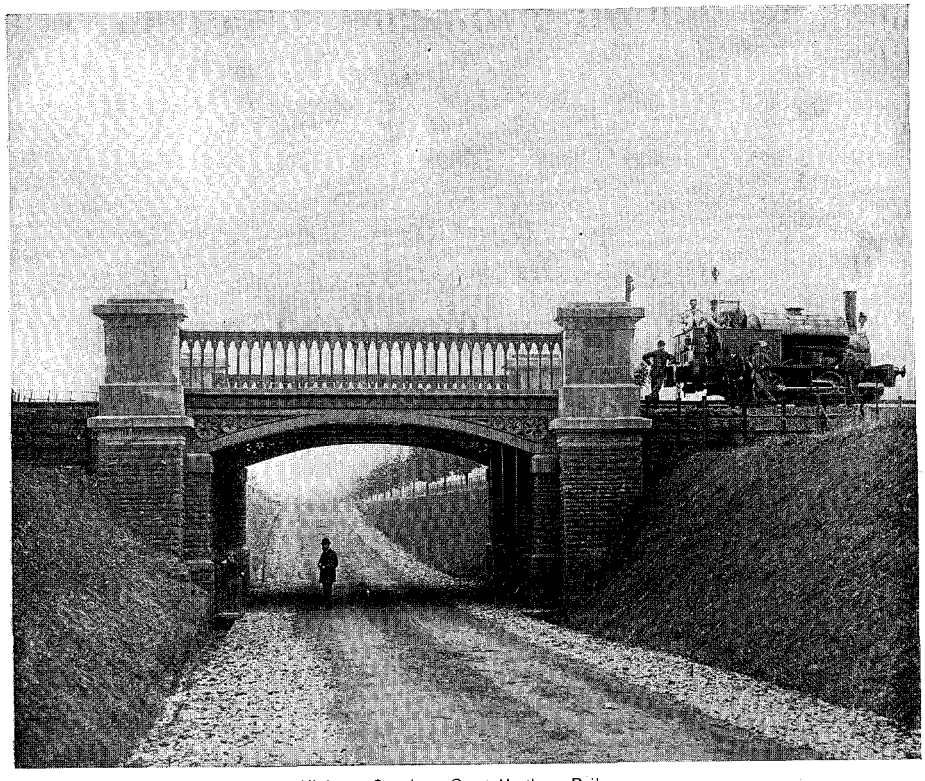

Highway Crossing—Great Northern Railway.

ENGLISH RAILROAD METHODS

By H. G. Prout

LAST month we considered the English railroad system as a machine for carrying passengers. Let us now examine it somewhat more broadly, taking account of the quantity of railroad service supplied to the people of Great Britain, its cost and financial returns, the organization of the system, and the men who control and work it. To this end it will be necessary to use a few figures; but I beg that the reader who shies at figures will not be alarmed, for we shall soon get past them and they will not hurt him. It seems wise, too, to measure the unknown by the known, and therefore I shall make some guarded, and, I trust, judicious comparisons of the English railroads with those of the United States.

At the end of 1892 there were 20,325 miles of railroad open for traffic in the United Kingdom. In England and Wales alone, where the railroads are the thickest, there were 14,242 miles. In the United States there were about 172,000 miles of completed railroad at the end of the same year, and statistics of working were reported for a little less than 171,000. Actually, then, we have nearly nine times as many miles of railroad as the United Kingdom. But we are nearly twenty-five times as big (leaving out Alaska) and proportionately to area the United Kingdom has three times as much railroad as we have. Proportionately to population, however, our supply is greater; each inhabitant here has five times as much railroad as an Englishman has. Were we to compare limited and thickly peo-

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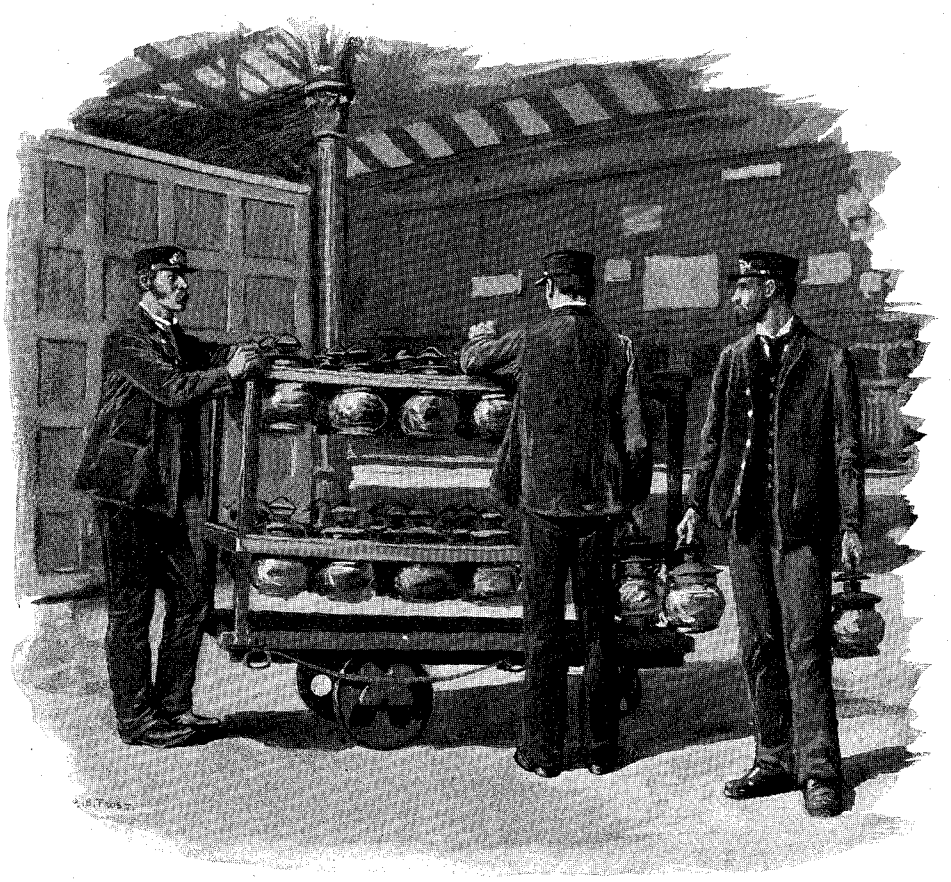
pled regions the proportions would be somewhat different.

But the miles of railroad measure only imperfectly the value of the railroads of a country, and it is worth while to look a little into the work done by the railroads of the different countries. We cannot measure this accurately because we do not know how far the average ton of freight or the average passenger was carried in England, and of course the amount of work includes not only the number of passengers or of tons but the distance they are carried. We may compare, however, the miles run by trains. In England, in 1892, the total movement was 22½ trains each way every day over every mile of railroad in the kingdom. In the United States the total movement equalled 6.9 trains each way every day. This is a pretty fair general measure of the public service; the Englishmen had three times as many trains as we had.

Notwithstanding the much smaller railroad mileage in the United Kingdom than in the United States, there were many more passengers carried. In 1892 the railroads of the United Kingdom carried over 864,000,000 passengers *exclusive* of holders of season tickets ("commuters" in the United States). There were 1,612,510 holders of season tickets, and, allowing each one of these to have made but 300 journeys a year, they would have added over 480,000,000 passenger journeys, making, say, 1,344,000,000 passengers carried in the year. No one should quote this as an actual figure—it is a mere guess. The



Porters with Lamp-truck, for Incoming Train.

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A Country Station on the Midland Railway.

864,000,000 we are sure of, and the 480,000,000 may be too many or too few to add.

In the United States the passengers carried by rail in 1892, were 843,000,000. Let us take, as approximately comparable figures, 1,344,000,000 passengers carried in the United Kingdom, and 843,000,000 in the United States. Then the English roads carried 67,200 passengers per mile of railroad worked, and ours carried 4,900.

In the year 1892 the English railroads carried 15,500 tons of freight per mile worked. In the same year ours carried 4,382 tons per mile worked. So we see that while the English railroads carried 14 times as many passengers for each mile worked as ours did, they carried only 3½ times as many tons of freight per mile of road.

The gross earnings of the railroads of the United Kingdom in 1892 were about $400,000,000, say $20,000 per mile. In the United States they were $1,320,000,000, or $7,720 per mile worked. But this includes a vast mileage of very thin traffic in all the country west of the Missouri River and in the Southern and Southwestern States. Obviously a comparison of averages, which include immense lengths of very unproductive railroad, is but an arid display of figures. To get a measure of the earning power of the representative English railroads, we will compare two or three of the most important systems in the two lands.

The best known of the English systems is the London and North Western; that is, it is the system best known in the United States, partly because of the great tide of travel through the port of Liverpool, and partly because the London and North Western people have been more enterprising in advertising here than the other English companies. Perhaps it is a business mistake on the part of the English companies not to take more trouble to make known to us the attractions of their lines. Great Britain is full of places and things that charm the American who is in search of a holiday, whatever may be his tastes. East and west, north and south from London, stretches a country abounding with scenes of historical and romantic interest to every English-speaking man. Hundreds of trains every day command this region; and within an hour or two, or three, from London one may find history, architecture, natural scenery, shooting, fishing, boating, driving, riding, and walking in the greatest variety, and all in a climate which permits hard out-door exercise almost every day in

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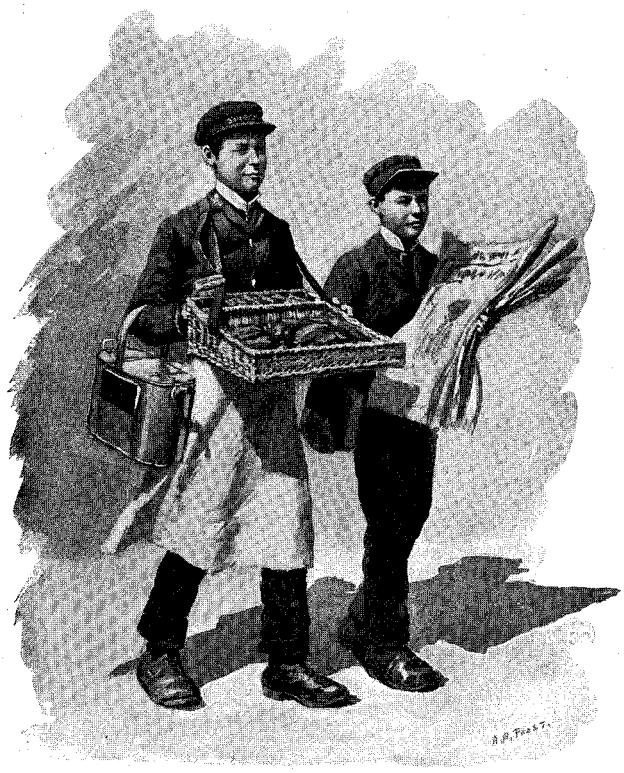
the year, and the whole United Kingdom is organized to give the wayfarer great comfort for a little money. But the London and North Western is almost the only English railroad that has taken much pains to make known to Americans the attractions of its line, and naturally it is the railroad that is most likely to come into one's mind as a characteristic English railroad.

This company also has the largest gross earnings of all the English railroads, although it has not the greatest mileage. In 1892 it worked 1,888 miles and earned £11,738,000. The Great Western, which is the only English system exceeding the London and North Western in length of line, worked in the same year 2,481 miles and earned £9,031,000. The Midland, working 1,383 miles, earned even more than the Great Western; that is, £9,259,000. In the same year the Pennsylvania Railroad proper, the lines east of Pittsburg and Erie, worked 2,591 miles and earned $74,528,000, while the New York Central worked 2,096 miles and earned $45,479,000. Let us see how these figures look reduced to dollars earned per mile. On that basis the Midland leads with $33,000 a mile; the London and North Western comes next with $31,100, the Pennsylvania next with $28,700, and the New York Central earned $21,700. It will be seen that the difference between the average earnings per mile and the best earnings per mile is much less on the English than on the American lines. There it is the difference between $20,000 and $33,000, or 65 per cent.; while here it is the difference between $7,700 and $28,700, or 272 per cent. If one reflects a little he will see that such a difference must exist, for relatively the whole region traversed by the English railroads is populous and developed, while vast regions traversed by the American railroads are still very thinly settled.



"Buns and Papers."

But there is one little English system which beats them all: that is the Lancashire and Yorkshire, which operated, in 1892, 523 miles and made $42,650 of gross earnings per mile. The very name of the Lancashire and Yorkshire suggests the reason for its great earnings per mile. It goes from Liverpool through Manchester to York, and through its various branches gets into the heart of the greatest manufacturing district in the world. The Midland and the London and North Western also serve this region and run into London as well.

If the reader will be patient only a moment more we shall have done with statistics. We have now some measure of the work done by the English railroads, having compared it with the work done on railroads with which we are familiar. But what does all this mean to the owners of the properties? The English railroads have cost to

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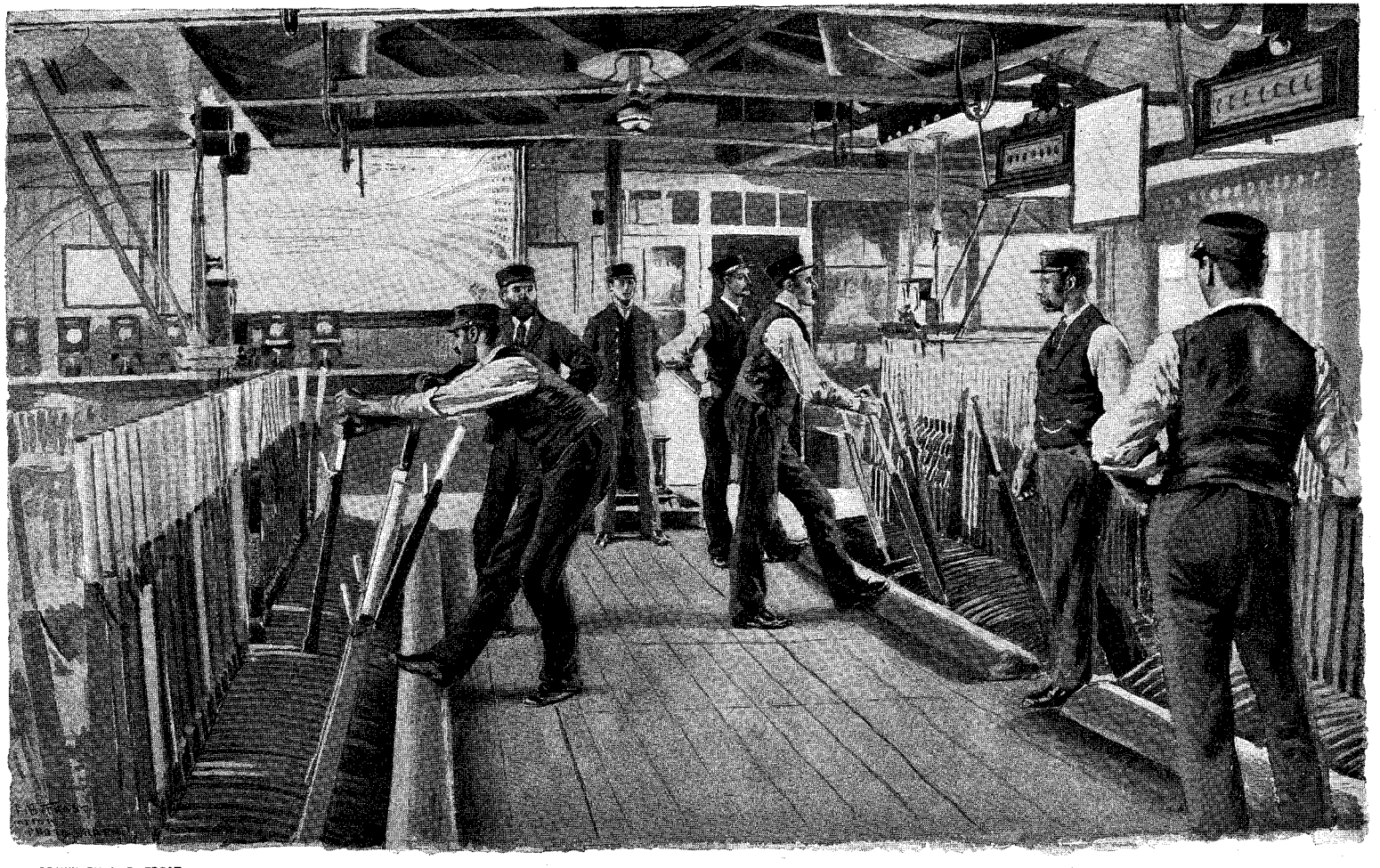

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

In a Switch Tower.

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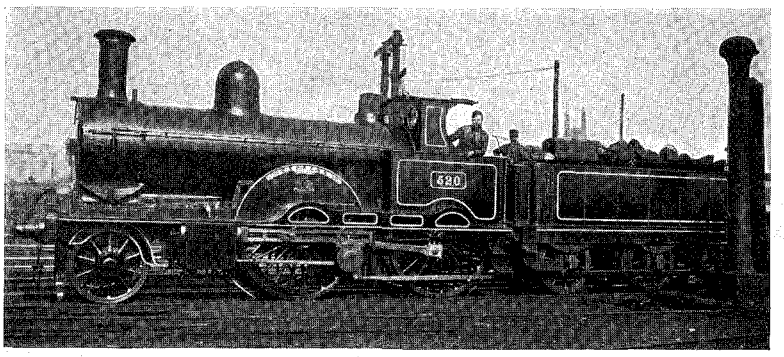
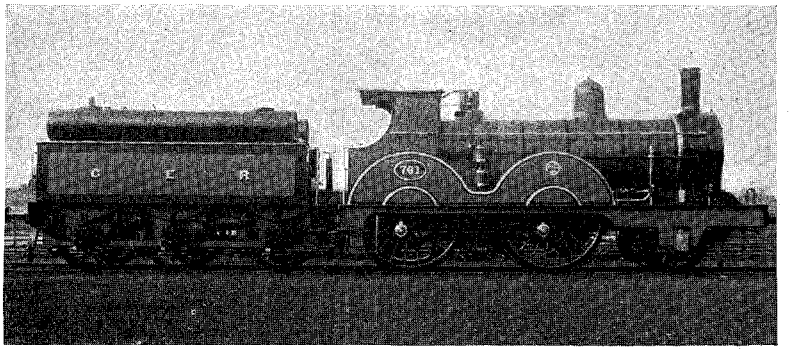
their owners, that is, to the thousands of people who have invested in their shares and other forms of indebtedness, about $227,000 a mile; ours have cost about $63,700, or a little more than one-fourth as much. But the English railroads earn in gross almost three times as much as ours per mile worked. The result is, that notwithstanding their greater cost they pay a good deal more on the par value of their stock. In 1892 over 61 per cent. of all the railroad stock of the United States paid no dividends at all, and the average paid on all of our stock appears by the Interstate Commerce Commissioners' statistics to have been about 2.1 per cent., or by the statistics of "Poor's Manual," 1.68 per cent. The average payment on all forms of debt was 3 per cent In the United Kingdom probably only 8 or 9 per cent. of the share capital paid no dividend, and the average paid on all forms of indebtedness of the railroads of that country was 3.85 per cent.



Compound Engine used on London and North Western.

These sound in the mere statement like remarkable facts. Why should English railroads have cost so much more than ours; and why, having cost so much more, should they yet be safer and more profitable investments?

Everyone knows in general terms why they have cost more. He has but to look around at the magnificent masonry in bridges and viaducts, and in overhead and underneath crossings; at the vast terminals in the great cities, with their hydraulic plant and their important and perfect systems of signals; at the beautiful track with heavy rails, masonry drains, cut-stone arched culverts, and all perfectly signalled; at the little country stations in stone and brick, with platforms in solid masonry on both sides of the track, with waiting-



Oil-burning Engine on the Great Eastern Railway.

Drivers 7 feet in diameter; tanks carry 650 gallons of oil fuel. Coal can be used for fuel at any time.

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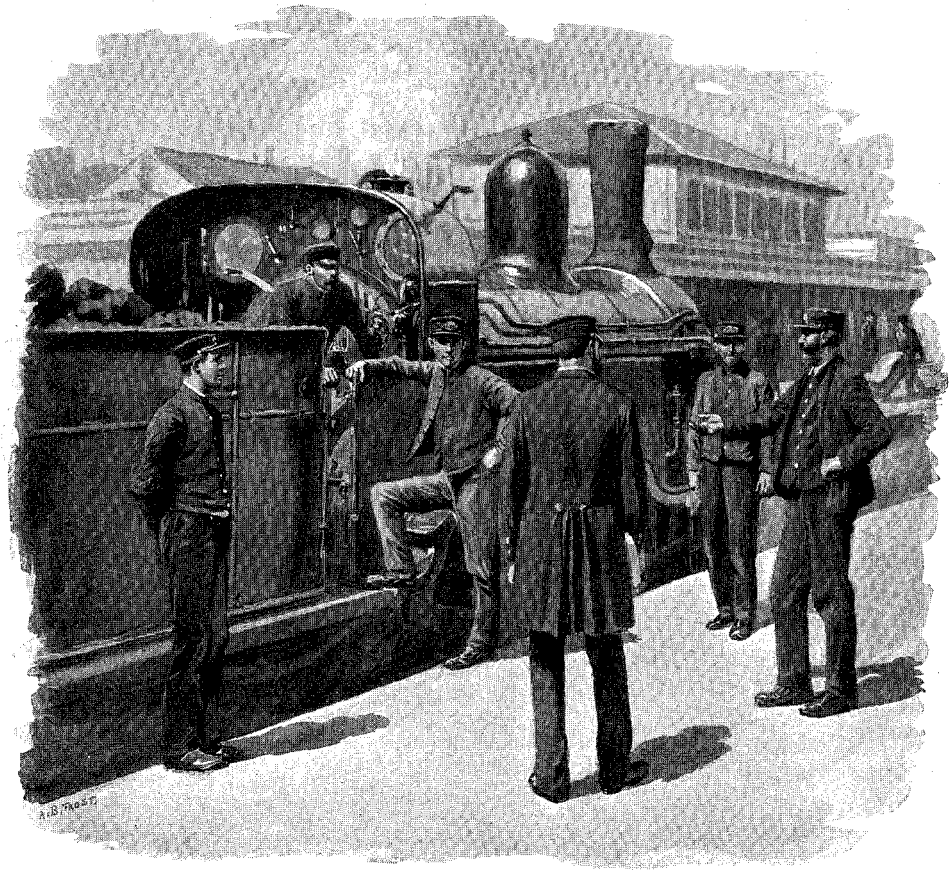
rooms, or at least shelters, on both sides, and with bridges and tunnels to cross by. All these are obvious and may delight the eye of the engineer and architect, and of every traveller of taste and discernment. Centuries from now these noble structures will stand as monuments to the English engineers of the first century of railroading.



Ready to Start.

But there are other reasons for the great cost of the English railroads not quite so obvious. The right of way was expensive. Those railroads were pushed through a rich and populous country with great towns already built, while many of our railroads were built over unoccupied land, the settlement of which followed. With us railroads were everywhere wanted and were essential to the occupation of the country, and in many cases the right of way was given. These conditions are still working. As time goes on and the needs of the railroads grow, our own companies find themselves the owners of ground the value of which has increased, and which they can sell or occupy. The English railroad must buy new land at enormous cost, and from this fact alone the cost of recent improvements is a serious part of the present capitalization of the railroads. In the ten years, 1882 to 1892, the capital per mile of English railroad opened for work (meaning by capital all forms of debt) increased more than $24,000; while the miles of railroad increased but 10 per cent., the debt increased over 22. An example of how this came about is the enlargement of the Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern in London, which is now going on.

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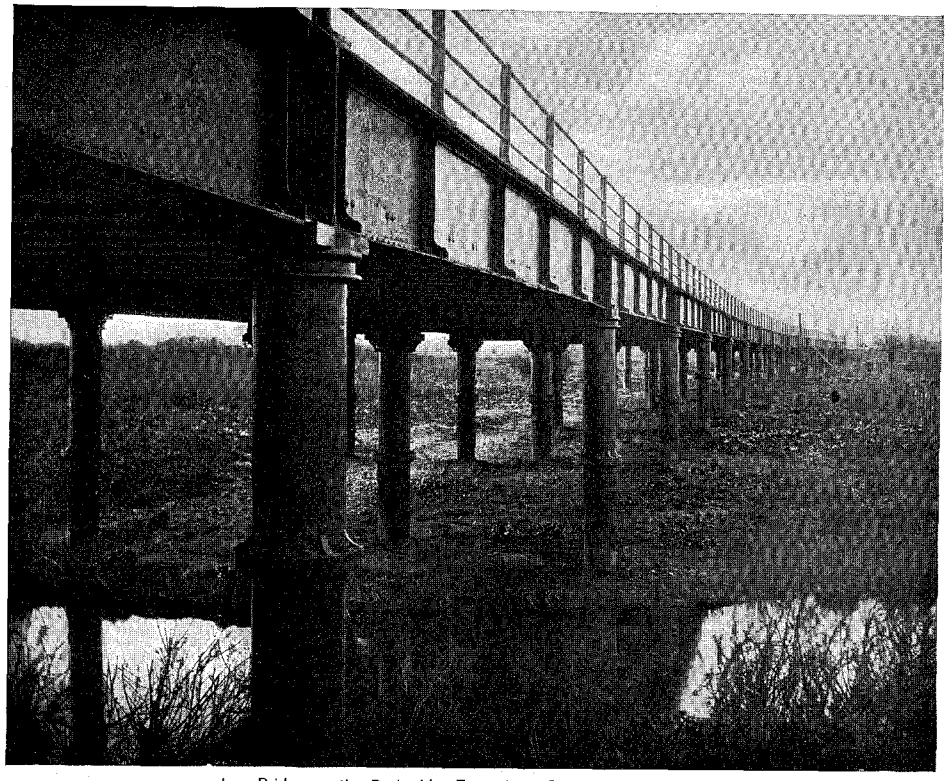

Iron Bridge on the Derbyshire Extensions, Great Northern Railway.

Up to the end of last December this work, still far from complete, had cost about $5,000,000, of which $3,600,000 had been paid for land alone. In those ten years during which the debt of the English railroads grew $24,000 a mile, that of our own grew about $1,000. In those ten years our mileage increased 51 per cent. and the capital invested increased 52 per cent.

Another element in the greater cost per mile of the English railroads, an element independent of the cost of occupation of land in a rich and populous country, is found in the restrictions laid upon railroad building by the Government. It is probably a matter of common knowledge to the American reader that the British Board of Trade may prevent the opening for passenger business of any new line of railroad, until that railroad has complied in construction and in the method of operation with the rules laid down by the Board. These rules are very exacting, and while they are, under certain conditions, wise enough, they interfere seriously with the development of cheap lines, which is now what a large part of the kingdom needs very much. The result is that we find single-track railroads in England, built to serve a traffic of three or four trains a day, constructed and equipped with the solidity and perfection of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, which earns nearly $43,000 for every mile of its line.

But beyond this is still another item of expense, imposed by the Government restrictions; that is, the cost of getting your charter from Parliament, if you propose to build a railroad. An authority in whom I have considerable confidence has said that the parliamentary costs of the English railroads, if divided among the railroads now existing in the kingdom, would amount to about $10,000 a mile. Those costs alone would have been sufficient to grade, and put down the cross-ties and rails, for an equivalent number of miles of our Western prairie railroads; not to equip them perfectly,

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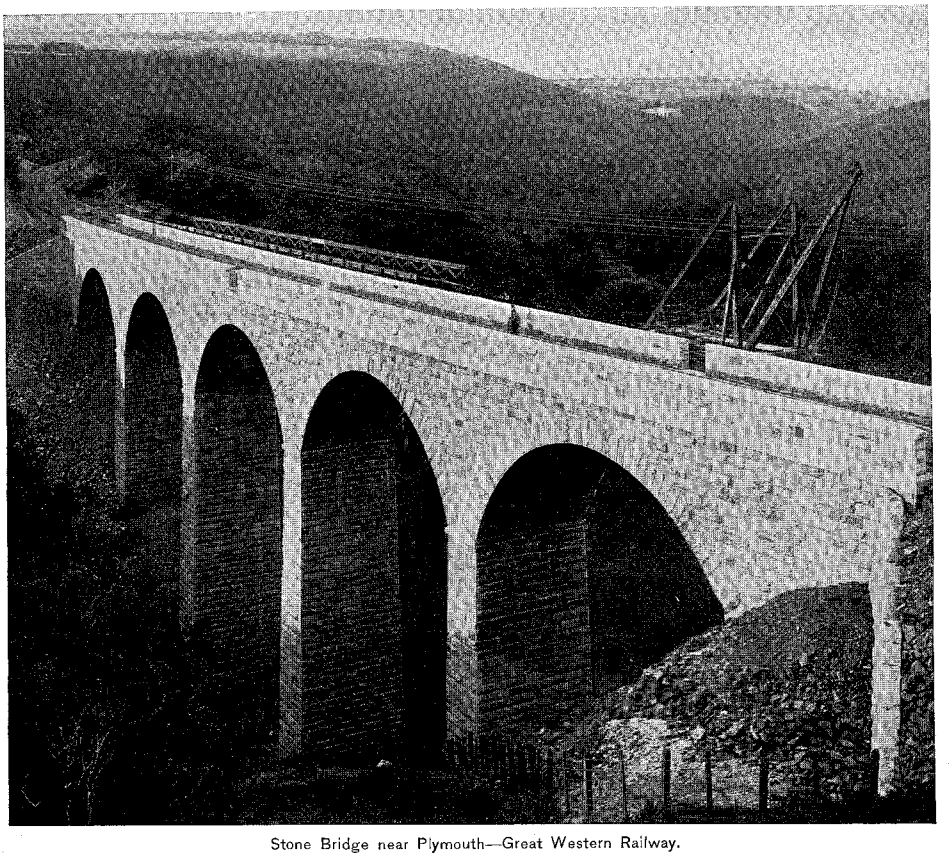

Stone Bridge near Plymouth—Great Western Railway.

but to provide the track. It must not be supposed that by parliamentary expenses we mean corrupt lobbying. Probably nearly all of the money thus spent in promoting the British railroads has been spent legitimately. When an application is made for a charter for a new railroad the applicant is at once called on to prove that his railroad is of public utility; he cannot get a charter until he can demonstrate that the public interest will be served by building his railroad. There are a hundred interests ready to prove the contrary, and the applicant for a new charter is sure to have a hard parliamentary fight. He must employ lawyers who are trained in presenting matters before the parliamentary committee; he must employ engineers and collect evidence and put it in form for an attractive presentation. But the high-class professional man in England, like the New York politician mentioned in a certain unsavory inquiry with regard to street-railroad rights in the city of New York, "does not stir around for nothing." He is accustomed to large fees, which he probably earns in most cases.

I would not have it supposed for a moment that I object to the difficulties which have been placed around the matter of getting a railroad charter in Great Britain. I am quite incompetent to judge whether or not it has been for the interest of the kingdom; but it has prevented the building of many miles of railroad to serve territory which is adequately served by railroads that now exist. In other words, it has prevented waste of human energy, either in the form of labor or stored up in capital, and such waste must finally be a tax upon society at large. So it is quite possible that England is the richer, and her people more comfortable, because speculative men have been kept by Parliament from wasting their money in unproductive railroads.

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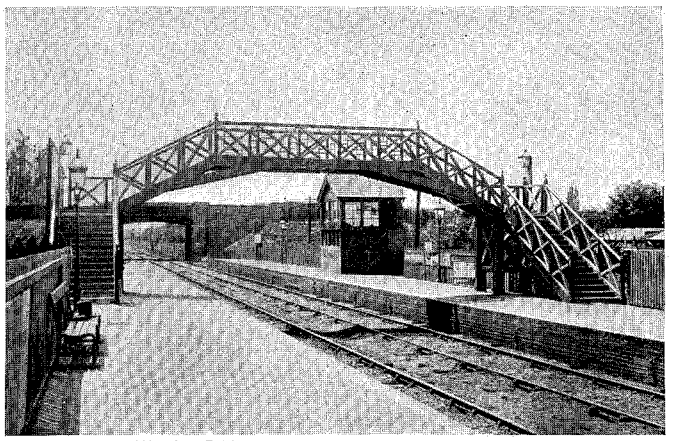


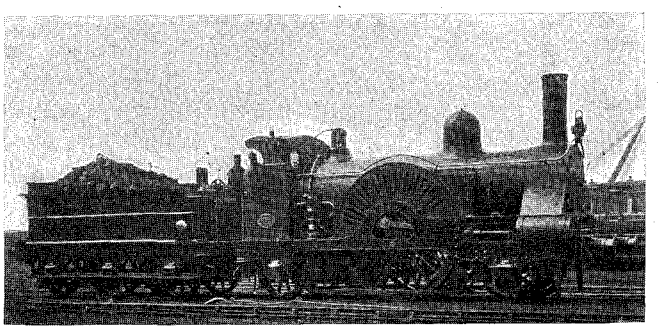
Wooden Bridge for Passengers to Cross the Tracks.

It must be quite apparent to the reader that the fundamental reasons for the great cost of English railroads also make possible their great earnings; at the bottom both are due to the thick population of a highly developed country. If they carry over one mile of railroad fourteen times as many passengers, and three or four times as much freight as our own railroads carry, it would be a pity if they could not earn five or six times as much money. Another reason for the greater earnings of the English railroads, although a minor one, is the higher freight rates which they charge, and how they manage to avoid the disastrous rate wars which devastate the treasuries of our own railroads will be shown later.

The reader who has a turn for getting at ultimate causes will already have discovered that there existed, and still exist, in the two countries two entirely different sets of conditions, and that the whole method of building and working the railroads of the two countries has grown out of these conditions. Broadly speaking, we had here to create a country, and the Englishman had to serve one already created. We had to open the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, and push on to the stock ranges and wheat-fields of Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. The Englishmen had to carry coal, iron, wool, cotton, and finished products to and from the mines, factories, and markets, over routes the length of which can be expressed in hundreds of miles, while ours are expressed in thousands.

We may now take up the organization of a British railroad, which the American finds peculiar in that there is no president or any vice-president. The theoretical head of the system is the chairman of the board, and the board itself is divided into various committees on finance, permanent way, rolling-stock, fares, rates, traffic, etc. Each committee has its chairman, who is presumably a man of experience in the specialty of his committee. The directors are elected by the shareholders, and must themselves be shareholders, and may hold no office of trust or profit under the company, and *may not be interested in any contract* with the company.

The full board meets regularly once a month, as a rule, and the committees at like intervals. The directors, in full board and in committee, direct and control the policy and conduct of the railroad, not only in general but in detail—that is, theoretically they do. How far they do so actually depends largely on the knowledge, experience, and person-



Engine on the Caledonian Railway.
Drivers 8 feet 4 inches.

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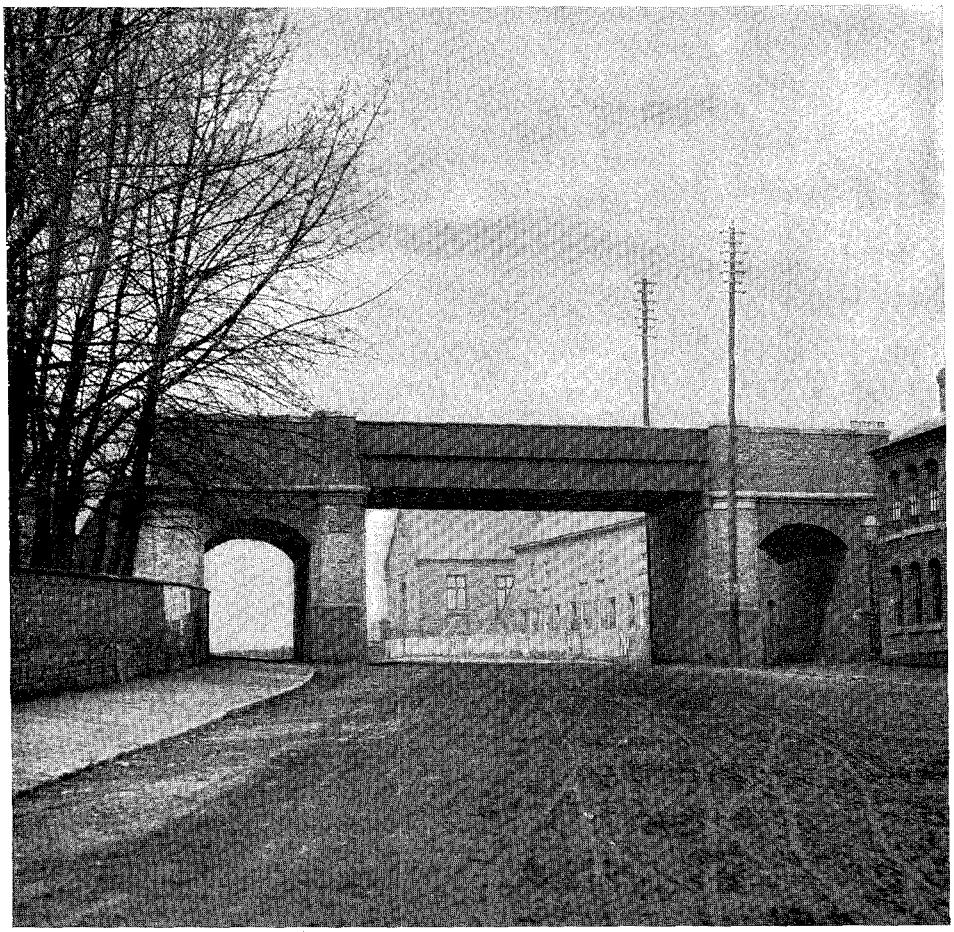

Bridge Over Mansfield Turnpike at Daybrook—Great Northern Railway.

al force of the chairman of the board and the chairmen of committees. Their powers are ample, and the custom of the country justifies, and indeed encourages, their actual and constant control of the properties confided to their care. They are treated with deference by the officers of the working staff; and their frequent regular meetings and detailed committee work keep them familiar with all the affairs of their companies. Thus it happens that the chairman of the board is seldom a mere figure-head, and has often in English railroad history been a powerful and active man, devoting his whole time to the company which he serves. The chairmen of boards and committees usually get some small fees, but nothing comparable to what we should expect to pay to presidents and vice-presidents. The shareholders vote a sum, say £5,000 a year, to be divided among the directors, and usually, I believe, this goes to the chairman, deputy chairman, and chairmen of committees. Sometimes there is a specially salaried chairman, but not as a rule.

But however able and zealous the directors and their chairmen may be, their duties in any one board are ordinarily but a small part of the interests of their lives, and their meetings, although frequent enough for effective supervision, are not frequent enough for actual administration. And so we come to the most important and characteristic of all English railroad officers, the general manager. He is the real head of the railroad, for he has no president or vice-presidents between him and the board.

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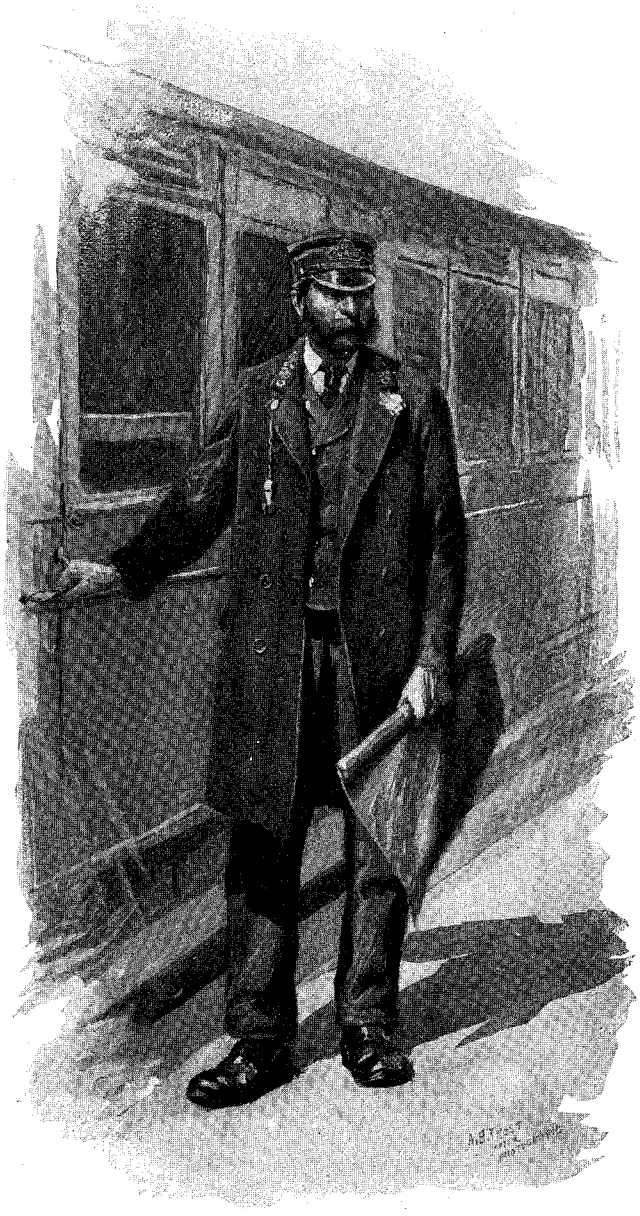

A Guard.

He is typical, for he has almost always risen from a quite subordinate place, and embodies in himself the knowledge and traditions of years spent in the actual practice of a most arduous and complicated calling. As he has risen by fitness, through sharp competition, he is a selected specimen, physically and mentally. It is no uncommon thing to find on the great American railroads three, or even four, vice-presidents. One road that lately went into the hands of receivers had six. The president and vice-presidents are all salaried officers, and are expected to give their whole time to the company and perform many of the duties which in England devolve upon the general manager. There he alone is responsible for the hourly conduct of the railroad from the top to the bottom; he sits with the board at general and committee meetings, and while he is subject to the board's orders he is often the guiding mind. But he could hardly have got to his place without a natural capacity for administration, and without having the nonsense polished off from him by hard contact with actualities; so you find him a simple, unaffected man, bearing his heavy load with serenity; but he has very little time indeed for study or recreation or the adornments of life.

The working force of the English railroads is actually democratic in spirit and results. One would not suspect this from an examination of the list of officers and directors. He will find there the names of 36 dukes, marquises, earls, and viscounts; 35 lords of various degrees; 3 barons, and 109 baronets and knights, besides many officers of the army and navy, and a great many gentlemen whose social position permits

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them to put before their names the title Right Honorable or Honorable. Probably this large proportion of men of high social position serves a good purpose, which I shall indicate later; but the men who really work the railroads are mostly drawn from quite another plane. A man of the humblest origin entering the English railroad service may hope to rise to the highest place. Probably he would have no better chance to gain power and distinction on the railroads of the United States than on those of the United Kingdom, possibly not so good a one, and there is no other career in England that offers him so great an opportunity. Sir George Findlay, the late general manager of the London and North Western, said that "for the superior positions it is the invariable rule to select men from the lower ranks solely on the ground of merit, the best men being chosen irrespective of seniority or any other circumstance. Thus it is no unusual thing for a station-master to rise to the position of divisional superintendent, and even of general manager." From my own inquiries I judge that this is strictly true. Any ploughboy who takes service on an English railroad may reasonably hope to become general manager if he has the mental force to fill the duties of that very important place, and the physical strength to stand the years of hard work which must go before that rank, and the even harder work which accompanies it.

The staff of the English railroads is mostly made up of men who entered the service as lads, say fourteen years old, and necessarily in very subordinate positions—about the stations as porters and telegraph boys, in the offices as messengers and subordinate clerks, or in the shops doing such humble work as a boy can do. These boys come largely from the farms. In fact, one old station-master told me that the ploughboys are the best material that he has. He himself having been a ploughboy, and his general superintendent having been another, perhaps he is a little prejudiced; but he said these boys are less inclined to drink and to be saucy than city-bred boys; they are healthier and more docile, and have sounder brains.

On the English railroads one rises from being a boy, that is, from being a "lamp lad," or a "parcels lad," or a "goods van lad," or a "lad porter," to the grade of porter. Of the porter I probably said enough in the article published last month, although I spoke then only of this most useful functionary in the passenger service. He is found also in the "goods" department.

The next step forward is to the grade of guard, who in England takes the place of the American conductor. The guard is found on the station platforms, where he looks at your ticket, opens and closes the door of the compartment, will try to see you well placed, according to your class, then hops into his van, and goes with the train on your journey. He is by no means the important person that the conductor is in the United States, for he has no opportunity to sit with the passengers, to talk politics, or horses, or railroads. He never rises to the rank of captain, as all conductors do in our Southern States. He may become a Knight Templar, for all I know, but I never saw him with his waistcoat ablaze with the symbols of that order which so often decorate our own conductors. Doubtless in private life he is a man of influence in his neighborhood, but on duty he is a quiet servant, and his relations with the public are purely those of business. He is a tidy man in blue cloth uniform with white metal buttons, and often wears a broad patent-leather strap over one shoulder with white buckle and ornaments. He sometimes carries a small bag, presumably for such papers as he needs to have, and is provided with a green flag to wave to the engineman as a signal to start the train. Altogether he is a simple, efficient, and civil official, and just here is a striking contrast between the men of the two countries. On the English railroads one never sees the conductor or ticket-seller who scorns you if you ask a question, and gives the minimum of information with the maximum of brusqueness; and one never sees the usher who stands in the gateway and bellows in inarticulate pride, then turns a quid in his cheek, and squirts tobacco-juice into a corner.

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Doubtless there are sovereign Americans who will say that the good manners of the English railroad employees are servile, or spring from the hope of ultimate sixpences. While the first idea strikes one as somewhat crude, yet it is a matter of taste, and as such it is vain to discuss it. But it is quite impossible that a sufficiently large percentage of those who travel by rail in England can tip the guards to make any great impression on their manners as a class, and, indeed, it is doubtful if backsheesh and courtesy are correlative. I do not observe that in our country manners improve with the growth of the habit of tipping. It is quite true, however, that the guard is not above a shilling, and that much comfort may be cheaply bought with one "bob."

The guard who is on his way to the chair of the general manager will probably go up through the grades of inspector and station-master. The inspectors are the choice men in the lower ranks. They are found in all the stations and yards, goods as well as passenger, and on their vigilance and fidelity hang the discipline of the staff and the good working condition of the material; and the best of them become station-masters.

The station-master is a man of standing and dignity. He has passed successfully through the hard process of selection, and proved that he is a born commander, if not of divisions or army corps, at least of companies, and he may reasonably hope to die a superintendent of line or a goods manager, if not general manager. The chances are that he is a little pompous, more so than he will be when he gets to a higher grade. He is still a member of the uniformed staff, and wears silver ornaments and braid, and has a military air, which is sometimes tempered by the sacred high hat of England.

Above the station-masters are the divisional superintendents, the superintendent of the line, the goods manager, and finally the general manager. Their functions and titles are so much like those of the officers of our own railroads that we need not stop to describe them, except to say that with us the traffic department occupies itself with getting traffic to carry, and the transportation department moves the traffic over the road; while in England the traffic department is the carrying branch, and therefore their goods manager and their traffic manager, if they have one, are what we should call transportation officers.

It is well enough for the casual Yankee to learn some of the niceties of the English railroad language if he really cares to give accurate information to English railroad men. For example, when an English general manager offered me a pass, I told him that my transportation was provided for. That absurd locution would mean to an American railroad man that I had a pass or a ticket, or had been asked to take a seat in some officer's car; to the Englishman it suggested the idea that I was about to be sent in irons to a penal settlement, which seemed to amuse him.

It is hardly worth while to follow the English staff out through all the collateral branches. In the freight service the *personnel* is much the same in origin and development as in the passenger service, but the mechanical staff is quite distinct. The boys here are recruited from a different stock; in the strictly mechanical departments they are the sons of firemen, engine-drivers, and shopmen, and other boys who naturally drift toward that kind of occupation, and they serve an arduous apprenticeship in the shops, rising gradually to be engine-drivers, but rarely, I should say, much beyond that; for nowadays the engineering departments of a railroad, both civil and mechanical, require a severe theoretical training that is to be got only in the technical schools or by apprenticeship in the offices of engineers. Therefore, in those departments the superior positions cannot well be filled from the ranks of the shop and line apprentices. In the civil engineering department, particularly, we find an almost distinct organization, and the chief engineer takes rank close to the general manager.

Salaries and wages on the English railroads, at least in the lower ranks, would seem to us very low. For ex-

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ample, inspectors of the first class, in the third year of service as inspectors, get 35 shillings a week. Guards in the highest class get as much as 25 shillings. First-class porters get 22 shillings, ranging down to 14, and signal-men get from 17 to 19. Yet the organization has great stability and we seldom hear of strikes. To explain these facts several elements must be taken into account.

Low wages are merely relative after all, and the cost of comfortable living in England is much less than it is here. Then, permanence of place and the chance for promotion count for much, and we find that in our own country the best roads, on which the conditions are most secure, get the pick of the men at the same or even lower wages. But in the English system still another element enters; that is, the provision for the care of the men. Taking, for example, the Great Eastern: there is a provident society, established 43 years ago, to provide a fund for the relief of its members in sickness, and pensions in old age or in case of accident, and allowance in case of death of a member, and funeral expenses should his wife die. Males between 16 and 35 years of age, employed by the company, may be elected members of this society, which is managed by an elected committee. Monthly meetings of the committee are held, for which travelling expenses are allowed, and members of the committee who do not attend the meetings are subject to fine. The president, vice-president, and trustees of the society are the superior officers of the railroad company, the chairman of the board being the president. The members pay a small weekly contribution, amounting at the most to 10d., and in case of sickness they get free medical attendance and medicines, a maximum weekly allowance of 16 shillings, and a small payment to the family in case of death. The maximum pension is but 6 shillings and 10d. a week, which of course is a very small, but substantial help to a poor man. Provisions are made for retiring from the society and withdrawing a reasonable sum for payments made.

Then there is an accident fund, which applies to officers as well as servants of the company the victims of accidents in discharge of their duty. This carries with it not only a weekly allowance but a certain life insurance. To this fund the company contributes an amount equal to one-half of the amount paid in by the members, and a further sum of £30 on the death from accident of any one of the insured. There is also a pension fund, applying to servants only; that is, to those receiving weekly wages, and not to members of the salaried staff. To this also the company contributes each year a sum equal to the aggregate contributions of the members, and agrees to contribute not less than £1,000 in any half year. The superannuation fund dates from 1878, and this provides for pensions for salaried officers; then, finally, there is a supplemental old-age relief fund, established very recently for the assistance of servants between 55 and 65 years of age. In the year 1893 the Great Eastern Company contributed to these various funds over £27,000.

The London and North Western has several funds of a similar character. The superannuation fund has been in existence over 40 years. This applies only to salaried officers and clerks. Membership in this is a condition of entering the service, but no person older than 26 is allowed to enter. Members contribute 2½ per cent. of their salaries, and the company contributes an equal amount. An insurance society was organized 23 years ago to provide for what are called members of the wages staff, which is for all grades below the salaried staff, and to this the company contributes a sum equal to five-sixths of the premiums paid by the employees. The provident and pension society was established 20 years ago to provide weekly allowance in case of ordinary sickness for employees in the wages staff. Then there is a pension fund, established 10 years ago, for the same men, to provide a retiring pension for members after they reach 65, or for such members as, having reached the age of 60, are no longer able to continue at work. The engine-drivers and firemen, because of the special danger of their occupation, are excluded from all

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these benefits, and consequently special societies have been organized to take care of them. I do not understand that all of the English railroads make such provision for the care of their employees, but similar societies exist on some of the other railroads.

Before dismissing, finally, the topic of the *personnel* of the English railroads, we may properly glance at the attitude of the directors and superior officers toward the financial interests of the owners of the properties which they control and toward the interests of shippers and other users of the railroads. The most competent authorities agree that English rates are stable and uniform; that every shipper may know what other shippers pay, and that he can tell what he will have to pay a week or a month from now; and most authorities agree, even the shippers themselves, that uniform and stable rates are more important to all interests than low rates. Furthermore, English railroads have for years been free from those scandals which so often come up in the management of American railroads, to the mortification of all patriotic citizens and to the immense injury of our credit. What is the reason for the better management in these respects of the English railroads? Is it legal or is it moral? To a certain degree it is legal, but to a far greater degree moral.

One very important legal provision is that found in the Act of 1845, under which no director may hold office of trust or profit under the company, or be interested in contracts with the company. This provision as to contracts seems to be construed in England to mean what it says, and we do not hear of railroad directors there making contracts with themselves; but, unfortunately, in the United States flagrant instances of this nefarious practice have been common through our whole railroad history, and have been revealed within the last year. Another valuable legal influence is found in the Arbitration Act of 1859, under which questions as to agreements between railroad companies may be submitted to arbitrators and the decision of the arbitrator enforced in the courts. If a company refuses to arbitrate, the Board of Trade may appoint an arbitrator, and the decision is still enforceable at law. Thus railroad agreements get a legal standing, which is a powerful influence in preventing the brigandage of which we sometimes hear in this country.

But back of this, and far more potent than any laws could be, is the spirit of the men in control. This is marked by great practical sagacity and a high sense of their duty as trustees. They make agreements to keep them. For an English railroad officer to break his word is dishonorable; for him to "work the market" is infamous. Not long ago an American railroad president, when asked if he would sign a rate agreement, said, "Yes, I don't mind; I have already signed it 27 times." He knew the chances were a hundred to one that it would be broken in a week. The Englishmen, on the other hand, take it as a matter of course that agreements should stand, and have provided an admirable machinery for making rates and adjusting the numerous matters in which they must work together. The Railway Clearing-house is an institution of the land. It has endured for years, and since 1850 has been regulated by act of Parliament. Through this institution pass all receipts from traffic worked over parts of two or more lines, and all settlements are made, not by the companies directly, but by the employees of the Clearing-house, which is controlled by a committee of delegates from the companies. This committee meets regularly four times a year, or oftener if necessary, and in case of differences with respect to accounts its decision is conclusive and is enforceable in court. The functions of the Clearing-house have gradually enlarged until they cover pretty nearly all the ground on which the railroads touch each other. At the Clearing-house various conferences meet, which arrange rates for the use of cars, classifications of freight, terminal allowances, regulations of speed and signalling of trains, and numerous other matters.

It is partly true, as is often said, that it is much easier for the English railroads to work together through such an institution as their Clearing-house

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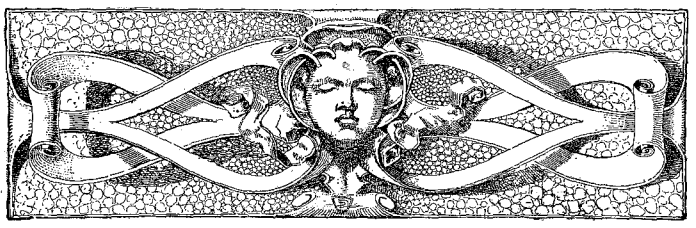
than it would be for American railroads, because the number of men, the number of miles, and the amount of latitude and longitude involved are so immensely less. On the other hand, we must admit that the railroad business of England is large enough to furnish a pretty fair sample of what can be done, inasmuch as the English railroads carry 1⅔ times as many passengers as we do and about half as much freight. We all know the danger of comparisons, and yet I venture to suggest, with such delicacy as I can, that the management of the English railroads on the whole is characterized by better faith in their relations with each other and in their relations with those who use railroads, and by a higher sense of honor in their relations toward those who actually own the railroads, than are the railroads of the United States; and I say this with the most profound respect for the ability and integrity and high sense of honor and duty of the great majority of the superior officers of the railroads of our own country. The trouble is that the few individuals who lack these qualities are permitted to work enormous injury to the reputations of the great mass of honorable men and to the properties which they administer.

It would take us too far to attempt to account for the fact that the English railroad officers hold each other more strictly to their obligations than do our own; it would involve digging too deep for the roots of things. But I venture to suggest that the large share taken in the affairs of English railroads by men whose fortunes were made several generations ago, and whose grandfathers were honored by the nation, accounts in considerable measure for the standard of conduct in these affairs. The men who have nothing to lose are kept in check by the men who have honorable names at stake. I think I see the power of the smart adventurer waning, slowly it is true, but surely, in our own railroads. The rise of the professional spirit among the officers, and the growth of the sense of trusteeship among the directors, are killing off the brigands faster, I believe, than most people think.

It was part of the plan of these articles to say something of the control exercised by the Government over the railroads of the United Kingdom; but the topic is not a simple one, and the editor warns me that space and the patience of the reader have limits. I shall further tax them only to say that of all the great nations of the earth the Englishmen and the Americans have had the most freedom in building and working their railroads. We have had more freedom than the English; they have had more than any one else. And no other peoples approach England and the United States in the quality and amount of service that they get from their railroads. Nowhere else can money buy such luxury; nowhere else are the masses moved with such speed, comfort, and frequency of trains. In no other country of the earth can the shipper of freight get such combinations of speed, rates, and facilities. The railroad systems of the United States and the United Kingdom are splendid examples of what an ingenious and energetic race can do when the Government keeps its hands off.



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CHARITY *

PAINTED BY LOUIS DESCHAMPS

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

M. Deschamps has a remarkable position in one respect. Of all French artists known to me he is the most adequately and completely represented in the public galleries of France—I mean in what are called the "musées," both of Paris and the provincial towns. This gives him a good chance of passing down to posterity, as his most important works are seldom hidden away in those private collections which a French artist, in my hearing, once compared to *un enterrement de première classe*. An American travelling in France may first become acquainted with the work of Louis Deschamps in the Luxembourg, and after that as he wanders through the country he will find him again at Marseilles, Avignon, St. Étienne, Rochefort, Mulhouse, Carcassonne, and other places.

This artist was born at Montélimar in 1848, and has ever since retained a strong attachment to his native place, where he has a residence still, and where he regularly passes half the year, and that the hottest, for his Provençal temperament enjoys the glow and glare of the south. He is entirely southern, speaking French with the Provençal accent, which differs as much from that of Paris as the tones of a Scotchman do from those of a Londoner, and it may be suspected that if professional reasons had not brought him to the banks of the Seine and kept him there for a few months of every year, he would never have got farther north than the junction of the Saône and Rhone at Lyons. I need not add that he has never visited a certain island, situated in the fogs and mists of the remote Atlantic Ocean, where five millions of people live in one smoky city on the banks of a muddy river. All his affections are concentrated on that land of bright sunshine, blue skies, and castled heights where the strong winds whiten the clear swift waters of the Rhone. Certainly it is a glorious land, and the wonder is small that a native who is an artist besides should love it, but the art of M. Deschamps does not go far to confirm M. Taine's well-known theory of the influence exercised by an artist's surroundings on his technical production. The pictures by M. Deschamps are, as a rule, very far from being bright and sunny. In his decorative work alone is there a certain brightness and gayety of color, the easel pictures are almost always gloomy and sad in coloring, and they are often inspired by a profoundly melancholy sentiment. The artist's success with the public has been due, in great measure, to his sympathy with all kinds of suffering and privation. It may be doubted whether there is another artist living, in any country, who has more strongly the sentiment of compassion. I am fully aware

* See Frontispiece.

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that in many literary and artistic natures this sentiment is merely dramatic; I mean that it does not touch the genuine feelings of the artist; it is, I will not say affected, but sincerely imagined without enlisting personal feeling at all. In poetry a kind of art very closely approximating to that of M. Deschamps is to be found in "Les Pauvres Gens" of Victor Hugo. I remember hearing a famous Parisian actress recite that very touching piece before a private audience in a drawing-room, and with such pathos that we were all very deeply affected and many of us in tears. I then asked her if she herself felt anything, and she answered, "Nothing whatever; my recital is only art, my personal feelings are not engaged in it in any way, I am absolutely unmoved." Now, this is assuredly not the case with M. Deschamps; his sympathy with misfortune, poverty, privation is a real sympathy; I know that by his way of talking about the subjects of his pictures. For example, as he was describing the poor blind girl who is the subject of the picture entitled "Pitié" he spoke of the few poor advantages as well as the disadvantages of her lot; she had been born blind, he said, she had never known any other state, and she lived in a condition of remoteness from many human interests and anxieties that accompany a more complete existence. Her nature was tranquil and calm, a strange resignation seemed natural and easy to her, and as the painter talked in this way of the subject of his picture, the pale and motionless figure on the canvas seemed endowed with the degree and kind of life that had belonged to its original. So with the livelier and more painful picture entitled "Cold and Hunger," a girl begging in bitter weather, her fingers almost frozen and want in her pale face and tearful eyes. She was a real sufferer in the artist's conception or recollection, and not simply a model acting a part. A picture now in the gallery at Carcassonne, represents a scene that M. Deschamps once saw on a spring morning, hence its title "Vu un Jour de Printemps," but the work has no relation to the beauty of the season; it is not a landscape-painter's spring. We are in a poor garret lighted by a small high window through which we see nothing but a glimpse of sky; on the floor is a sheet where a corpse has been lying, but it is now taken away, and three young orphans remain in the desolate chamber with no other company than a crucifix.

The first picture by M. Deschamps that attracted general attention was his "Fille-Mère," exhibited in 1883, a title best translated into English, I suppose, by "The Unmarried Mother." Her dead child is in its cradle, and she is looking into vacancy with an expression of utter desolation. This is assuredly not a cheerful subject; nevertheless, it is less painful than "The Mad Girl" ("La Folle"), in the Rochelle Gallery, first exhibited in 1886. Another subject, exquisitely sad yet full of consolation in its sadness, was "The Death of Mirèio," a picture in illustration of the twelfth canto of Mistral's famous and assuredly immortal poem, when the dying girl has the illusion of crossing to the shores of Paradise in a bark on the blue sea and treats death itself as a deception.

Noun, more pas! Iéu, d'un pèd proumte
Sus la barqueto deja mounte . . .
Adiéu, adiéu! . . . Deja nous emplanan sus mar!
La mar, bello plano esmougudo,
Dóu paradis èi l'avengudo
Car la bluiour de l'estendudo
Tout à l'entour se toco emé lou toumple amar.

Ai! . . . coume l'aigo nous tintourlo!
De tant d'astre qu'amount penjourlo,
N'en trouvarai bèn un, mounte dous cor ami
Libramen poscon s'ama! . . . Santo
Es uno ourgueno, alin, que canto?
E souspirè l'angounisanto,
E revessè lou front, coume pèr s'endourmi.

I turn these stanzas into English blank verse, as it allows a translator to follow his original much more closely than he can in rhyme. However, I must lose the sweet southern music of the Provençal, that mingles Italian, Spanish, and French sounds in a wonderful composite harmony.

"This is not death! Upon the splendid plain
Of ever-restless waters I embark.
Farewell! We float already on that sea
Which stretches to the shore of Paradise.
The azure vastness of the infinite
Borders all round the deep and bitter gulf.

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"Ah! how the wavelets cradle us! The stars
Hang high above us! Of them surely one
Will give a refuge to two loyal hearts
To go on freely loving. Holy Saint,
Is it an organ's music that I hear?"
The dying girl then sighed and spoke no more
But turned her head as one who falls asleep.

In the fifth canto of the poem Vincent, Mirèio's favored lover, meets with Ourrias, a herdsman, whom she has rejected. Ourrias attacks Vincent and they engage in mortal combat. Vincent has the advantage, but disdains to avail himself of it and lets the herdsman go. Then the herdsman comes back, armed with his trident, attacks Vincent, who is unarmed, and leaves him for dead.

Oh que 'spetacle! Dins l'erbage
Sus li caiau, 'mé lou visage
Revessa pèr lou sòu Vincèn èro estendu:
La terro à l'entour chaupinado,
Lis amarino escampihado
E sa camiso espeiandrado
E l'erbo ensaunousido, e soun pitre fendu.

Oh! what a sight! On stones and in the grass
Lay Vincent with his face upon the ground,
Trodden and trampled was the blood-stained earth,
And strewn with broken stems of water-willow,
His shirt was torn, his breast itself was pierced.

This is the not very cheerful subject of the picture by M. Deschamps, which has been appropriately hung in the gallery at Avignon, so near to the scenery of the poem, and in a country where its beautiful language is understood.

The list of pictures already given shows a decided tendency to melancholy subjects, or at least to subjects that awaken pity, and we find this again in the now well-known picture in the Luxembourg gallery, "L'Abandonné," an infant left to perish if nobody picks it up in time to save the fragile little life. The picture we reproduce, "Charity," has almost the same motive; but here we are no longer troubled by anxiety about the child, which has found a protector. This work, however, is not to be taken exactly as the representation of an incident, for the artist had a wider aim. He wished to typify the spirit of charity in general, and with this view chose a man rather than a woman as its agent, perhaps because masculine protection may be supposed to be stronger, though it has not quite the maternal tenderness. It is, indeed, simply a fact that in the human race the duty of protecting the weak, of procuring food for them, and fighting for them, is usually assigned to the male sex.

A few other pictures by M. Deschamps are illustrations of infancy. A touch of humor, very rare with him, enlivened the picture entitled "Au Clou," which would be best translated by "Hung Up." This work simply represented a child in swaddling-clothes, hung on a nail in the wall of a peasant's cottage, and there left to its own devices. The situation is scarcely compatible with human dignity, and it is disquieting, for we cannot help being anxious about the hold of the nail. "The Twins" give us no such anxiety, and this picture, too, is not without humor; they are lying in a crib, one at each end of it, with an almost comical symmetry. In a more serious order of ideas it is natural that M. Deschamps should have been attracted by the child Jesus. He has not painted many decidedly religious pictures, but he told me of two, "The Sleep of Jesus," which was at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and "Bethlehem," in which the child Jesus is seen along with the animals in the stable. There is also "The Consolation of the Afflicted," in the gallery at Rochefort.

Most of these works are in quiet color, according to the old, sober French fashion of grays and browns. I have alluded already to the comparative brightness and gayety of the artist's decorative paintings. I do not know these well enough to give a detailed account of them, but see that M. Deschamps is by no means indifferent to color, and that when he paints without it, or with little of it, the reason is to be sought in a self-denying resolution of his own. I may add that he is a skilful painter in water-color, and that he enjoys it as a relief from oil.

Like most French artists who have attained a certain position, M. Deschamps is of the Legion of Honor, and he is a member of both the societies of artists which exhibit in the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars. As it is un-

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Louis Deschamps.

derstood, however, that the same artist cannot exhibit in both, he has decided for the Champ de Mars, perhaps because more than two works are accepted there, and the pictures of one man are grouped together. An effort is also made to avoid the injury done by the too close neighborhood of works that are mutually harmful. On the other hand, it may, perhaps, be regretted that so serious an artist as M. Deschamps should be incongruously associated with the wildest freaks in the delirium of the modern French decadence, freaks which are entirely foreign to the sobriety and dignity of his nature.

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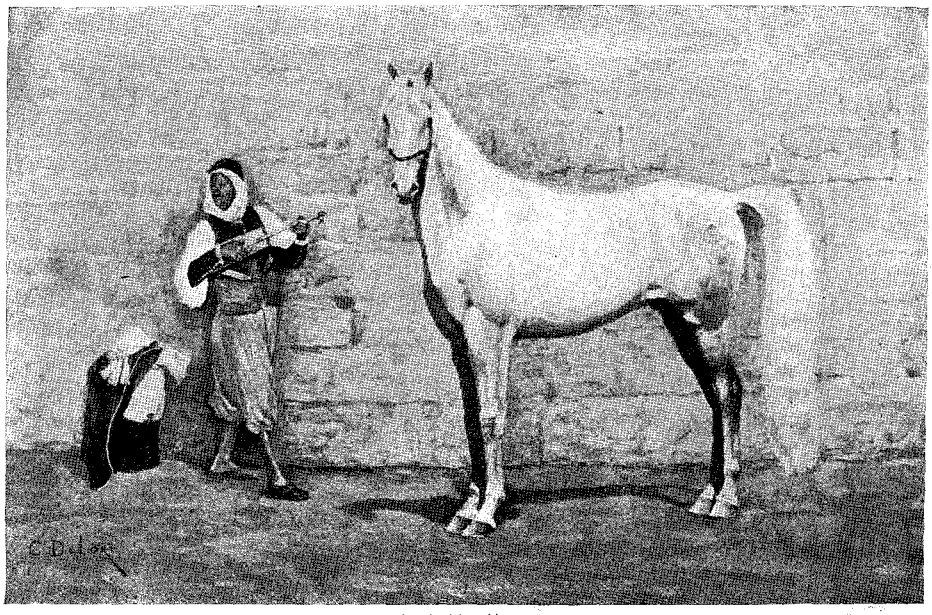

An Arabian Horse.

THE HORSE

By N. S. Shaler

FROM the point of view of the student of domesticated animals the races of men may well be divided into those which have and those which have not the use of the horse. Although there are half a score of other animals which have done much for man, which have indeed stamped themselves upon his history, no other creation has been so inseparably associated with the great triumphs of our kind, whether won on the battle-field or in the arts of peace. So far as material comfort, or even wealth, is concerned, we of the northern realms and present age could, perhaps, better spare the horse from our present life than either sheep, or horned cattle; but without this creature it is certain that our civilization would never have developed in anything like its present form. Lacking the help which the horse gives, it is almost certain that, even now, it could not be maintained. It requires but a glance at the mechanism of our life, to see how completely we rely upon the strength, speed, and docility of this animal.

We know the ancient natural history of the horse more completely than that of any other of our domesticated animals. We can trace the steps by which its singularly strong limbs and feet, on which rest its value to man, were formed in the great laboratory of geologic time. The story is so closely related to the interests of man that it will be well briefly to set it before the reader. In the first stages of the Tertiary period, in the age when we begin to trace the evolution of the suck-giving animals above the lowly grade in which the kangaroos and opossums belong, we find the ancestors of our mammalian series all characterized by rather weakly organized limbs fitted, as were those of their remoter kindred the marsupials, for tree climbing rather than for moving over the surface of the ground. The fact is, that all the creatures of this great clan acquired their properties of body in arboreal life, and with such relatively small and light bodies as were fitted for tree climbing. For this use the feet need to be loose-

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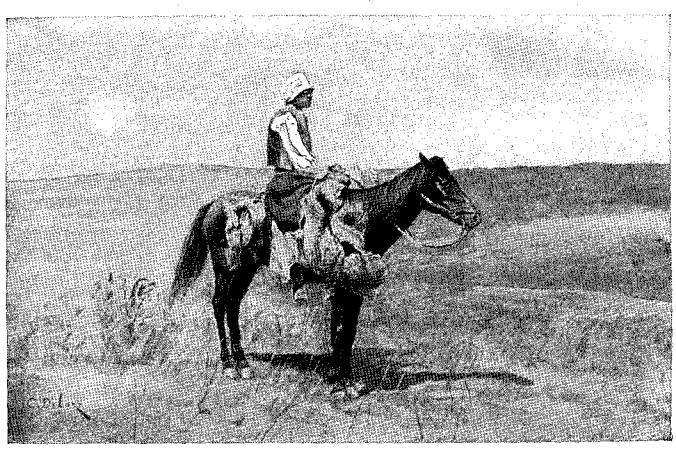
jointed and so the system of five toes, each terminating in a sharp and strong nail or claw, became fixed in the inheritances. When, gaining strength and coming to possess a more important place in the world, these ancient tree-dwellers were able to occupy the ground which of old had been possessed by the great reptiles, the limbs that had served well for an arboreal life had to undergo many changes in order to fit them for progression in the new realm.

If we watch the progress of a bear over the surface of the ground, we readily perceive how lumbering is its gait and how poor the speed which it attains. Its slow and shambling movement is due to the fact that it has the tree-climbing foot, and is not well fitted for motion such as is required in running. To attain anything like speed in this exercise it is necessary to support the body on the tips of the toes. Every man who has gained any skill in this art, knows full well how incompetent he is if he tries to run with rapidity in the flatfooted manner. The bear cannot essay this method of progression on the toe-tips because his loose-jointed feet cannot be made to support his heavy body. In this way arose the necessity of developing a peculiar kind of foot when that part had to serve for rapid locomotion. The experiments to this end have been numerous and varied. Thus in the elephants, which retain the originally numerous toes, the bones of these members are planted in an upright position and tied together with such strong muscles and sinews, that the foot parts have something like the solidity and strength of the upper portions of the legs. In the single-hoofed or horse-like forms, and in the cloven-footed animals, other series of experiments have been tried which in the end have proved most successful, giving us animals with the speediest movements of any animals except the creatures of the air.

The success which has been attained in our ordinary large herbivora, and which has made them competent to evade the chase of the beasts of prey, has been accomplished by reducing the number of the toes, giving the strength of the aborted parts to increase the power of those remaining. The result is the formation of two great groups, the double-hoofed forms, including the pigs, deer, cattle, sheep, and their kindred, and the single-toed species, of which our horse is the foremost example. In the reduction of the number of toes, different plans were followed in each of these groups. In the cloven-hoofed forms, a single toe first disappeared, leaving but four; then the two outer of these were aborted, leaving two nearly equal digits. In the case of the horse, where we can trace the change more clearly, we find the earliest form five-toed, but the outer and inner digit shrunken so as to become of little use. This condition of the creature in the early Tertiaries gives us the beginning of the equine series, and shows that far away, as the creature is now from ourselves, it originated from the main stem of mammalian life, from which our own forms have sprung. In the next higher stage in time and likewise in development, we find these lessened toes at



Horse of a Bulgarian Marauder.

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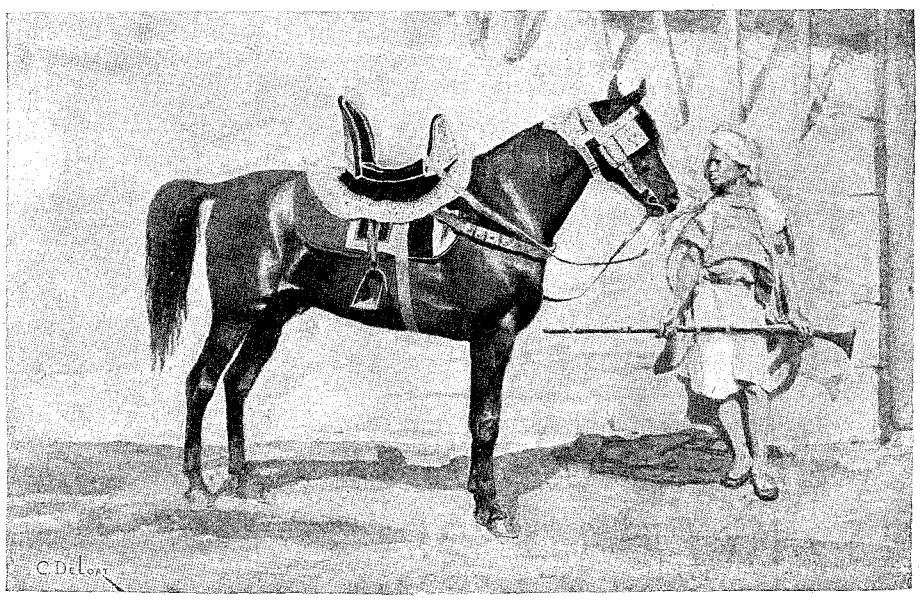
their vanishing point, and two of the remaining digits, lying on either side of what corresponds to the middle-finger in our own hands, beginning to shrink in length and volume, while the central toe becomes larger and stronger than before. Last in the series we come to our ordinary equine form, in which nothing is left but the single massive extremity, though the remnants of two of the toes can be traced in the form of slender bones known as splints, which are altogether enclosed within the skin which wraps the region about the fetlock joints.

As if it were to show to us the history of this marvellous organic achievement, nature now and then, though seldom—perhaps not oftener than one in ten million instances—sends forth a horse with three hoofs to each leg. Two of these are small and lie on either side of the functioning extremity. Each of these hoofs is connected with a splint-bone which has in some way suddenly become reminded of its ancient use, and develops in a manner to imitate the creatures which passed from the earth millions of years ago. In most cases the splint-bones have no function whatever to perform. They are indeed superfluous and injurious parts, and are likely from time to time to be worse than useless, becoming the seats of disease. In this beautiful instance, perhaps the fairest of all those showing how the highly developed forms of our time retain a memory of their ancestral life, we see how the advance in the series of the horse has been effected against the resistance ancient organic habit opposes to all gains. We can therefore the better understand, how the building of the hoof represents the labor of geologic ages during which the slow-made gains were won.

In its present elaborate form, the hoof of a horse is the most perfect instrument of support which has been devised in the animal kingdom, to uphold a large and swiftly moving animal in its passage over the ground. The original toe-nail, and the neighboring soft parts connected with it, have been modified into a structure which in an extraordinary manner combines solidity with elasticity, so that it may strike violent blows upon the hard surface of the earth without harm. The bones of the toe to which it is affixed, have enlarged with the progressive loss of their neighbors of the extremity, un-



Syrian Horse.

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Arabian Sports.

til they fairly continue the dimensions of the bony parts of the leg. Moreover, they have lengthened out, so as to give the limb a great extension, and this, in turn, magnifies the stride which the creature can take in running. The result is that the horse can carry a greater weight at a swifter speed than any other animal approaching it in size.

The needs which led, in a slow accumulative way, to the invention of the admirable contrivance of the horse's foot, were doubtless founded on the necessities of swift movement in fleeing from the great predacious animals. Incidentally, however, as this development has gone on, the peculiarities of the extremity have proved highly advantageous in defence, and the creatures have acquired certain peculiar ways of using their feet effectively to this end. The solid character of the hoof, its considerable weight, and the great power of the muscles of the hams, which are the principal agents in propelling the animal, make the hind feet capable of delivering a very powerful blow. The measure of its efficiency may be judged from the fact that a lion has been slain by a stroke from the foot of a donkey, and in their wild state a herd of horses with their heads together, can beat off the attack of the most powerful beasts of prey. In using the hind feet for assault, or defence, horses have adopted an effective method of kicking which is unknown among other animals. Resting on their fore-legs, the hinder feet are thrown backward and upward, so that they may strike a blow six feet from the ground. Many of our cloven-footed animals have learned to strike cutting blows with the sharp hoofs of their fore-limbs—our bulls will stamp a fallen enemy with great force; but the backward kick of the horse is a peculiar movement, and is distinctly related to the peculiar structure of the animal's extremities.

It is an interesting fact that the development of a long and slowly elaborated series leading to the making of the horse, appears to have taken place mainly, if not altogether, in the region about the headwaters of the Missouri River. In the olden days when this great work was done, that part of our continent was a well-watered country, much of its surface being occupied by great lakes which have long since disappeared. In the deposits accumulated in these bodies of fresh water are found the bones of the olden species telling the history of their series. It is not yet certain that the final step of the accomplishment which gave us our ex-

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A Hurdle Jumper.

isting species, was effected in this land. It seems indeed most likely that the ancestral form of our domesticated horses found their way to the continents of the Old World, and there underwent the last slight changes, before they were made captive by man. If there ever were perfect horses on this continent, they had passed away from its area before the coming of man to the land. The history of our aborigines would have been quite other than it has been, if they had had a chance to win the assistance of this noble helpmeet.

Central Asia appears to have been the domicile of the horse when he first

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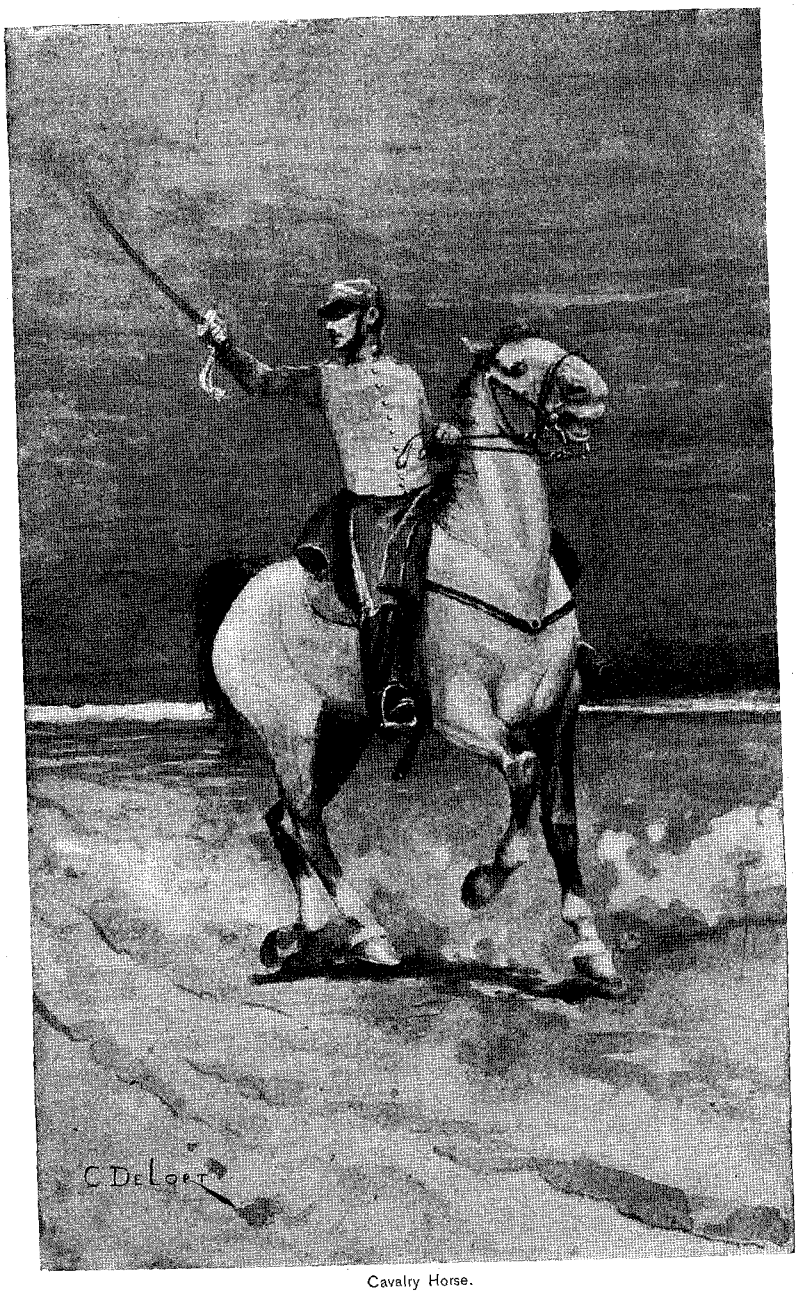

Cavalry Horse.

began his acquaintance with our kind. We do not know the original form of the creature. The wild horses existing at the present day in that part of the world, and which plentifully occur in other regions whereunto they have been taken by man, appear to have been set free from captivity.

The first domestication of the horse appears to have been brought about, at an early time in the history of our race, in northern Asia. The time when this feat was accomplished antedates our records. The creature may have first come into possession of the Tartar tribes, but it quickly passed over Asia

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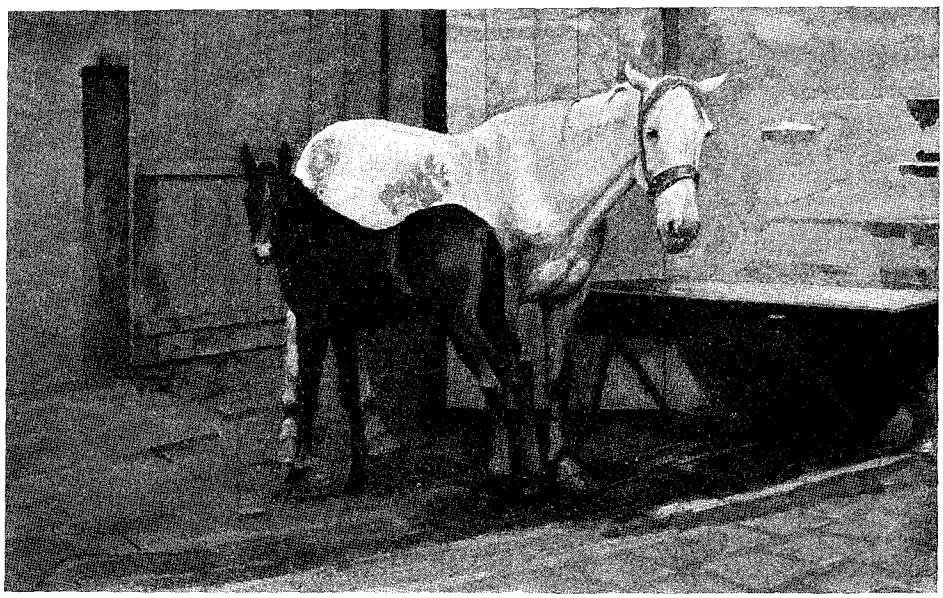
and Europe and shortly became the mainstay of the Aryan and Semitic folk. None other of our domesticated forms has been disseminated with like rapidity, or at the outset with as little change in its original features. From the first the horse seems to have been mainly used as a saddle and pack animal. It has never served in any considerable measure for food. The failure to make use of this animal for flesh purposes appears to be common to all the savage or barbaric people who keep horses, and has been transmitted in a singularly definite way to all civilized folk. The origin of such a prejudice, despite the fact that the flesh of the horse is of excellent quality, can only be explained through the sympathetic motives common to all men. Their association with the horse, as with the dog, is so intimate as to make the use of these animals in the form of food more or less repugnant. In a small though unimportant way, mares have been used for milk, and there seems no reason to doubt, that if they had been carefully bred for this purpose, they might have been as serviceable as the cow. It may be that the failure to use the milk of the horse is to be accounted for on the same ground as the dislike to its flesh.

The horse was probably at first most valued for its use in war. The peoples which possessed it certainly had a great advantage over their less well provided neighbors. In fact the development of the military art, as distinguished from the mere fighting of savages, was made easy by the strength, endurance, fleetness, and measure of bravery characterizing this creature. In the wide range of species which have been domesticated or might be won to companionship with man, there is none other which so completely supplements the imperfect human body, making it fit for great deeds. If the horse had been much smaller or larger than he is, he would have been far less serviceable to man. It was a most fortunate accident that the creature came to us with the proportions which insured a high measure of utility in various lines of activity. The elephant has been found too large for agricultural uses, and too powerful to be controlled by the will and force of his master under conditions of excitement.

Those peoples which early acquired the resources in the way of strength



Mare and Foal.

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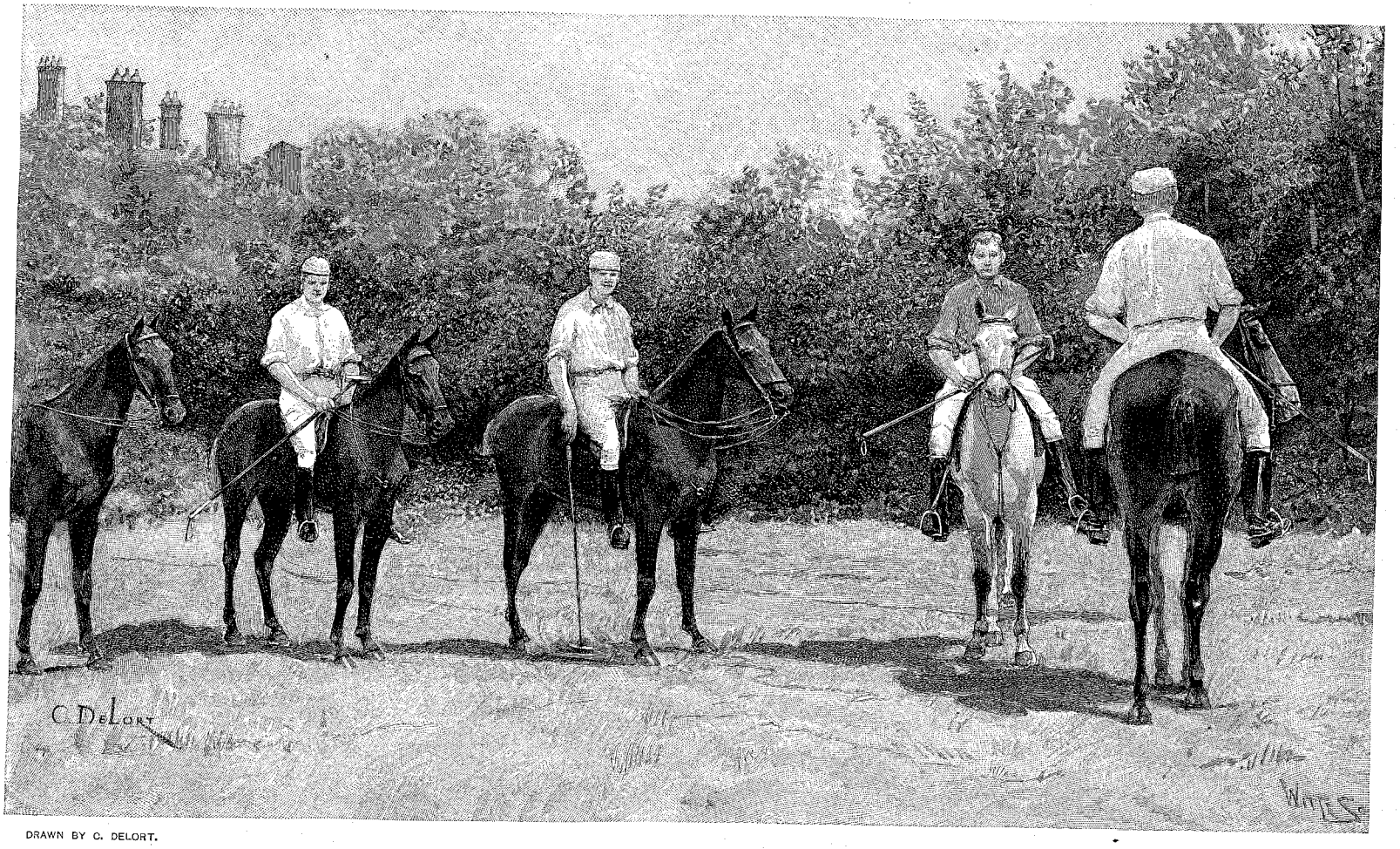

DRAWN BY C. DELORT.

English Polo Ponies.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

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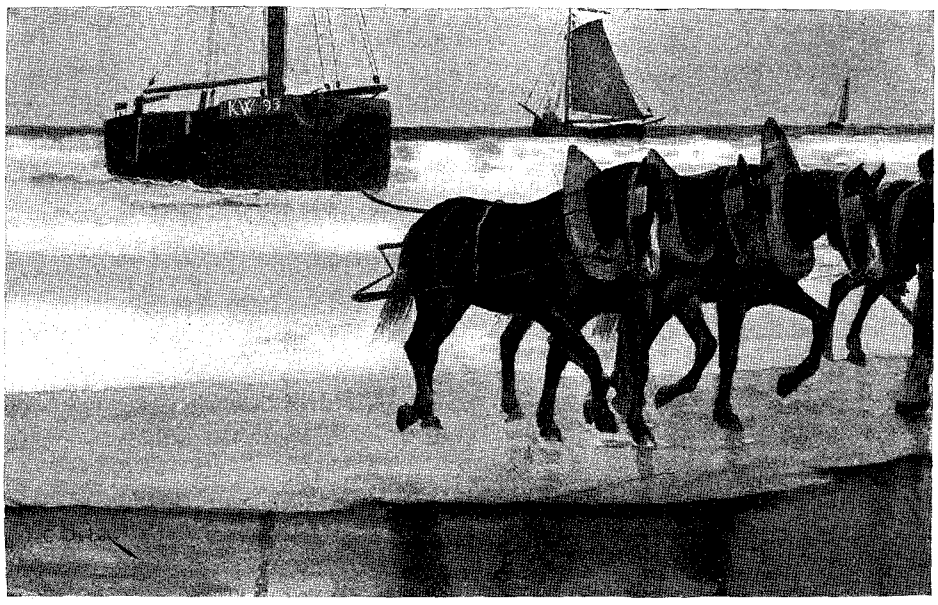

Horses for Towing on the Beach in Holland.

and fleetness which the horse put at their disposition, became inevitably the conquerors of the folk who were denied these advantages. If we consider the conditions which have led to the domination of the world by the Aryan and Semitic people, and the races which they have affiliated with them, we readily discern the fact that they have, to a great extent, won by horse-power rather than by their own physical strength. Thus equipped by their able servants, they have pressed outward from their ancient realms and have in a way overridden the tribes which were unmounted.

So imposing is the effect of the horsed man on all peoples who are without previous knowledge of the united creatures, that it always carries fear to their hearts. To such folk the combination appears as a single terrible being. The ease with which the Spaniards conquered Mexico and Peru can, to a great extent, be attributed to the awe carried into the ranks of the savage footmen by their mail-clad horses. The Greeks, who were wont to represent the forces of nature and the accomplishments of man by skilfully constructed myths, have left a record showing their appreciation of the strength derived from the union of horse and man, in their fable of the Centaur, which possibly grew up in a time before their people had won the use of the animal, and when they only knew the creature by chance encounters with enemies who were mounted upon them. Although the naturalist of to-day perceives the impossibility of there ever having been on this earth a form uniting the trunk and fore-limbs of a quadruped to the upper part of a man's body, such scientific conceptions are a part of our modern, recently acquired store of knowledge. To the Greeks of the myth-making age the creature, half man, half horse, added but one more wonder to the vast store the world already contained. The currency of this fable shows us very clearly how great was the impression which the horse made upon primitive peoples.

To perceive the value of the horse in those ancient contests which opened the paths of civilization, we must note the fact, that until the invention of gunpowder, success in breaking the ranks of an enemy depended mainly on the charge. With a large body of vigorous horsemen it was generally possible to overwhelm an enemy's line of battle, either by direct assault or by an attack on its flank or rear. If the reader is curious to see the value of horsemen

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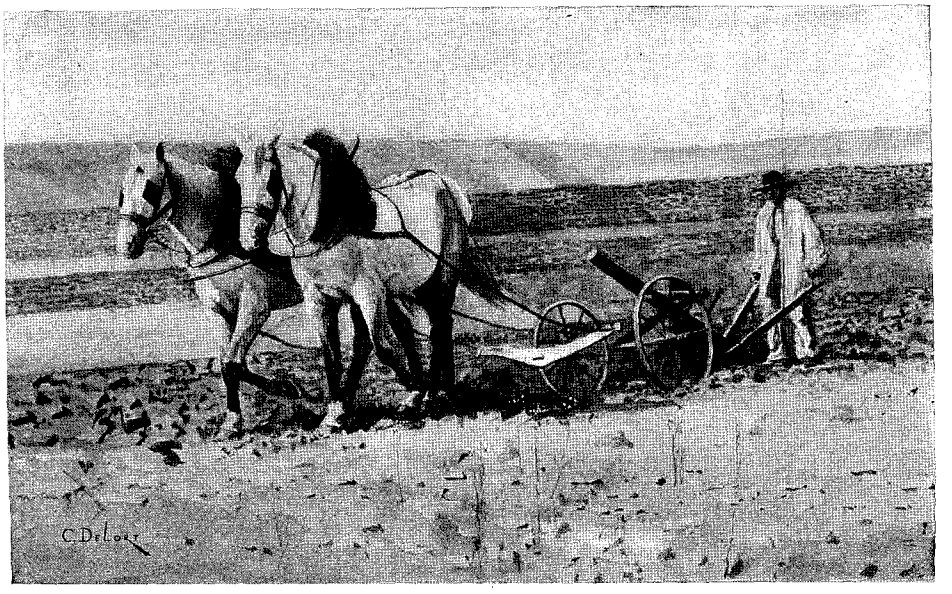

Plough Horses, France.

in ancient warfare, he should read the story of the campaigns of Hannibal against the Romans in Italy. The first successes of that great commander—victories which came near changing the history of the western world—were almost altogether due to the strength lying in his admirable Numidian cavalry. The Romans were already good soldiers, their footmen more trustworthy than those which the Carthaginian general could set against them, but with his horsemen, as at Cannæ, he could wrap in the Roman line and reduce the most valiant legions to the confused herd which awaited the butcher.

Although the invention of firearms has somewhat changed the conditions under which cavalry may be used, making indeed the direct charge more costly to the assailant than the assailed, it has in no wise diminished, but rather increased, the value of horses in military campaigns. In the line of battle horses have become more than ever necessary for the conveyance of field officers and messengers, and the right arm of battle, the artillery, could not possibly be managed except by horse-power. The swift marches of modern armies, by hastening the issue of contests, have spared the world half the woes of its great campaigns, and are made possible by the ready movement of supply trains, which could not be effected except by the help of these creatures. The result is that a large part of the military strength of any state rests not only in the valor and training of its fighting men, but in the supply of horses that its fields may afford. In this connection it is instructive to compare the military strength of a country like China, where the horse is not a common element in the life of people, with that of any of the western folk who may hereafter have to wrestle with that populous empire. Some writers, in their efforts to forecast the large politics of the future, have imagined that when the hardy and obedient Chinaman came to receive the European training in the military art, the armies of that country might prove from their numbers a menace to our own civilization. Such an issue seems in a high degree improbable, for the reason that the eastern realm could not provide the horses which would be necessary for the use of invading armies; nor is it at all likely that the rigid framework of their society will ever be so altered as to provide an abundance of these animals.

Although in the first instance the horse served mainly, if not altogether,

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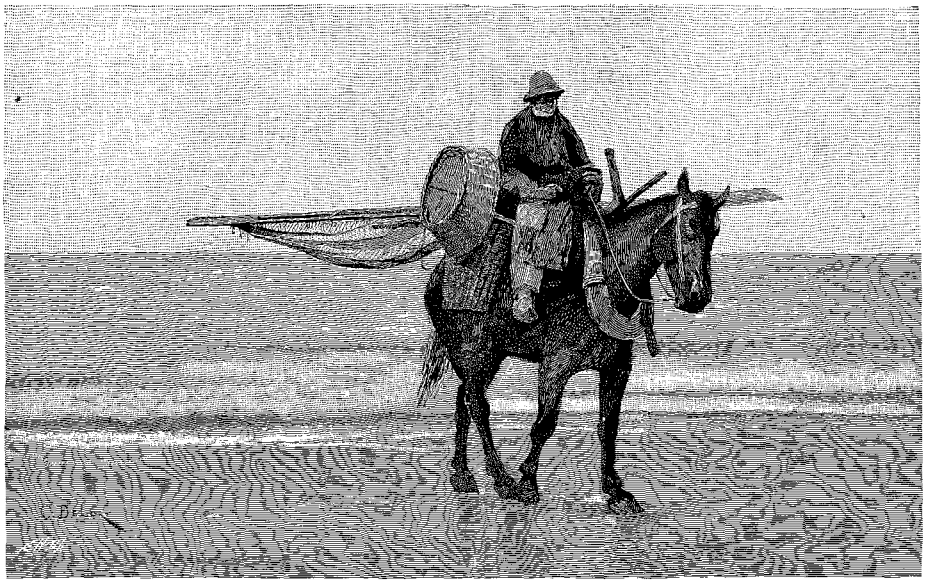

Belgian Fisherman's Horse.

as an ally of man in his contests with his neighbors, its most substantial use has been in the peaceful arts. As pack animal and drawer of the plough, the ox appears in general to have come into use before its swifter companion. The displacement of horned cattle has been due to the fact that their structure and habits make them much less fit for arduous and long-continued labor than the horse has been found to be. The cloven foot, because of its division, is weak. It cannot sustain a heavy burden. Even with the unincumbered weight of the body of the animal, the feet are apt to become sore in marches which the heavily mounted horses endure unharmed. Centuries of experience have shown that while the ox is an excellent animal for drawing a plough in a stubborn soil, and is well adapted to pulling carriages where the burden is heavy and the speed is not a matter of importance and the distance not great, the creature is too slow for the greater part of the work which the farmer needs to do. The pace which they can be made to take in walking is not more than half as great as that of a quick-footed horse moving in the same gait, and the ox is practically incapable, because of his weak feet, of keeping up a trot on any ordinary road. But for the fact that an aged ox may be used for beef, they would doubtless long since have ceased to serve us as draught animals. As it is, with the growing money-value of the laborer's time, this slow-moving creature is steadily and rather rapidly disappearing from our farms. This change, indeed, is one of the most indicative of all those now occurring in our agriculture. It is a beautiful example of the operations which the increase in the workman's pay is bringing into our civilization.

The natural advantages of the horse for the use of man consisted in its size, strength, and endurance to burden; form of the body, which enabled a skilful rider to maintain his position astride the trunk; and the peculiar shape of the mouth and disposition of the teeth which made it possible to use the bit. With these direct physical advantages there were others of a physiological and psychic sort, of equal value. The creature breeds as well under domestication as in the wilderness; the young are fit for some service in the third year of their life, and are, at least in the less elaborated breeds, in a mature condition when they are five years old. Experience shows that the animal can subsist on a great variety of diet, being in this

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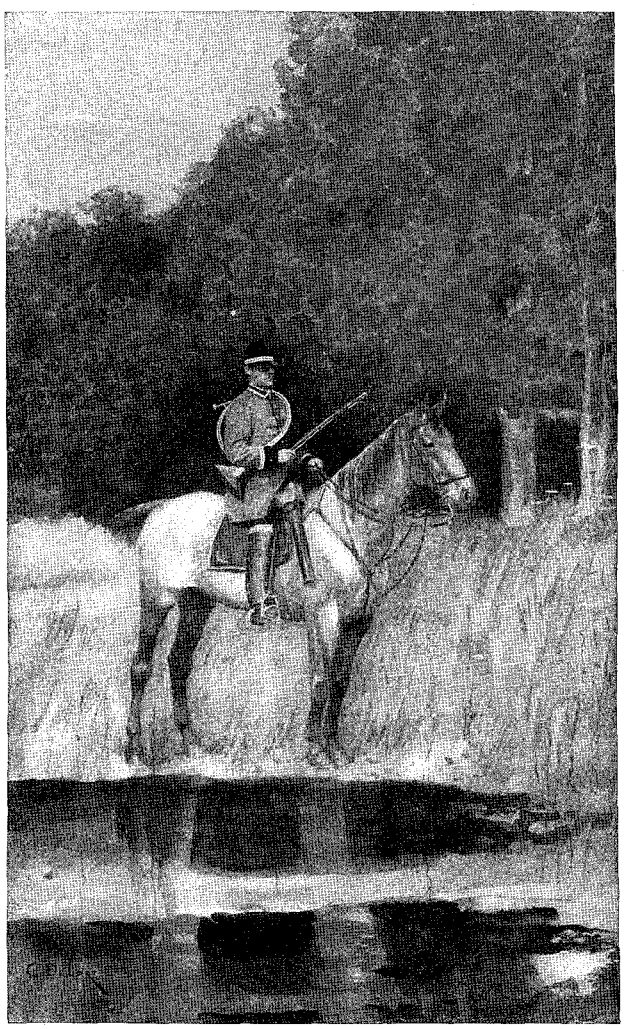
regard surpassed only by his humbler kinsman the donkey, and by the goats. There are few fields so lean that they will not maintain serviceable horses. They do well alike in mountain pastures and amid the herbage of the moistest plainland.

The mental peculiarities of the horse are much less characteristic than its physical. It is indeed the common opinion, among those who do not know the animal well, that it is endowed with much sagacity, but no experienced and careful observer is likely to maintain this opinion. All such students find the intelligence of the horse to be very limited. It requires but little observation to show that the creature observes quickly, and in some way classifies the objects with which it comes in contact. The fear aroused in it by unknown things makes this feature of attention to the surrounding world very evident. Almost all these animals retain a tolerably distinct memory of the roads which they have traversed, even if they have passed over them but a few times. The studies which I have made on this point show me that the average horse will be able to return on a road which he has traversed a few hours before, with less risk of blundering than an ordinary driver. Some well-endowed animals can remember as many as a dozen turnings in a path over which they have journeyed three or four times. It seems almost certain that their guidance in these movements is not at all effected by the sense of smell, but is due to a distinct memory of the detailed features of the country.

Good as is the horse's memory, it is difficult to organize his actions on that basis. Only in rare cases and with much labor can he be taught to execute movements that are at all complicated. Fire-engine horses may be trained of their own will to step into the position where they are to be attached to the carriage. Some artillery horses will, as I have noticed, associate the sound of the bugle with the resulting movements of the guns and take the appropriate positions, where they may be out of danger in the rapid swinging of the teams and carriages. It is partly be



A Hunter.

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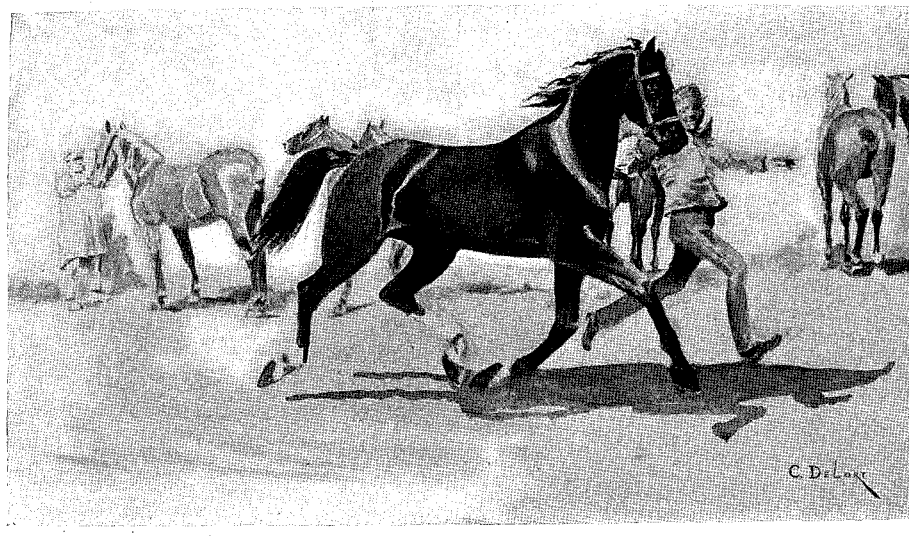
cause of this training received by disciplined artillery horses, that it seems to many experienced officers not worth while to have militia companies in this arm, who have to manœuvre with animals untrained for the service. Although some part of this mental defect in the horse, causing its actions to be widely contrasted with those of the dog, may be due to a lack of deliberate training and to breeding with reference to intellectual accomplishment, we see by comparing the creature with the elephant, which practically has never been bred in captivity, that the equine mind is, from the point of view of rationality, very feeble.

The emotional side of the horse's nature seems little more developed than its rational. Although they have a certain affection for the hand which feeds them, and in a mild way are disposed to form friendships with other animals, they are not really affectionate, and never, so far as I have been able to find, show any distinct signs of grief at separation from their masters or of pleasure when they return to them. Although there are many stories appearing to indicate a certain faithfulness in horses which have remained beside their fallen and wounded riders, the facts do not justify us in supposing that such actions are due to the affection a dog clearly feels.

We have been singularly led astray by a chance use of the epithet "horse," which has come to be applied to many organic forms and functions where strength is indicated. Thus, in the case of plants we speak of "horseradish" or "horsemint," denoting thereby spices which have strong qualities. Horse-chestnut is another instance of the application of the term to plants. It chanced that "horse-sense" came to be used to indicate a sound understanding, and in an obscure way, but in a manner common with words, this has led to a vague implication of mental capacity in the animals whence the term is derived. The fact is that our horses, as far as their mental powers are concerned, appear to be the least improvable of our great domesticated animals.

Little elastic as the horse appears to be on the psychic side of its nature, in its physical aspects it is one of the most plastic of all the forms subjected to the breeder's art. It requires no more than a glance at the streets of our large cities to see how great is the range in size, form, and carriage of these animals which may be found in any of our great centres of civilization. We readily perceive that these variations have a distinct relation to the several divisions of human activity in which this creature has a share. The massive cart-horse, weighing it may



Exercising the Thoroughbreds.

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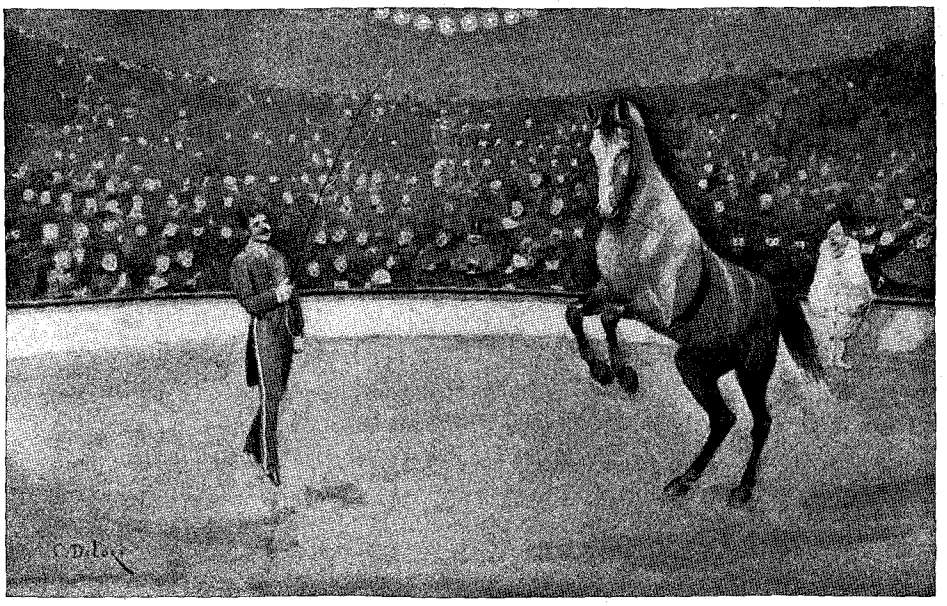
be as much as eighteen hundred or two thousand pounds, heavy limbed, big headed, unwilling to move at a pace faster than a slow trot, yet not without the measure of beauty seemingly inseparable from the species, contrasts very markedly with the alert saddle animal bred for speed and grace, and for the easy movement which makes it comfortable to the equestrian. Between these extremes we may note minor differences which, though they may not strike those persons who take only a commonplace view of the creatures, are most marked to the initiated. The trotter, the coach horse, the strong but nimble animals which are used in fire-engines and other heavy carriages which have to be swiftly moved, mark the results of breeding designed to insure particular qualities, and show how readily the physical features of the animal can be made to fit to our desires.



In the Circus.

Although from an early day a certain amount of care has been given to breeding horses for saddle purposes, the careful and continuous choice which has led to the modern variations is a matter of only a few centuries of endeavor. So far as we can judge from the classic monuments, the olden varieties were mere varieties of the pony, the small, compact, agile creature which had not departed far from the parent wild form. It seems to me doubtful whether any of the horses possessed by the Greeks or Romans attained a weight much exceeding a thousand pounds, or had the peculiarities of our modern breeds. The first considerable departure from the original type appears to have been brought about when it became necessary to provide a creature which could serve as a mount for the heavy armored knights of the Middle Ages, where man and horse were weighted with from one to two hundred pounds of metal. To serve this need it was necessary to have a saddle animal of unusual strength, weighing about three-quarters of a ton, easily controllable and at once fairly speedy and nimble. To meet this necessity the Norman horse was gradually evolved, the form naturally taking shape in that part of Europe where the iron-clad warrior was most perfectly developed. In the tapestries and other illustrative work of that day, when the knight won tournaments and battle-fields, gaining victory by the weight and speed which he brought to

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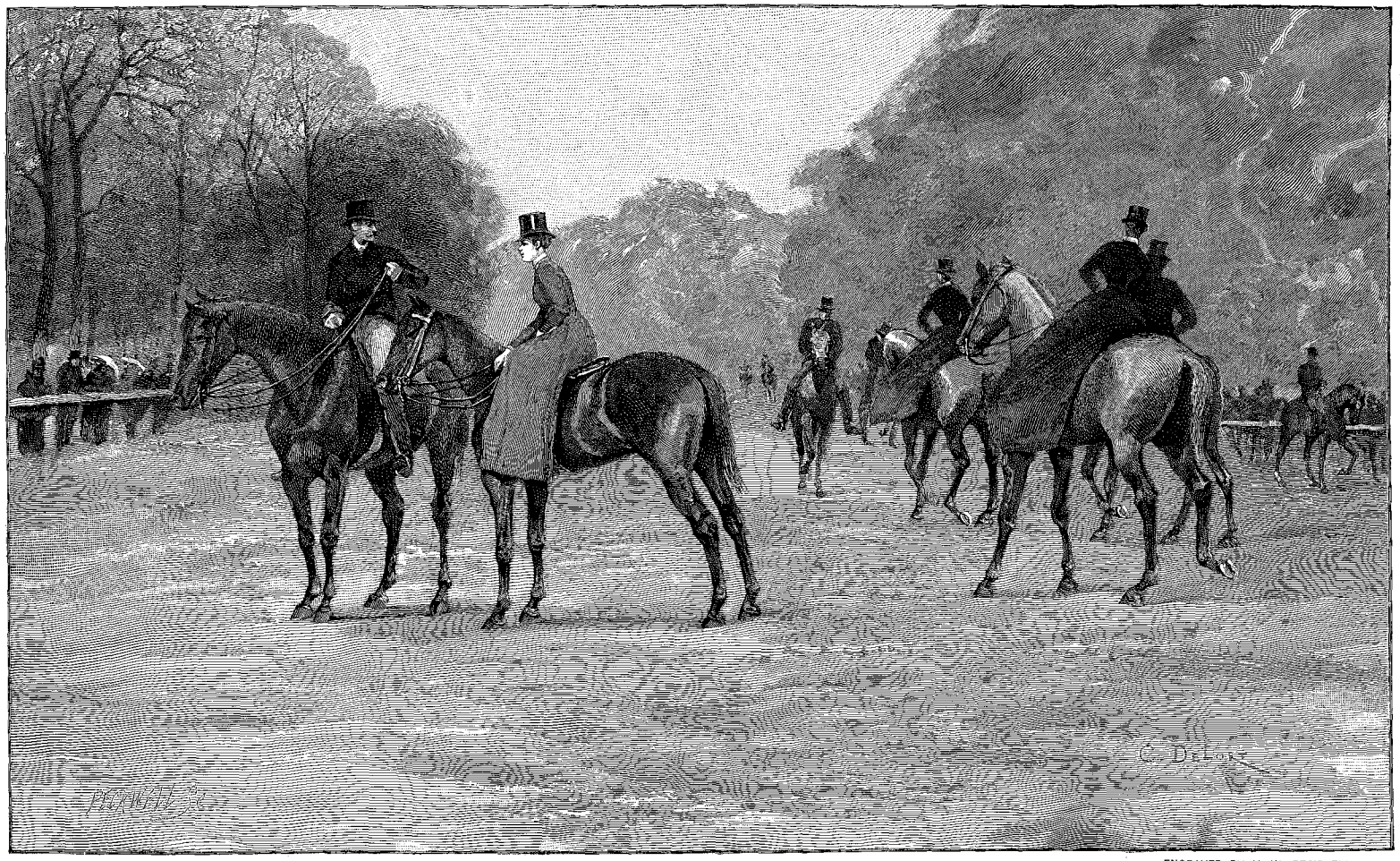

DRAWN BY C. DELORT.

On Rotten Row, Hyde Park, London.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

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bear upon his enemies we can see this splendid animal, in physical form at least, the finest product of man's care and skill in his development.

With the advance in the use of firearms the value of the Norman horse in the art of war rapidly diminished. This breed, however, has, with slight modifications, survived, and is extensively used for draught purposes where strength at the sacrifice of speed is demanded. It is a curious fact that the creatures which now draw the beer-wagons of London often afford the nearest living successors in form to the horses which bore the mediæval knights. It is an ignoble change, but we must be grateful for any accident which has preserved to us, though in a somewhat degraded form, this noblest product of the breeder's art, which, even as much as the valor of our ancestors, won success for our Teutonic folk in their great struggle with Islam. A tincture of this Norman blood, perhaps the firmest fixed in the species of any variety, pervades many other strains most valuable in our arts. It redeems the coarse forms of the English Clydesdales, a breed first developed for use in agriculture, and which has in general nothing but strength to commend it. The best of our artillery horses, particularly those set next the wheels, are generally in part Norman. In the well-known American Morgan, the swiftest and strongest of our harnessed forms, the observant eye detects indications of this masterful blood.

The Norman strains of horses retain certain interesting indications of their ancient lineage and occupation. As appears to be common with old breeds, the stock is readily maintained. It breeds true to its ancestry, with little tendency to those aberrations so common in the newly instituted varieties. When crossed with other strains, the effect of the intermixture of this strong blood is distinctly traceable for many generations. In their mental habits these creatures still appear to show something of the effects of their old use in war: it is a valiant race, less given to insane fear than other strains and, even under excitement, more controllable than the most of their kindred. So far as I have been able to learn, they seem singularly free from those wild panics which are so common among our ordinary horses. It does not seem to me fanciful to suppose that these qualities were bred in the stock during the centuries of experience with the confusion of battle-fields and tournaments.

The horse, in common with the other domesticated animals varying readily in the hands of the breeder, undergoes a certain spontaneous change which in a way corresponds to the physiography of the region in which it is bred. At first sight it may seem as if these alterations are due to the admixture of previously existing varieties, or to the institution of peculiarities by some process of selection. I am, however, well convinced that these variations are in good part due to a direct influence from the environment. Thus in our high northern lands there is a distinct and spontaneous reduction in size of the creatures, which attains its farthest point in the Shetland pony. Again, as we go toward the tropics, a like, though less conspicuous, decrease in bulk is observable. The largest animals of the species develop in the middle latitudes, the realm where the form appears to have acquired its characters. The speed with which these local variations are made is often great. Thus the horses of Kentucky have, in about a century, acquired a certain stamp of the soil which makes it possible, in most cases, for the observer to identify an individual as from that State, though he may find it in a field a thousand miles away. The defining indications are not limited altogether to bodily form, but are shown in what might seem trifling features of carriage and behavior. The difference between the horses of Great Britain and those of the United States, seems to me, from repeated observations, to be quite as great as that separating the men of the two realms. I believe that if a lot of a thousand, taken in equal parts from either land were put together, a person well accustomed to taking account of these animals could separate them into two herds, with less than ten per cent. of error. It is doubtful if a more perfect selection could be

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made if the same experiment were tried on an equal number of men, provided the indices to be derived from peculiarities of speech or dress could be excluded.

By some the Arabian horse is thought to be the most remarkable specialization of the kind which has been attained. In his native country and in his perfection, the Arab breed has been seen by but few persons who have been specially trained in noting the peculiarities of the animal. So far as I have been able to judge by pictures and a few specimens, said to be thoroughbreds of their stock, which I have had a chance to see, the Arabian form of the horse appears to have been led less far away from the primitive stock than many of our European and American varieties.

The very great, if not the pre-eminent, success of the horse in Arabia is the more remarkable from the fact that it has been attained under conditions which, from an *a priori* point of view, must be deemed most unfavorable. It has been bred in a land of scant herbage and deficient water-supply, where the creature has had from time to time, indeed we may say generally, to endure something of the dearth of food which stunts the Indian ponies and the other horses of the Cordilleran district. The ancestors of the horse appear to have attained their development in well-watered and fertile regions. All the varieties bred within the limits of civilization do best on rich pasturages such as Arabia does not afford. The success of the horse in that land shows how devoted must have been the care which has been given to its nurture. Fitting, as the creature does, exactly to the needs of nomadic people engaged in almost constant warfare, the creature has naturally been a far more important helper to the wild folk of the desert lands about the eastern Mediterranean and the Red Sea than to any other race. In those lands he fell into the keeping of a very able folk. The contrast between the care devoted to the animals by them, and that which our Indians give to their ponies, is a fair measure of the difference in the ability of these very diverse races.

As a whole, the horse demands for his best nurture and keeping an amount of care required by no other animal which has been won to the uses of man, unless perhaps it be the silkworm. Kept in his best state, the horse has to be sedulously groomed. To be maintained in his very best condition some hours of human labor must each day be given to keeping his skin in order. The effect arising from a friction on the horse's hide is not confined to the beauty that comes from cleanliness, but in a curious way reacts upon the general nervous tone of the animal. All those who are familiar with horses will, I think, agree with me, that much grooming distinctly increases the endurance and elasticity of the body. The influence of the grooming process appears to be somewhat like that obtained by massage and friction of the skin in the training of an athlete. More than once I have had occasion to observe the effect of this process on some ancient horse of good blood, which for years had been allowed in its old age to go uncared for as an idle tenant of the pastures. Two or three days of assiduous grooming will bring back the strength and suppleness to the aged limbs, and restore something of the olden spirit. The effect obtained from this care is the more remarkable, for the reason that nothing similar to it was experienced by the wild ancestors of these creatures. It is as artificial as bathing in the case of man. The influence of the treatment shows how very unnatural is the state of our civilized horses.

The task of providing horses with food is more considerable than in the case of any of our other domesticated creatures. By nature the animal is a frequent feeder, and does not well endure long fasts. Its stomach is rather small for the size of the body, and the digestive process appears to be more than usually rapid. A mounted animal, when taxed to its utmost, should be fed four or five times a day, and with less than three good meals is apt to break down. No such care in the matter of provender is necessary in the case of the other members of man's animal family. The contrast between the

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physiological conditions of the camel and those of the horse are fully recognized by the Arabs, in their almost complete neglect of the individuals of the one species and their exceeding care of the other.

Perhaps the greatest element of care which man has had to devote to the horse is found in the matter of shoeing. In the state of nature the admirably constructed hoof sufficiently provided the animal against the excessive wearing of its horny extremity. Nature, however, rarely provides for more strength and endurance than the creature in its wild state demands, and so it comes about, that when horses have to bear burdens or draw carriages, particularly on roadways, their unprotected feet will not withstand the strain which is put upon them; the rate of growth of the structure composing the hoof not being sufficiently rapid to make good the wearing which these unnatural conditions impose. For thousands of years, in the roadless stages of man's development, the difficulties arising from the wearing of the hoof were not serious, for the creatures trod either on turf-covered plains or on the soft ways of the desert. When the advance of culture made roads necessary, when carriages were invented and something like our modern conditions were instituted, it became imperatively necessary to provide additional protection for the feet. We find the Greeks, in the classic time, wrestling with this problem. Xenophon, in his treatise on the care of horses, advises that they be reared on stony ground, he having observed that, in a natural way, the hoof becomes somewhat adapted to the necessities of its conditions. The Romans found the difficulty from the tender foot of the horse yet more serious on their paved roads, but both these classic peoples showed, in their ways of dealing with the difficulty, that lack of inventive skill which so curiously separates the olden from the modern men. They devised soles of leather and bags as coverings for the horse's feet, but none of the contrivances could have been very serviceable. All such coverings must have been quickly worn out in active use.

So far as we can determine, it was not until the fourth century of our era that the iron horseshoe was invented. This valuable contrivance appears to have originated in Greek or Roman lands, probably in the former realm, for it first bore the name of "selene," from its likeness to the crescent shape of the new moon. Although simple, the horseshoe was a most important invention, for it completely reconciled the animal to the conditions of our higher civilization, by removing the one hinderance to its general use in the work of war and commerce. It is probable that with this invention began the great task of differentiating the several breeds of European horses for their use in various employments, as draught animals for packing purposes, as light saddle horses, and the bearing of armored men. Neither the draught nor the war horses of Europe could well have been specialized until their heavy bodies were separated from the ground by these metallic coverings of the hoof.

Much has depended on the specialization of the horse into different breeds, made possible by the iron shoe. By reconciling the creature to uses, agriculture, which depends on draught animals, and the commerce of importance, which can only be effected by means of wagons, the rapid economic development of our civilization was made possible. By developing a horse capable of bearing an armored man, Europe was brought into a condition in which organized armies took the place of mere forays, and so the development of centralized states was promoted. In the warfare between the Mohammedans and the Christian states of Europe, in the campaigns with the Turks and the Saracens, it is easy to see that the powerful breeds of horses reared in western and northern Europe were a mighty element in determining the issue of the contest. The battles of these momentous campaigns represented, not only a struggle between the Christian Aryans and the Semitic followers of Mahomet, but, in quite as great a degree, the war was waged between the light and agile steeds of the Orient, and the massive and powerful animals that bore the mail-clad warriors of the West. On the field of

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Tours, when the fate of Christian Europe for hours hung in the balance, we may well believe that the strong and enduring horses of the northern cavalry did much to give victory to our race.

Along with our general account of the place of the horse in civilization, it is fit to give something to the story of his near, though inferior, kinsmen, the ass and the mule, both of which have played a subordinate, though important, part in the same field of endeavor in which the nobler species has done so much for man. The original progenitors of our donkeys differed from the ancestral form of the horse by variations of good specific value. So far as we can determine from visible features, these forms were more distinctly parted than the dog and the wolf, or either of these animals from the jackal. Nevertheless, these equine forms are clearly closely akin, for they may be bred together. Although the original stock of the ass may possibly have been lost, it seems most likely that the wild forms which exist in Asia have not wandered off from captivity, but are the remnants of the original wilderness form.

It appears likely that the two domesticated equine species have been under the care of man for about the same length of time, but the difference in their condition, and in the place which they hold in civilization, is very great. As we have seen, the horse has been made to vary in a singular measure, his form and other qualities changing to meet the need or fancy of his master. His humbler kinsman has remained almost unchanged. Except small differences in size, the donkeys in different parts of the world are singularly alike. In part this lack of change may be explained by the relative neglect with which this species has been treated. From the point of view of the breeder, it has perhaps been the least cared for of any of our completely domesticated animals. In some parts of the world, as for instance in Spain where a long-continued effort has been made to develop the animal for interbreeding with the horse, the result shows that the form is relatively inelastic. It is doubtful if any conceivable amount of care would develop such variations as the horse now exhibits.

The principal hinderances to the general acceptation of the donkey as a helpmeet to man are found in the small size and slow motion. These qualities make the creature unserviceable in active war or in agriculture, and they seem to be so fixed in the blood that they are not to any extent corrigible. So long as pack animals were in general use, and in those parts of the world where the conditions of culture cause this method of transportation to be retained, the qualities of the donkey have proved and are still found of value. The animal can carry a relatively heavy burden, being in such tasks, for his weight, more efficient than the horse. He is less liable to stampedes. He learns a round of duty much more effectively than that creature, and can subsist by browsing on coarse herbage, where a horse would be so far weakened as to become useless. Thus, in developing the mines in the unimproved wilderness of the Cordilleras, where ores of the precious metals have to be carried for considerable distances, trains of "burros" are often employed. The animals quickly learn the nature of their task, and will do their work with but little guidance from man.

In general we may say that the donkeys belong to a vanishing state of human culture, to the time before carriage-ways existed. Now that civilization goes on wheels, they seem likely to have an ever-decreasing value. A century ago they were almost everywhere in common use. At the present time there are probably millions of people in the United States to whom the animal is known only by description. In a word, the creature marks a stage in the development of our industries which is passing away as rapidly as that in which the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom played a part.

As the use of the ass in the economic arts began to decline, the mule or hybrid progeny of this creature and the horse has progressively increased. Although the value of this mongrel has been known, particularly in southern Europe, from very early days, its most

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extensive employment has been found in the old slave-holding States of the Federal union. The custom of using mules was almost unknown in England, and has never been generally adopted in the northern part of the United States. It appears to have been introduced into southern regions by the Spaniards and the French, and there to have spread, because of the peculiar fitness of the creature to the climate and the employment it had to endure in that part of America. The mule has the peculiar advantage that it is on the average as large as the horse, is nearly as quick-footed when walking, and has at the same time a considerable share of the patient endurance to hard labor and scant fare which characterizes the donkeys. It matures somewhat more speedily than its nobler kinsman, being ready to meet severe strains perhaps a year earlier. Unless unconscionably abused, its period of fitness for hard work endures about one-third longer, often lasting for thirty years. It is singularly exempt from disease; its sturdy frame withstanding rude usage until the old age time.

It is commonly thought that a mule is a stupider creature than the horse, but I have never found a person who was well acquainted with both animals, who hesitated to place the mongrel in the intellectual grade above the pure-blood animal. There is, it is true, a decided difference in the mental qualities of the two creatures. The mule is relatively undemonstrative, his emotions being sufficiently expressed by an occasional bray — a mode of utterance which he has inherited from the humbler side of his house in a singularly unchanged way. Even in the best humor he appears sullen, and lacks those playful capers which give such expression to the well-bred horse, particularly in its youthful state. It is evident, however, that it discriminates men and things more clearly than does the horse. In going over difficult ground it studies its surface, and picks its way so as to secure a footing in an almost infallible manner. Even when loaded with a pack, it will consider the incumbrance and not so often try to pass where the burden will become entangled with fixed objects.

Mules soon learn the difference between those who have the care of them and strangers. It is a well-known fact that trouble awaits the wight who unwarily ventures to take from his stall a mule who has not the pleasure of his acquaintance. On this account they are rarely stolen. Even in the daytime they are often dangerous for strangers to approach, and the most of the ill-usage which men receive from their heels arises where unwitting people venture to treat them as they would horses. Mules are much less liable to panic fear than the most of our domesticated animals, yet, when kept in the herded way they occasionally become stampeded. Many a soldier of our Civil War, where mules played a large part in the campaigns, doubtless remembers the mad outbreaks of these creatures from their corrals, when they went charging through the army with a fury which, if directed against an enemy, would have been almost as effective as a cavalry charge.

In considering the general influence of the horse and its kindred forms on human culture, we clearly perceive that we are now attaining a time when the machinery of civilization is to depend in a much less degree than of old on the help which these creatures give to man. Even fifty years ago the horse was far more necessary to the work of our kind than it is at present. Going back a hundred years, we perceive that the population of the civilized world could not possibly have been maintained, if by some disease all the horses had been swept away. Such a calamity in the year 1800 would have led to the depopulation of almost all the cities of the interior country, famine would have ravaged our States, and the whole economic system of society would have had to be reconstructed. Now the greater part of the work which of old had to be done by horses, can, at a slight increase of cost, be effected by mechanical engines. Ploughing, except on steep hillsides, and in very stony ground, can be cheaply and effectively done by steam. The same agent can propel the harvesters, and work the threshing ma-

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chines. Even farmers who till fields of no great extent, find it desirable to do much of their work by steam engines, for the reason that fuel is less costly than horse feed. The mark of the old utility of the animal in varied employment is retained to our use of the term horse-power in measuring the energy of engines. That gauge of strength of old determined what man could do in the severest taxes upon the forces at his command. In attaining the point where, owing to the possession of horses, he could use this standard, he won a great way beyond the station of his ancestors, who had but the strength of men at their command. Modern invention, by giving us heat engines, has made the way for an advance. In another century, or even in another generation, the horse may be relegated to the position of a luxury and an ornament.

REQUIEM

By Harrison S. Morris

They watched her eddying, like a leaf
The tides among;
Nor heeded where her robin hung,
For, missing her, he had not sung,
Save when she spoke once, low and brief.

But, sudden, there amid the vines
Her hands had wet,
Between the curtains, hanging yet,
She loved to draw when day was set,
He warbled like a bird divine.

Was it a dream of upland ways
With open wing?
Or was it pity made him sing
For her whose spirit hovering
Brought peace within her holy face?

None knew—but hark! the captive brain
Set free the heart!
He trilled the sombre night apart,
And they that waited saw her start,
And then she turned—and all was vain.

No speech was uttered; yet her eyes,
Dim with the night,
Turned upward toward the squares of white
With tender, oh, with tender light,
And blessed him out of Paradise.

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TRUE PICTURES AMONG THE POOR

THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY

By Robert Howard Russell

FOR many years the way to my office has led me past a dingy little shop with green shutters and dusty, cobwebbed windows. It had been for a long time without a tenant, doubtless owing to its gloomy and unprepossessing appearance. Situated on one of the narrow streets leading away from Newspaper Row, near the dark arches of the great bridge, it was hardly a promising locality for the establishment of a thriving business, and it had occasioned me no wonder that it stood so long vacant. One morning, however, I was surprised to see the shutters thrown open, the windows washed, and inside, seated on a cobbler's bench, a brisk little red-haired man with a pipe in his mouth, tapping away cheerfully at a pair of shoes which he had just put on the last. Attracted by the unusual signs of activity about the place, I paused for a moment and looked in at the window. The new-comer had banished the cobwebs from the walls, and had placed a row of pine shelves about the room, on which long lines of new wooden lasts of various sizes were neatly arranged, while rolls of soft leather, stacks of heavy, roughly cut brown soles, papers of eyelets, nails, wooden pegs, and bundles of shoe thread and waxed ends attested that the little cobbler was prepared to execute any orders that he might receive.

A small white globe stove warmed the room and filled the air with the odor of the leather chips upon which it was fed, and as the little cobbler scraped together the pile of red sole-leather shavings which had fallen before his busy knife and emptied them from his apron into the open door of the stove, the added heat caused the glue-pot on top to sputter and bubble furiously.

Once or twice while I was peering in at his window the little cobbler looked up from his work, but he did not seem annoyed at my inquisitiveness. He was a pleasant faced little man in spite of his bristling red beard, which might have given him a fierce expression had it not been belied by the kindly twinkle of his little gray eyes, and I mentally determined that I should give him the chance to make the next pair of shoes I needed. A few days later a large gilded boot was suspended above the dingy little door, and a modest sign informed the passers-by that "Isaac Lloyd, Fine Custom Boot and Shoe Maker," was established there. Day by day as I passed I could see him busily hammering away at the shoe on his knee, or waxing the end of the long thread which fastened the sole together. He seemed cheerful and happy even on the gloomiest days, and his red head and queer little clay pipe bobbed back and forth over his work as merrily as if making shoes were the greatest sport in the world. For some weeks he worked away apparently without disturbance, for as yet I had seen no customers enter his little shop; so one day I stopped in, partly from curiosity, and gave him an order for a pair of shoes. The little man's eyes sparkled as he carefully measured my foot and traced its outline on a paper which he had placed on the floor. When the numerous measurements were completed to his satisfaction he replaced my old shoe, and while lacing it up he volunteered the information that he was a Welshman and had been working for some years at one of the fashionable bootmakers in Regent Street, London; but

*** These are absolutely true stories of characters and incidents among people who live in the poorer parts of New York City.

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he was not happy in the London shop, and longed for the hills and glens of his native Wales, so he had finally saved up enough money to come to America and establish himself in business, hoping that after awhile he should be able to lay up a little competency so that he could return to his beloved Wales and pass his old age at the little village of Llanfair, where he could indulge to his heart's content in his favorite sport of salmon-fishing.

When the shoes were finished the little Welshman brought them to my office and carefully unfolded the roll of soft batting in which they were wrapped. They were indeed a marvellous creation; the very soles were blackened and polished until they shone like mirrors, and his thorough and careful workmanship was apparent at every point. The little man explained to me that the uppers were made of kangaroo skin, which was light and cool and would wear like iron. The facings were of porpoise hide, so tough that an eyelet once fastened in would stay there until it wore out, while the vamps were of the best calfskin that could be obtained in the "Swamp," the famous leather district of the city. No wonder that I found the shoes serviceable. To procure his materials the little cobbler had ransacked the ends of the earth and even the waters under the earth. From that time on he made all my shoes, and I sent him so many customers that he was soon obliged to put another bench in his little shop and engage an assistant who kept time with him in tapping at the leather soles.

On holidays he always went fishing, winter or summer, if there was a chance to drop a line in the water anywhere; he was off at break of day, and neither bad weather nor bad luck could discourage him, for he held the firm belief that fishing was the only natural recreation of man, and he enjoyed it on principle—whether he caught anything or not. He was convinced that every man in his heart must share this feeling, and many a pair of my discarded shoes has he patched up, oiled, and brought to me, saying, in an apologetic way, that he thought I would find them useful for trout-fishing.

His calendar held one holiday which he observed with particular enthusiasm—for he was a patriotic little man and held the old Welsh traditions very dear—so on the first of March, "St. Tavy's Day," his bench would be deserted and he would be off early in the morning for a day's fishing, with a green leek stuck in his hat in honor of David, the titular saint of Wales; and the next morning, when I passed his little shop, he would inform me of his day's outing and tell me how in ancient times the kings of England wore leeks in their bonnets on this day in honor of the ancient Britons, and that formerly it was the perquisite of the sergeant-porter to present the leek to the King, and claim in return the clothes his majesty wore on that day.

Then, while the waxed end of a shoe-thread stuck from either corner of his mouth, he would hum the words of one of Leathart's old "Welsh Pennillion Songs:"

Ere Alfred hung in the highway,
His chains of gold by night or day;
And never had them stol'n away,
His subjects were so meek.
When wolves they danc'd o'er field and fen;
When austere *Druids* roasted men;—
But that was only now and then,
Ere Welshmen WORE THE LEEK.

When the warm spring evenings came, after the tiny shop had its shutters up for the night, the little cobbler would fill his pipe and stroll down to a large open place near one of the arches of the Bridge, where the newsboys and street gamins were used to assemble, after their papers were sold and the down-town streets had become deserted.

He was fond of these little gamins, although they had annoyed him, when he first made his appearance in the street, by throwing stones at his golden boot, and by such ingenious allusions to his red hair as only a street arab could devise; but he forgave them freely, for he was a keen student of human nature, and knew that thoughtlessness rather than cruelty was the cause of their persecution.

Whenever he had been particularly vexed by them, he would blow energetic puffs of smoke from his short pipe and say:

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"My grandfather always used to say to I, 'When you see a boy running always hit him a lick, for he's either running because he has done something bad, or running to do it,' and I'm not prepared to say that the old gentleman wasn't right."

But his patience and kindness soon won their regard, for, when the cold winter months came and found these little chaps, like the grasshoppers of fable, without provision for the winter, many a poor bare-footed little wretch had been made comfortable by a pair of cast-off shoes from the shop, which the kind-hearted little cobbler had patched up for him, and before long he numbered all the ragged little frequenters of the street as his stanchest friends.

He had been the leader in the village choir at Llanfair, and it pleased him to get these little ragamuffins about him and sing some of his Welsh songs to them. Soon the boys with the quickest ears and most musical voices would join him in the choruses, and after a while he selected a quartet from among them, and would perch himself on one of the great granite blocks from the Bridge, which were scattered about their gathering-place, and patiently lead and instruct them. By the time the hot nights of summer came his group of ragged little choristers were fringed about each night by an appreciative audience which poured out from the neighboring tenements, and many a care-worn face would brighten as the clear notes of the boys' voices rang out in some familiar melody which recalled other days and other climes. The singers were of various nationalities, and each had his favorite songs to add to the répertoire of the quartet.

Pietro, the little dark-eyed Venetian, came each night from the cellar near by where he had been sorting rags all day, and forgot his homesickness in singing the songs which he had learned from the gondoliers in far-away Venice; Hans, the blue-eyed German boy, brought "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Vaterland." Terence, or, as the boys called him, "Terry de Kid," contributed "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Bells of Shandon;" while Larry, a merry little vagabond in whose veins flowed the blood of all these nationalities, and who was therefore considered an American citizen, joined heartily in all the songs, although his secret preference was for "The Old Folks at Home" ("S'wanee River"), and other darky songs in which he instructed the others.

The songs that the little cobbler loved best he saved for the last of the evening, and, when the other songs had all been rendered, he would rise to his feet on his stone precentor's box and, with bared head, start the Welsh national hymn, "Men o' Harlech," or "Cymru Fydd," and, afterward, an old Welsh song, "The Bells of Aberdovey," which was evidently very dear to him, for he always kept it until the very last of all, and you could feel that the song came from his heart, for his voice sounded tremulously in the quiet street as he sang:

In the peaceful evening time,
Oft I listened to the chime,
To the dulcet, ringing rhyme,
Of the bells of Aberdovey.
One, two, three, four, Hark! they ring!
Ah! long-lost thoughts to me they bring,
Those sweet bells of Aberdovey.

Then his humble little choristers would swell the chorus with enthusiastic voices, and the silent auditors would drift back to their dingy tenements with something more of tenderness in their hearts than they had known before the coming of the little shoemaker.

One day as I passed the little cobbler's, I saw him sitting idle for the first time. He looked ill, and in answer to my inquiry he said that he had not been well for some time, and was much worried about himself, as he had no friends in this country, and was afraid that if he was sick and could not work he would become a public charge and be sent to one of the great poorhouses of the city. He could not bear the thought of this, and it troubled him greatly. I tried to cheer him up and told him to make me a pair of shoes, as I should need them before long. The next day he commenced them, and for two days he was working away apparently as merrily as ever.

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When they were finished he brought them to me and waited in my office for some time until I came, in order that I should pay him for them. I thought this rather strange, as he generally sent my shoes to me by his assistant and called a week or so later himself to collect the bill; but, thinking his illness had prevented him from making collections and that he was in need of money, I paid him at once without question, and after having told me that he felt better he said good-day and went away.

The next morning, as I walked down the narrow street, a little gamin ran excitedly up to me, and, pointing to the closed door of the little shoemaker's shop, where the dingy shutters were still up, he whispered hoarsely, "He's shot his-self," and, before I could question him further, dived down a side alley leading to a row of tenements.

I crossed over to where the policeman paced back and forth before the door, only to have the sad information confirmed by the shoemaker's assistant, who told me that after the little man had delivered my shoes he seemed more cheerful than he had been for a month, and had told him that he might close the shop early that night and have the evening to himself. It seems that he had bought a pistol with the money I had paid him for my new shoes, and was determined to end his life rather than, because of his illness, become a public charge in a foreign country where he had no friends excepting the little gamins in the streets.

That evening there was a solemn little gathering under the arch of the Bridge, and at about the time they were used to sing each night a barefooted procession of little street gamins filed out from under the dark archway and moved up the street until they were in front of the little shop. Then, with bared heads and with grimy faces, down which the tears were trickling, upturned to the dark closed shutters behind which the little shoemaker lay so quietly, they sang "The Bells of Aberdovey," and as I paused under the shadow of a doorway in the quiet street I could hardly believe that it was the hard and ragged little crew that I knew so well who were singing so tenderly the little Welshman's favorite song:

I first heard them years ago
When, careless and light-hearted,
I thought not of coming woe,
Nor of bright days departed;
Now those hours are past and gone,
'When the strife of life is done,
Peace is found in heaven alone,'
Say the bells of Aberdovey.

As the last word faded away they turned and dispersed as quietly as they had come. Unasked they had tendered the only tribute in their power to the memory of the little cobbler who had been so kind to them. Had they been little princes instead of little ragamuffins, they could have done no more.

KORBEY'S FORTUNE

By William T. Elsing

ONE afternoon last summer the bell of the City Mission church-house, in Rivington Street received several violent jerks. On opening the door, a woman in great excitement said, "Where is the minister? I must see him right away!" The sexton brought Mrs. Korbey to my study. She immediately broke out, "Oh! Mister minister, my husband is dying and I don't want him to go without prayers!" She then in the same breath informed me that she was a Roman Catholic, but her husband was a Protestant, and she wanted him to die with the last rites of his church. I immediately accompanied Mrs. Korbey to a basement in Rivington Street. The Korbeys lived in a kitchen and bedroom. The bedroom contained no windows, and the black hole in which I found the sick man contrasted strangely with the brilliant sunlight of the

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street. As soon as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I saw that Korbey was in no immediate danger of dying. I said, "How do you feel today?" He took me for the doctor and said, "Doctor, my old woman here is greatly disturbed about me and said she would send for a minister, but I don't think it is necessary just yet."

I saw that I must first get the old man's confidence if I was to do him any good. So I said, "I am not a doctor, I am a minister, and as your wife informed me that you were sick I thought I would run over and see you; sick people, you know, are so much shut off from the outside world that it sometimes does them good to see a friend." As I made no immediate preparation to pray with Korbey, or to hold up before him the sins of his past life, the old man soon felt at ease.

"What is your business, Mr. Korbey?" I asked. With a certain air of triumph he replied, "I am an actor, sir." He then began to talk in a most familiar strain about all the great theatrical lights of the past fifty years.

He knew Macready, Edwin Forrest, the elder Booth, and many other stage celebrities. I finally asked what plays Mr. Korbey had most frequently appeared in. For a moment he seemed somewhat perplexed, but said:

"Well, I'm not exactly an actor that acts himself, but I am always around to help them. You see I am handy with the brush. In a few minutes I can make a dead level prairie look like a forest or a mountain region; I can paint rivers and houses so that, at a distance, you can hardly tell them from real rivers and real houses. Then, besides, when I was a young fellow I was good at climbing, and when there was a hitch in the scenery I was just the man to straighten things out. When we were in New Orleans many years ago, I fell from a beam, at the top of the curtain, and hurt my head; if it had not been for that accident I would be on the stage now, and a great actor too."

"Mr. Korbey," I said, "you know Shakespeare says, 'All the world's a stage, and all men and women merely players.' We will all soon take part in the last act, the curtain will be rung down, the masks and finery will be laid aside, lords and ladies, kings and queens will appear just as they are. You are a poor, sick, old man; shall I kneel down by your bed and ask Him who is above us all to reach down His strong hand to help you?"

Korbey assented, he folded his hands and closed his eyes. When I arose to go, Korbey put his hand on his heart and said, "Thank you, sir; that did me good. I feel easier in here. Please come again."

Two days later, when I was holding an afternoon service, Mrs. Korbey rushed into the church and said to the sexton: "Tell the minister to come immediately, the old man is going, sure!" At the close of my service I went to the basement in Rivington Street. On entering the hall, I heard loud noises proceed from Korbey's bedroom. The various names of the Deity were used in such rapid succession that I thought Korbey was earnestly praying; but, to my great astonishment, he was sitting up in bed furiously brandishing a club and pouring out a volley of oaths at his son-in-law, who was in the kitchen just behind the bedroom door. It was fortunate for the young man that Korbey was partly paralyzed. Before he noticed my entrance he hurled the club with terrific force through the half-opened door. Mrs. Korbey and her daughter were crying, and the neighbors, attracted by the noise, were filling the hall. My presence restored peace. I told Korbey that all the prayers in the world would be of no avail for a man who showed such an ugly temper.

"I am sorry you seen what happened," he said, "but it is good for him that my legs have no life in them, or I would pitch him in the street, because he is a lazy loafer and won't support my daughter." I read a few words of the great Teacher about forgiveness and asked Korbey to repeat the Lord's Prayer after me. Perhaps I paused a little when I came to the words, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." He went through the prayer without a break and before I left said, "Don't be angry with me; since I hurt my head I get easily excited."

A few days later when I called at the

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Korbeys', I witnessed a kind of family reunion in the dark bedroom. Mr. Korbey was sitting up in bed reading a letter. His wife held a little kerosene lamp, which lit up the letter and her own dull red, round face. The son-in-law, a regulation East Side tough, and his wife, a slovenly young woman, were eagerly bending over the bed, listening to the old man as he slowly stumbled his way through the letter. No one had heard my knock at the kitchen-door; so I walked in. When Mrs. Korbey saw me, she took hold of my arm and pulled me into the bedroom and in peremptory tones commanded her husband to give the minister the letter. While I read, every member of the family listened with intense eagerness. It was a communication from a claim lawyer, who informed Korbey that there was a sum of money, at a certain place, which belonged to Mr. James Korbey, but which he could only obtain through the assistance of legal aid. The writer volunteered to secure the entire sum, provided it was equally divided between himself and Mr. Korbey. The family were eager to accept this proposition, as none of them had the slightest knowledge of this secret fortune.

I suggested that there were other lawyers in the world besides the writer of that letter. If no one else could possibly find out the secret now in this man's possession, it might be advisable to accept his terms, but I counselled a little delay. Mrs. Korbey had told me that, since her husband had fallen from the scenery of a theatre in New Orleans many years ago, he had been very excitable and his memory had also been strangely affected. The only way in which he ever referred to past events was by being in some way reminded of them. Guided by this suggestion I determined that my conversation with Korbey should serve as a kind of mental search-light to reveal that which lay forgotten in the deep recesses of the old man's memory. I hoped that, by the law of association of ideas, I should be able to stimulate his weakened intellect and get the knowledge which the claim lawyer had obtained by means unknown to me. I asked many questions about the old man's parents and their circumstances, but all to no purpose.

Korbey's father had been a sailor; the family had never had any means; both parents had died when Korbey was quite a young lad, so that he was obliged to shift for himself. He had only one greater enjoyment in life than witnessing a play, and that was to be on the stage, helping the players. As a rude scenic artist he was invaluable, and he was ever eager to lead imaginary mobs against painted forts and castles and leap on the prostrate bodies of tyrants or kings, and at times he had made a good deal of money.

"Mr. Korbey," I asked, "when you were making so much money, what did you do with it? Did you ever put any money in the bank?"

The moment I mentioned the word *bank*, he fairly screamed: "Yes! I put some money in the bank and I lost the book." Like a long-forgotten dream it all flashed on his mind in a moment. More than forty years ago he had a small bank account. While in New Orleans he lost the bank-book. At first he had worried about it and determined to inform the bank officials when he returned to New York. After the accident, which had impaired his memory, he had altogether ceased to think of his savings. He did not remember the name of the bank or any other facts which would help me to trace the fortune.

A prominent lawyer interested himself in the matter. He visited several of the oldest savings institutions in New York, and through the kindness of the cashier he finally found the name of James Korbey on the books of one of these banks. The unclaimed deposit with compound interest amounted to $1,256.53. The fortune was discovered, but the golden dreams of Korbey were not immediately realized. After his signature had been obtained, considerable time was consumed in properly identifying him as the rightful owner.

The excitement was too much for the old man. In a few days I received another hasty summons from Mrs. Korbey, who said:

"It will be the last time that I will

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have to trouble you, for the old man is going. He just said, 'Fetch the minister once more, I shall never hear another prayer in this world.'" When I reached Korbey's bedside I saw that a great change had come over him; his voice was feeble, he no longer talked about his fortune and what he would do with it.

"Dear minister," he said, in trembling tones, "what Shakespeare says is true. We are players on the stage; some play comedy, some tragedy. With me the last act is almost finished. The curtain is going down, the foot-lights are going out, and the actors going home. Will you pray for me?"

Mrs. Korbey crowded in between the bed and the wall and joined in the devotions. At the close of my brief prayer, the dying man's lips began to tremble, and with closed eyes he said:

"Lord, I never prayed much and don't know how, but since the fortune has come to me I believe in prayer. I have been none too good to the poor old woman. Many is the weary day she's had on my account. She has been far too good for me, but now she gets the fortune and it makes it easier for me to go. The minister says you once gave a fortune to a poor thief on the cross, and that you have one for me. God bless the minister, the lawyer, and the old woman. Amen."

Grief and prodigality are closely allied, and Mrs. Korbey was determined to have the most highly respectable funeral that was ever witnessed on Rivington Street. The undertaker, who had heard of the coming fortune, was ready to furnish a velvet-covered coffin and all the necessary accompaniments of an ostentatious funeral. Through my most emphatic interference Mr. Korbey had a simple and inexpensive burial. A week after the funeral Mrs. Korbey received $1,256.53. Through the sympathetic interest of the lawyer the entire sum was safely and profitably invested, and every six months Mrs. Korbey draws a few dollars' interest: this, added to what she earns at washing and scrubbing, has made her independent.

I saw her a few days ago and said, "Mrs. Korbey, how did you get along this hard winter?" She replied: "Washing was never so dull and people does their own scrubbing nowadays, but I have not suffered, for I have Korbey's fortune."

A TENEMENT-COURT FESTIVAL

By Edward W. Townsend

IN that portion of Mulberry Street known as the Bend, I saw the court festivities which proved that the slums have a gayer aspect at times than the usual picture of the congested tenement district suggests. The day had begun with a downpour of rain, and, although at the time of my visit it was not raining, the heavy blue-black clouds threatened another storm. It was on that account that the Bend was unusually thronged and lively, for it happens that there are a number of occupations engaging the labor of the men of Mulberry Street which are interrupted by heavy rains. The owners of out-door boot-blacking stands do not go to their business on such days; many of the push-cart pedlers are then forced to take a holiday; and even the street-sweepers lose a day's work when it rains hard enough to wash the pavements clean.

The men whose work had been interrupted by the storm lounged about the sidewalks and in the courts, looking confusingly alike in their soft shapeless, brimless caps, blue shirts, and velveteen trousers, all smoking pipes and all in that attitude which is characteristic of idle Italians of their class—collapsed shoulders, and hands sunk deep in trousers pockets. They were as much alike in dress and bearing as a uniformed organization performing some sort of drill.

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Under ordinary conditions the roadway of the Bend is cluttered with push-carts, but to-day the curbstones on both sides were closely lined, from Bayard to Park Streets, with snugly nested carts of the idle pedlers, making a shambling fence, over and under and through which a swarm of children played. The sidewalks were made impassable, except for a leisurely lounger, by the stalls and stands of the market-women, whose calm appropriation of more than half the sidewalk space is the despair of the Municipal Bureau of Encumbrances.

There are no modern tenements in the block which forms the southwest side of the Bend; and as the project for condemning the block for a park has been talked about for years, even the repair of the ordinary or, rather, the extraordinary wear and tear has been neglected, until now the old buildings seem to be holding themselves together by one last effort until the Park Commissioners shall remove one prop from one building, when surely they will all fall in a heap of worn-out material. In one of the tenements in that block a peculiarly atrocious murder had been committed that morning, and the police officer on post had agreed to further my quest for "local color" by piloting me to the scene of the crime. It was not until we had reached the mouth of the dark tunnel we entered—a tunnel which, as it penetrated the building from street to court flatly on the sidewalk level, served the purposes of surface drainage as well as an entrance to the stairs and court—that I discovered the fact that there existed any means of entering the tenement. I had, in fact, passed it unnoticed three or four times in my unaided search. This was because two sidewalk stalls had almost closed up the entrance, and we had to edge our way in between them. One stall was for the sale of bread only, but the second was as diversified in its offerings as the first was limited. The first was piled high with beautifully baked loaves of varying sizes and shapes, which are sold by weight, every purchaser sharply watching the scales on which the loaf is weighed before a sale is made. On the stall opposite were a tub of little olives, which are dipped out of their brine with a wire scoop; a barrel of dried fish, each layer forming a many-pointed star of geometrical exactness; baskets of big Italian chestnuts, some dried and freed from their shells; boxes of oranges by the side of a mound of vivid green bell-peppers; eight varieties of sausages—I remember going back to count those sausages—tobacco, pipes, matches, buttons, thread, and a full line of Italian comic papers. Peering between these two market-stalls one could look through the tunnel, whose meagre dimensions were diminished by half where the stairway ascended, and see at the end a point of vague light admitted from the court beyond.

The crime, whose sensational features had given it a news importance the insignificance of the man and woman involved would have denied it, had been committed only a couple of hours before; but the people of the tenement seemed to be interested in it very little, or not at all. There were some children who retained enough curiosity about the affair to follow us to the door of the bare little box of a room I had to describe, but they obeyed with knowing docility the officer's command to "Get out of here." There were also two or three men, vastly unpleasant-looking fellows, who displayed an unfriendly interest in our visit, but they disappeared in dark doorways quietly enough when the officer, with gruff familiarity, asked them, "Have you lost anything you are looking for?" They may not have understood his idiom, but his tone was unmistakable.

My local color desire had been satisfied, and we were about to leave the room, when my attention was attracted by sounds of music and dancing. The one window in the room looked out on the court whose stone pavement I could see four stories below, criss-crossed from my view point by a netting of bare clothes-lines. On a bench on one side of the court four negroes sat playing on banjos and guitars, and sometimes singing. Leaning against the walls were a score of men, and in the doorways of the rear tenement, facing the court, were groups of men and women, most of them Italians, a few negroes. These groups, spreading on the steps outside

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the doors and compressed back into the darkening halls in compact masses, suggested champagne corks ; as if those inside the doors had been forcibly driven into the hallways, and those outside could only be kept in place by being wired. At every window opening on the court were as many heads of men and women as the space would accommodate, except that only the officer's head and mine appeared at our window, the former occupants of the room then being in the Tombs and the morgue. On the stones of the court itself little children were dancing, and it was this and the music which had drawn so many spectators from the dark interiors of the tenements to the doors and windows. The musicians were itinerants who, like so many others there, had been kept from the streets by the rain. The reds and greens, conspicuous in the colors of the women's dress, brightened the dingy court, but what gave this picture its greatest life and animation were the dancing children. There seemed to be hundreds of them, and really there must have been scores. Their dancing was natural, light, and graceful. Their delight in the festival was exhilarating to watch. Of course those little arabs seldom have the treat of music to accompany their dancing ; not even a hand-organ, for the players of those inspiring instruments live there, and are under no illusions which would lead them to expect pennies for their services in that neighborhood. In what are often spoken of as "poor sections" of the city—I mean streets which a Broadway stroller may invade, if he cares to, by a very little digression from his accustomed walk—hand-organs abound, and there earn their owners their greatest rewards. Those sections, however, would be considered dwelling-places of the worldly blessed by the inhabitants of Mulberry Bend, and the stoutly shod little girls who dance about the organs deemed daughters of the great in the land by the barefoot, barelegged, half-clad girls who danced in that court.

It is only on days of such forbidding weather as keeps the banjoists and guitarists at home — the hand-organists are abroad with the blizzard — that these children of the tenement courts hear even such rough music as set them dancing that day.

"There's one Irish," remarked the officer, laughing, as he watched the scene. He pointed out a little slip of a figure which was dancing with great vigor and steadfastness, but always on one spot, directly in front of the orchestra.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Can't you see from her dance, man? That's a jig she's doing ; a straight Irish jig, and well done, too. Don't you see that all the others are doing those fancy ballet steps?"

That was a fact. The little girl he pointed out had her hands on her hips, her body above her hips held rigidly erect, her head thrown back, and she never moved to the right or left from the centre of the flagstone she danced on. Her bare feet sharply slapped the wet stone in perfect time to the lively thrumming of the strings. A negro left a doorstep group and "patted" for the little jig-dancer. This move was approved by shouts and laughs from all the spectators, and a rattle of friendly chatter suddenly shot back and forth across the court from a dozen groups.

All the girls except the jig-dancer were performing ballet steps with a regard for toe-pointing, unbending knees, and body posturing, that suggested a strongly marked inherited aptitude for that character of dance. In doing this they moved all over the court ; the best dancers being named for special praise and applause. When there was an intermission for the orchestra, one of the Italians moved about among the spectators, and soon afterward sent one of the children out of the court with a tin pail. The child returned with the pail filled with beer, which was given to the musicians. After they had drunk they passed the pail, first to the man who had made the collection for the treat, and next to the little jig-dancer. She divided her portion with the negro who had patted for her.

"There's few of the Irish left about here," said the police officer. "That girl's father is one who has not been driven over to the West Side by the Guinneys. (I understood "Guinney" to be his slang for an Italian—an abbreviation of Giovanni.) They mostly

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can't get along together, but her father was born in this ward, would not be driven out, and the Guinneys have kind of adopted him in their gang. The little girl is useful to us, for she has picked up enough Italian to help us out when we strike a case where no one speaks English—like this one."

By "this one" I knew that the officer referred to the murder case we had both worked on that day; he for evidence, I for color.

"She helped me on this case this morning," continued the officer. "She happened to be just outside in the hall and heard the talk between the parties before it happened."

"Did she see that—did she see what was taken from here?" I asked.

"Certainly. All of them down there saw it," answered the officer. "There they go again."

The minstrels now sang as they played, the little Irish girl and the few Italian children who could speak English joining in the chorus of the sentimental ballad with much enthusiasm. The song's refrain extolled the surpassing virtues and fascinations of the home and fireside.

THE END THAT CROWNED

By James Barnes

THE little hunchback moved noiselessly about the room and placed all the chairs with their backs against the wall. The sunlight coming in through the closed shutters threw golden streaks across the floor. Presently another little woman, more crooked than the first, entered very quietly.

"Let us see how they look now," she said, addressing her sister; for they were sisters, and known as "The little hunchbacks" from one end of Carmine Street to the other. She glided to the window — one row of golden streaks broadened and the chairs and a sofa were seen to be the only furniture. The air was heavy with the odor of flowers.

"They are beautiful where they are," replied the elder sister. "I would not touch them." Then she added, speaking slowly, "She always loved flowers, didn't she?"

"Always," answered the second, "and how nice a dove would look hung there in the doorway."

The voices of the little sisters sounded exactly alike—flat and cackling. Then they closed the blinds and sat down side by side on the horse-hair sofa without saying a word. And all they knew about her was her name and the fact that she drew a widow's pension from the Government.

It had been very strange—what the young doctor who had attended her had said when they had shown him the photographs: the two photographs that the silent sweet-faced gentlewoman held in her hands when she died. One was faded and very old-fashioned—the picture of a little girl dressed in a stiff white frock, with a big plaid sash and new button-shoes.

The other photograph was very new and very fashionable, with a great dashing signature at the bottom. It was very shiny, like the ones you see in the shop-windows over on the avenue, and the sisters had wondered and had admired it greatly. "I believe that I can find her," was what they both understood the young doctor to say. Then he had left with the photographs in his pocket—and soon had come the undertaker and the flowers.

Suddenly the noise of the Carmine Street children, playing in the new building across the way, hushed and then broke out shriller than before. The sound of wheels stopping before the house made one of the little sisters start, and she said, nervously, "Here is one of them now"—as if she were expecting some people who were late, but it was only an ordinary hearse with black horses that wore trailing fly-nets with huge tassels.

The undertaker's assistant jumped off

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the box and entered the house without knocking. He was a young man with condescending manners, who bent down very low, and whispered, when he spoke to the two sisters, and touched each one of their humps with his hand as if by accident. Strange to say, he held a dollar bill between his fingers. Then he went outside, leaned against the rusty old newel-post and smoked a cigarette.

A loud-voiced clock hurriedly struck the hour in the kitchen, and the little sisters looked anxiously at one another, but before they had time to speak the sound of wheels again stopping made them turn to the window.

A neat coupé, with a big brown horse, stood close to the sidewalk next to the hearse. A tall young woman dressed in black stepped out and stood holding the door of the coupé open and looking up at the little red brick house; the children grouped about the hearse gazed at her in silence, and the undertaker's assistant stopped smoking instantly. When she saw the crape on the bell-handle the young woman gently closed the door of the coupé and ascended the steps.

The sisters were too awe-struck to move at first, and the bell in the empty hallway was still jingling softly when the mysterious one entered the room. She said something in a low voice, and one of the blinds was opened. Then she glanced about her and walked quietly to the doorway and looked over the huge basket of flowers at the still, white face. She had pulled up the dark veil and it made a black band across her forehead. Then she stood up very straight, her shoulders shook slightly, and she twisted her handkerchief in and out through her fingers the way people do on the stage when they are crying to themselves.

The little hunchbacks, who were dressmakers, could not help admiring the closely fitting gown, and they thought they had never seen such light golden hair in all their lives. When she turned, however, they almost gasped in unison. It was the woman who wore the great plumed hat in the shiny photograph. She drew down her veil again to her chin and seated herself on an uncomfortable stiff-backed chair.

The undertaker's assistant, who had come in, tiptoed across the room in his cheap, squeaking shoes. He had been almost as much overcome as the two little women; he had stood there pulling stupidly at his thick lower lip, dumfounded, and now it was his intention to go out and tell the driver what had happened.

The assistant was just in time to open the door for a large old man who carried a small satchel. He was hot and dusty, and explained in a deep, sonorous voice that the train had been late; otherwise he would have arrived an hour ago. When he had looked at the quiet face of the dead woman, he had breathed very long, made an odd dry sound in his throat, and had gone back into the little kitchen to put on his stole and surplice.

Somebody in the hall inquired for one of the sisters in a loud, puffing whisper, and a stout woman with a shawl pinned over her bosom entered; she lived in the near-by tenement-house and had brought a cheap bunch of flowers, tied with a white string, besides an evident willingness to weep loudly if it was necessary. But after she looked about her she sat down awkwardly on the edge of the nearest chair.

And now a strange thing happened. The young girl arose and took the little bunch of flowers from where the washerwoman had hid them beneath her shawl (when she had seen the basket of white roses), and she lifted the trailing smilax and placed it in the veinless waxen hands.

Then the service began. It was the usual service of the church except that there was no singing, and the old minister at last took off his spectacles, and the monotony of his reading ceased. He began to speak in a low voice, earnestly, as if he were addressing one person only.

The two little hunchbacks, who had known sorrow, sat side by side and wiped their eyes with stiffly folded handkerchiefs like blotting-pads. Two wet spots showed in the young woman's veil and a tear rolled down from beneath it and plashed on the tightly clasped hands in her lap—the slender hands on which the jewels showed so plainly be-

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neath her gloves. The washerwoman, who did not understand it, began to weep when she saw the tears of the others and had recourse to the corner of her dingy moth-eaten shawl.

The deep voice of the old man suddenly broke in a sob that he could control no longer, and the young girl slipped quietly to him and grasped his arm with both her hands; she could not speak, but simply bowed her head beneath the wide white sleeve that he had thrown about her. Then the old man prayed and kissed her forehead, and his tears wet her light crisp hair.

When they had all left, the little sisters opened the shutters to the sunshine and placed a notice in one of the windows showing they had a furnished room to rent with board. Oh, yes—the young doctor. He attended the funeral and stood out in the hallway.

THE AMERICAN GIRLS' ART CLUB IN PARIS

By Emily Meredyth Aylward

NO. 4, rue de Chevreuse, stands right in the heart of the Old Latin Quarter of Paris. Here has been in flourishing existence, since September, 1893, the new American Girls' Art Club, a home of delightful and economic safety for the legion of young women who, in the pursuit of art, annually go unprotected abroad.

No spot more calculated to thrill the imagination of artistic American youth could well have been chosen than this quaint corner of Paris. Every stone has an historic art-association. Along those narrow streets artists have always swung away up in those lofty attics, student-philosophers have dreamed their dreams, and poets have sung their songs to the eternal hallowing of every brick and stone. Every reminiscence is inspiring, and the present actual surroundings are, in addition, brimful of interest and practical advantage.

The Club stands within three blocks of the Luxembourg Gardens, within easy walking distance of the École des Beaux-Arts, and in the midst of many of the principal studios, among them those of Bouguereau, Laurens, and Whistler, which are within a block. Above all things the famous schools of Colarossi, Delécluse and Montparnasse —always favorite head-quarters for the American student—are within a few minutes' reach, so that, taken all in all, the environment of the new Girls' Club is a rarely good combination of ideal and practical benefit.

When the American girl first sets foot in the rue de Chevreuse—where the pavement is too narrow to admit her friend's walking beside her — she thinks, truly enough, that so narrow a passage with so lofty dwellings she has never before seen. Simultaneously, however, she begins for the first time to associate narrow streetways with beauty and picturesqueness, instead of, as heretofore, with neglect and decay. There is here no filth or squalor, but order, refinement, and, above all—she feels it, the atmosphere exhales it—an unspeakable romance.

The new Club, once a handsome château, is a rambling triangular building, framing a court-yard at the rear, and running, with its huge, old-fashioned gardens, on to the parallel street at the back. Painted cream yellow, with red-tiled roof, and overrun with creepers, its gay exterior is a delight in color to the eye. Within it has all the beauty and mediæval mystery of numberless stairways and puzzling passages, and contains, in addition to the spacious reading, writing, dining, and two reception rooms, with library, about fifty bedrooms. Those bedrooms on the first three stories have long French windows; those on the fourth have dormer windows, all with a view on the court-yard, and many with a window opening on street and court-yard both.

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A wide veranda runs round the first story at the back, its pillars and balcony clothed with wistaria vine, and here the students love to lounge when days begin to grow sunny, and, swinging in rocker or hammock, overlook what seems to them the fairest, sweetest, old garden in all France. The court-yard, with its few huge trees, its centre plot of green and blossoms, and its unused old well, leads by a few steps down into this ideal garden.

It is an old-world garden; one of those delicious tangles of greenery and sweet-scented shrubs and blossoms, thick-planted with roses, red and white, and yellow, with a myriad winding paths and cool dark niches, all overshadowed with fragrant lilacs and laburnums, and the thick green foliage of century-old trees. Such a huge, rambling, romantic garden! owing tenfold its fascination to the absence of modern touch. Over its high stone-walls no hum of the city disturbs one's reverie. It seems remote from life and hurry, away from the pressure of civilization, far off from everything.

Even in winter it is not bleak or dull, but verdant with evergreens, as is the court-yard too, and added to this, the girl is an exception who does not keep on her window-sill a box-garden of flowers or plants the entire year round, so that all is fresh to behold.

Before the opening of this Club, which owes its inception and initiatory support to a group of American women headed by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the American girl-student of small means in Paris had, to say the least, to struggle with a precarious existence. Here, under matronly supervision, surrounded by refined comfort, and at a minimum of expense, the path has been made easy for her in an unusual degree.

It goes without saying that the girls who come here are, first and above all things, bent on work, and afterward—as a rule—economy; therefore the low figure to which a girl can bring her expenses is a matter of timely interest to set forth.

To begin with her room. She can have a tiny one, of which there are a few on the fourth floor, as low as twenty-five francs per month. The larger rooms, however, on all floors rent from thirty to forty on an average, according to size, position, and the matter of one or two

One of the Art Students.

windows. Extra large rooms may be had as high as sixty francs, but these are usually shared by two. Thirty-five francs is the fair average for a pleasant single room, and when the young American aspirant realizes that this means seven dollars for a month's rent her courage will begin to ascend.

The rooms are continental to the degree of a red-tiled flooring, a tiny stove, originally intended for charcoal, and the absence of gas. The ménage provides a footstool, but the girls themselves throw down their own rugs for prettiness and comfort; these, together with an oil-lamp, and candles for use in passages being usually their first investment. All the rooms are furnished *en studio*, the bed folding up into a couch and a large Japanese screen being provided to conceal any baggage or trappings not ordinarily found in a sitting-room. Within a couple of weeks every student has provided herself with the few yards of scrim or cretonne, the etchings, and the half-dozen little decorative knick-knacks to be had for a song in Paris,

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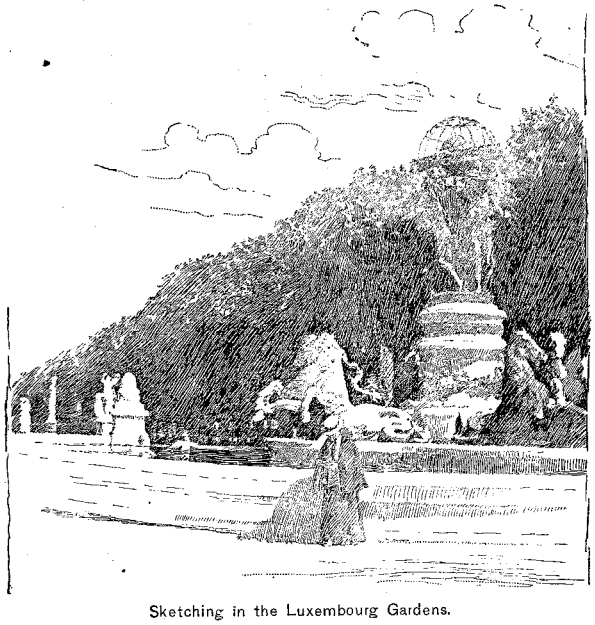
and which under her deft fingers transform the nook and stamp upon it her individuality. The beauty of niches and corners in some girls' dens, where superior taste and a little extra money have been brought into play, might well be worthy of reproduction.

In the coldest and darkest parts of winter, coal and light cost no more than three francs twenty-five centimes (sixty-five cents) a week. Each girl orders her own sack of coal delivered to her room, which costs three francs and lasts a week. Wood she buys at two centimes the bundle, and oil in a can, which will last a couple of months, for two francs twenty centimes the can. Girls with double rooms and grates will use more in proportion, though not double. They may also fee the maids to light their fires if they desire; but the prevailing economic mode is for the girls to light their own fires, letting them out and rekindling as may be necessary.

After ringing the clanging bell of the big double door at No. 4, rue de Chevreuse (just like a church-door but for its green paint and shining brass knockers) the new-comer is brought face to face with the concierge. The door opens in the middle of the gateway, leaving a high barrier of wood below, over which you step into the flagged passage-way. To the left are the apartments occupied by the concierge and his wife. He is an important individual, with a semi-official chamber hung with racks and keys. In the racks he distributes the mails, and here the students call for them. The keys are all hung beneath their room-numbers, and are deposited by the owners as they go out, and called for again when they come in. At 10 P.M. lights are extinguished and the house closed up, and in this busy hive of workers fatigue finds most students ready to retire then or before. But, should a social engagement detain an inmate, the concierge will rise and pull the rope which withdraws the bolt, and hand out a studio-key at any hour, which will be all right, provided the situation be explained to the matron. In the same way, should a visitor stay beyond the prescribed hour, nothing will be said, but permission given the student to extinguish the lights herself after the guest's departure, ringing up the concierge to warn him that she has done so, so that he may take a subsequent survey to see that things are all right.

A similar spirit prevails in everything. Rules are strictly and wisely made, but will be relaxed even to the extent of home-leniency in every situation possible, and where the student has inspired the confidence of the household.



Sketching in the Luxembourg Gardens.

The restaurant on the ground-floor, which is conducted like any public restaurant, is frequented by nearly all the students, although they are at perfect liberty to go anywhere they please. Nowhere else, however, could they find so good and daintily served a table at the same money, a most commendable feature being that it is not *table d'hôte*, so that a girl may order as little or great a variety as she chooses, according to her appetite or purse. The caterer is a woman, and four trim, spotless women-servants are in attendance. Small round tables, seating

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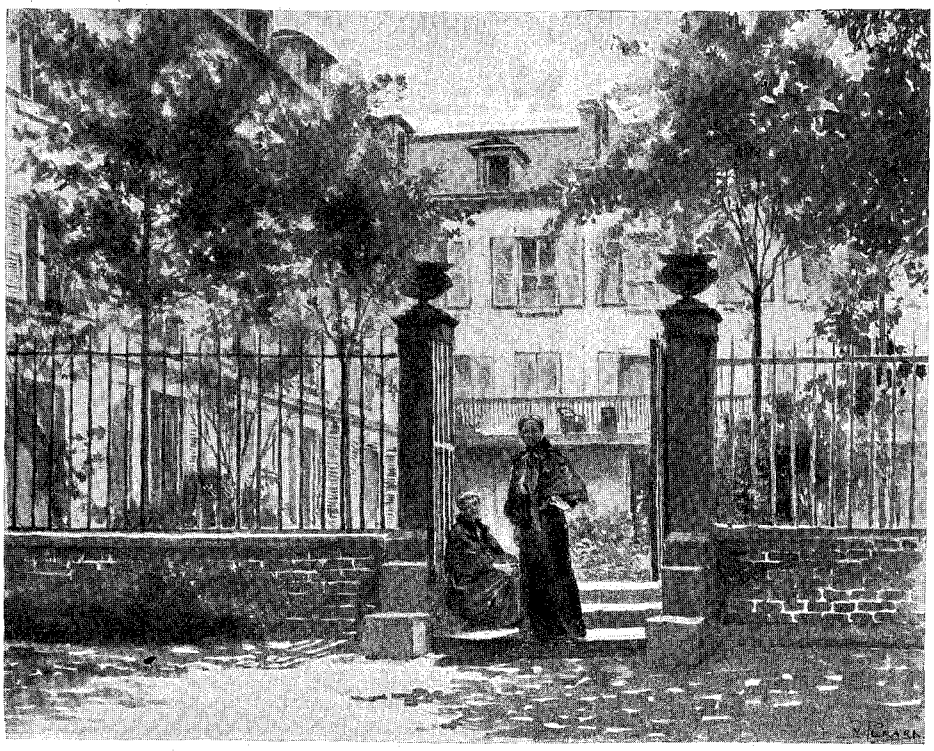

Garden of the Art Club.

four, are those provided, so that groups of close friends do not need to be separated.

Breakfast is served from 7 to 9 A.M., and consists of coffee, rolls and butter, and fruit. For fifty centimes you are served a pot of delicious coffee, holding three small cups, half a pint of boiling milk, two rolls with plenty of sweet butter, and grapes, oranges, or apples in season. Graham bread is a favorite, and will be served instead of, or with, rolls, as preferred. The little breakfast-trays look tempting with their dainty individual service—everything, including coffee-pot, being of blue and white china. The linen is spotless, and the service altogether appetizing and refined; and when one considers that the sum charged means ten cents American money, the fact to the American mind assumes somewhat the nature of an agreeable economic problem.

The art-schools open at 8 A.M., when students are promptly present. They close again from 12 to 1, and from 12 to 1.30 *déjeûner à la fourchette*—supposed to take the place of luncheon, but in reality a mid-day dinner—is served. Hot meats, vegetables, sweets, with wines and black coffee, form the *menu*. Many girls who draw in one studio from 8 to 12, return to paint in another from 1 to 4, or even until 5 in fine weather. Dinner is served from 6 to 7.30, and the *ménus* of both *déjeûner* and dinner furnished below form an average sample of what will be found provided, with the cost:

Déjeûner à la Fourchette, 28 *Novembre*, 1893.

MENU.

Potage.

À légumes 0.20

Hors d'Œuvre.

Poisson.

Pâtés à l'huître 0.25

Entrées.

Blanquette de veau	0.40	Chateaubriand garni	0 65
Beefsteak garni .	0.40	Salade de saison.	0 20

Légumes.

Pommes de terre, purée	0.15	Macaroni au gratin	0.25

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Desserts.

Fromage	0.10	Café noir	0.15
Biscuit	0.10	Thé	0.15
Oranges	0.10	Bière	0.40
Gâteaux	0.20	Vin rouge	0.80
Confitures	0.15	Chablis	1.80

Dîner, 30 *Novembre*, 1893.

MENU.

Potage.

Julienne 0.20

Hors d'Œuvre.

Poisson.

Saumon, sauce tartare 0.35

Entrées.

Rôts.

Turkey and cranberry sauce	0.40	Salade de saison	0.20

Légumes.

Purée de pommes	0.15	Chouxfleurs, nature	0.20
Céleri	0.05		

Desserts

Fromage	0.10	Café noir	0.15
Fruit, oranges	0.10	Thé	0.15
Biscuit	0.10	Bière	0.40
Ice-cream	0.40	Vin rouge	0.80
Macarons	0.15	Chablis	1.80

Little tea is drunk except what the girls make in their own rooms, water practically never. Black coffee soon becomes the average refresher, and for drinking purposes a bottle of the *vin rouge* is kept on hand, each girl tying her numbered ribbon round the neck of the bottle, which is carefully locked away for her between meals. As it fre-

Art Student Driving a Bargain in a Curio Shop.

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Early Breakfast.

quently lasts a week, her wine-bill will represent little more than a cent a day. A bottle of beer is sometimes shared between two girls feeling in need of a tonic. It is in reality a light, agreeable, pale ale, costing the girls, when divided, just four cents each, cheaper than the same thing at home.

The one refection of the day, however, which the students never think of missing, the delightful hour of all which brings together the congenial spirits of the fraternity, is five o'clock tea. Every afternoon at five o'clock this is served by the establishment in the red reception-room, which leads on to the veranda. The girls are permitted to invite all the American friends they choose, and here they lounge and chat after the day's work is done, or ramble from reading-room to library, comparing notes or diverting themselves as they please.

This tea hour forms a pretty sight. The room is baptized "red" after its draperies and furnishings, and on a winter afternoon when the firelight dances on the square table, with its pretty piled-up china, or is reflected from the huge silver tea-urn and brass samovar and the dark polished flooring, the effect is charming.

More charming is it, however, when spring begins to waft perfume from the garden through the long, open windows, or later still, when the tea can be sipped on the veranda in a warmer, scented air. Young art-nostrils quiver with delight in an atmosphere like this, and in the tea and cake, and bread-and-butter sandwiches find veritable nectar and ambrosia here, overlooking the fair cool garden in the heart of the Quartier Latin.

On this same floor also are the reading-room and library, and a second reception-room, the "blue" room, harmoniously draped in Gobelin shade. Every American girl in Paris has the freedom of reading-room and library, which is also a circulating one. Before the establishment of the Club a free reading-room and library for American girls ex-

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isted in this same quarter of the city, which have now been transferred here. The library is well chosen, and the reading-room, which is also furnished with writing-tables and materials, is well supplied with English, French, and American magazines and papers, including the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. There is a cloak-room also here, and French neatness and order have provided even a work-box, furnished, so that students may stitch a button or a torn braid in haste when necessary.

Afternoon Tea at the Club.

In a hundred ways do the girls devise recreations for the evenings: some few students go to night life-classes, but this is generally found too fatiguing except for a month occasionally, or where a student has only attended one class before during the day. Sketching classes are formed in the larger of the girls' rooms, one or more students posing, and in this way some good work is done amid lots of fun. When fun alone is wanted dances are got up, just among the girls themselves, banjos and guitars come forth, refreshments are served picnic fashion, and there is a good time generally. As a rule, everyone is glad enough to retire by the time lights are put out, at ten, and order and quiet prevail as much from a feeling of necessity as virtue. There is nothing, however, to prevent students sitting up in their own rooms to any hour they please.

Of all great holidays in the year by far the greatest and most significant is Exhibition Day. Thus far there has only been time for one, which was held early last December All the students' work for the year is hung in the exhibition gallery, a spacious, finely lit room with polished floor, and divans here and there for visitors, for all artistic Paris, male and female, is invited, and last year appeared in goodly showing. To Exhibition Day the girls look forward all year with intense eagerness, the informal criticisms made *en passant* by some of the most prominent French artists being followed and listened for

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as suggestions of priceless value. In the evening there is a reception, supper, and dance to a good Italian string band. Last year the decorations were wonderfully *chic* and unique, the principal being a frieze painted on common brown paper by some young male students in all sorts of American edible designs. Turkeys and cranberries, oysters on the half-shell, fish fresh caught in the nets, bunches of sweet-corn, groups of tomatoes, were all thrown on in impressionistic style with such capital effect that artists present were all loud in praise. The frieze, intended only for the evening, has since been taken and nailed up permanently in the dining-room. The exhibition-room, which is on the same floor with the reception and other public rooms, is admirably adapted for dancing, and serves the purpose on any *fête* when male friends are allowed to be invited.

Tableaux are also given here, and last Thanksgiving was made festive by a clever reproduction entitled "Paintings from the Louvre," to which numerous members of the art-world were invited. A few were meant for travesties, such as Velasquez's "Infanta," a life-like caricature with red worsted hair, buckram collar edged with cranberries, and parsley bouquet. The greater number, however, were seriously faithful, Titian's "Venetian Lady" being exquisitely done, and Botticelli's "Madonna" group being artistically perfect, but for the absence of the halo which the infant—the child of a model—had at the very last second torn from his head and held peacefully in his chubby fist.

It has been shown that, calculated by dollars and cents, a girl's weekly rent need be but $1.75, her weekly breakfasts seventy cents, her luncheons about $1.40, and her dinners about $2, allowing a modest variety. Fire and light will add to this about seventy cents, and laundry about forty cents more. Two francs per dozen is the maximum for laundry, which will be called for there just as at home. Girls may pack with confidence, for Paris, all their daintiest lingerie, and the beruffled gowns and peignoirs, which cost so much to launder at home, as they will find in the cheapness and perfection of Parisian laundry a genuine revelation. A delicate lace handkerchief will be washed for a cent, and the fluffiest Swiss and lace gown done up to look like new for a franc or twenty cents. All thrown in by the dozen are taken for two francs or under. The total, therefore, for rent, board, and laundry comes to $6.95 a week, which when necessary may even still further be, and frequently is, economized. Carfares are only needed for recreation purposes, and it may thus be easily seen that, inclusive of sundries, a girl bent on economy may defray her expenses on $8 a week.

In her room she will have a sponge-bath provided, but no plumbing arrangements for bathing having yet been added to the Club, the girl who wants an occasional ducking must go to the public bath close by, where she will pay twenty-five cents for her immersion. This bath will be the dearest thing for her, proportionately, in all Paris.

Away in the rear right hand corner of the garden, with an entrance on the street outside, is the little English Episcopal chapel, with an English pastor, and here the Protestant American students from all quarters of Paris come to worship. The means of religion, like those of study and recreation, are thus immediately at hand.

In speaking of the Art Club it must not be taken to mean that the Club is only for the accommodation of girls who draw or paint, according to the common acceptance of the term "art." Students of music, sculpture, or any other art are equally at home here, although it must be admitted they have thus far been in the minority. The gala-day of the year—Exhibition Day—is the festive apotheosis of the painting colony, their exclusive triumph, whose color naturally permeates the entire organization. At the same time workers in all arts will here find a delightful resting-place, with everything in daily round and environment to stimulate and mark the road to success.

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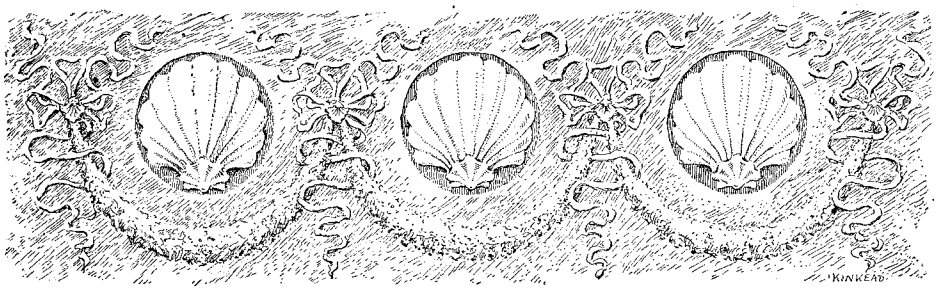

HOW WHALEBONE CAUSED A WEDDING

By Joel Chandler Harris

Matt Kilpatrick, of Putnam, used to laugh and say that his famous fox-hound Whalebone was responsible for a very brilliant wedding in Jasper. When Harvey Dennis and Tom Collingsworth were among his listeners (which was pretty much all the time, for the three were inseparable), they had a way of shaking their heads dubiously over this statement. Mr. Dennis thought that his dog Rowan (pronounced Ro-ann) ought to have some of the credit, while Mr. Collingsworth was equally sure that Music had as much to do with the happy event as any of the rest. The Collingsworth argument—and it was a sound one—was that where a lady dog is skipping along and performing to the queen's taste all the work that is cut out for her, she ought to come ahead of the gentlemen dogs in any historical statement or reminiscence.

When I first heard the story, considerations of local pride led me to feel that Rowan had been unjustly robbed of the credit that belonged to him; but time cools the ardor of youth, and mellows and sweetens the sources of partisanship. I can say now that Rowan had small advantage over his two famous rivals, when the scent was as high as the saddle-skirts and the pace the kind that kills.

Mr. Kilpatrick used to tell the story as a joke, and frequently he repeated it merely to tease those who were interested in the results of Whalebone's exploit, or to worry his fox-hunting rivals, who were his dearest friends. But the story was true. In repeating it I shall have to include details that Mr. Kilpatrick found it unnecessary to burden himself with, for they were as familiar to his neighborhood audience as any of their own personal affairs.

The way of it was this: One day in the beginning of December, 1860, Colonel Elmore Rivers, of Jasper County, put a negro boy on a mule and sent him around with an invitation to certain of his friends, requesting them to do him the honor of eating their Christmas dinner with him. This invitation was prepared with great care by Mrs. Rivers, who was a school-ma'am from Connecticut when the Colonel married her. It was beautifully written on the inside of a sheet of foolscap, and this sheet was tacked to a piece of card-board, by means of a deftly made true lover's-knot of blue ribbon. The card-board was placed in a satchel, and the satchel was arranged to swing over the shoulders of the negro, so that there was no danger of losing it. There was only one invitation, and it was to be carried from one of the Colonel's friends to the other until all had been notified of his hospitable desires.

The Colonel added an oral postscript as he gave the negro a stiff dram. "Ding 'em," he exclaimed, "tell 'em to bring their dogs. Mind now! tell 'em to bring their dogs."

Mrs. Rivers enjoyed Christmas as heartily as anybody, but in beginning preparations for the festival she always

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had her misgivings. Her father, Dr. Joshua Penniman, had been a Puritan among Puritans, and somehow she had got the idea from him that there was a good deal of popery concealed in the Christmas ceremonials. But when once the necessity for preparation was upon her she cast her scruples aside, and her Christmas dinners were famous in that whole region. By catering to the Colonel's social instincts in this and other particulars, she managed, at a later period of his life, to lead him triumphantly into the folds of the Baptist Church. It was a great victory for Miss Lou, as everybody called her, and she lived long to enjoy the distinction it conferred upon her.

The day after the invitation had been sent around, a couple of weanling pigs were caught and penned, and, until the day before Christmas, they were fed and fattened on nubbins and roasted white-oak acorns. Three young gobblers were also caught and put upon such diet as, according to the Colonel's theory, would add to their toothsomeness, and give them a more delicate flavor. These are merely hints of the extensive preparations for the Christmas festival on the Rivers plantation.

What the Colonel always wanted was a merry Christmas, and there could be no merriment where good-humor and good-cheer were lacking. He had said to his wife years before, when she was somewhat doubtful about introducing her New England holiday, "Go ahead, honey! Cut just as big a dash as you please with your Thanksgiving. I'll enjoy it as much as you will, maybe more. The Lord knows we've got a heap to be thankful for. We'll cut a big dash and be thankful, and then when Christmas comes we'll cut a big dash and be happy."

Thenceforward they had both Thanksgiving and Christmas on that plantation, and Miss Lou was as anxious to satisfy the Colonel with her Christmas arrangements as he had been to please her with his zeal for Thanksgiving. Indeed, one Christmas-day, a year or two after their marriage, Miss Lou went so far as to present her husband with a daughter, and ever after that Christmas had a new significance in that household: Miss Lou satisfied her Puritan scruples by pretending to herself that she was engaged in celebrating her daughter's birthday, and the Colonel was glad that two of the most important days in the calendar were merged into one.

When the child was born, a poor lonely old woman, named Betsey Cole, who lived in the woods between the Rivers plantation and town, sent the Colonel word that the little lass would grow up to be both good and beautiful. Nothing would do after that but the Colonel must send the fortune-teller a wagon-load of provisions, and he kept it up every Christmas as long as Betsey Cole lived.

The fortune-teller certainly made no mistake in her prediction. The child grew to be the most beautiful young woman in all that region. The Colonel named her Mary after his mother, and the name seemed to fit her, for her character was as lovely as her face. Even the women and little children loved her, and when this kind of manifestation is made over a girl, it is needless to inquire about her character or disposition.

It might be supposed that Mary had a lover, but if so, no one knew it but her own sweet self. Her father, the Colonel, declared she was as cool as a cucumber when the boys were around, and the young men who raved over her thought she was even cooler than a cucumber. And yet she had her father's ardent temperament and good-nature, and her mother's prudence and sound discretion. It was a happy combination in all respects, and it had its climax in a piquant individuality that impressed old and young with its charm.

There were two young men, among the many that were smitten, who made it a point to pay particular attention to the young lady. One was Jack Preston, and the other was Andy Colston. Both were handsome and ambitious, and both had good prospects. Colston already had the advantage of a fortune, but Preston was as hopeful and as cheerful as if he possessed a dozen plantations and a thousand negroes. Mentally they were about evenly matched, but Preston had been com-

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pelled by circumstances to cultivate an energy in the matter of steady application that Colston never knew the necessity of.

These young men were intimate friends, and they did not attempt to conceal from each other their attitude toward Mary Rivers. It was perhaps well that this was so. Both were high-strung and high-tempered, and if they had been anything but intimate with each other, the slightest cause or provocation would have precipitated trouble between them. And this would have been very unfortunate indeed; for, if the name of Mary Rivers had been even remotely hinted as the cause of such trouble, the Colonel would have locked himself in his library, read a chapter in the family Bible, called for his saddle-horse and shot-gun, and gone cantering up the big road on business connected with the plantation.

But these rival lovers were bosom friends. There were points about each that attracted the other. When Preston was with Miss Mary he lost no opportunity of praising the good qualities of Colston, and Colston made no concealment of the fact that he considered Preston the salt of the earth, as we say in Georgia.

All this was very pleasant and very confusing. Mary was in love with one of them, but she never admitted the fact, even to herself, until a curious episode compelled her to acknowledge it. Even her mother confessed that she had been unable to discover Mary's preference until the fact fluttered out before everybody's eyes, like a startled bird from its nest. For awhile the mother would think that her daughter preferred Preston. Then she would imagine that the girl was in love with Colston. And sometimes she would conclude that Mary's heart had not been touched at all. Miss Lou herself preferred Colston, but she was not opposed to Preston. Colston had a solid fortune, and Preston—well, Connecticut knows very well how many long days and how many hard licks are necessary to lay up a fortune. Young people may put up True Love as their candidate and pout at Hard Cash as much as they please, but if they had to go through the experience that Connecticut and the neighboring States went through sixty odd years ago (to go back no farther), they would come to the conclusion that Hard Cash has peculiar merits of its own.

Nevertheless, Miss Lou was too wise to say anything about the matter. She knew that her husband, although he possessed land and negroes and money, had a certain fine scorn for the privileges and distinctions that mere wealth confers. He was emphatically a man of the people, and he would have tolerated no effort to implant false notions in his daughter's mind. Moreover, Miss Lou had great confidence in Mary's sound judgment. It was one comfort, the mother thought, that Mary was not giddy. She was as gay as a lark, and full of the spirit of innocent fun, but (thank goodness) not giddy nor foolish.

But, after all, the chief worry of Miss Lou on the approach of this particular Christmas was not about Mary and her beaux. It was about the preparations that the Colonel was making on his own responsibility. She saw several extra bags of meal coming in from Roach's Mill, and her heart sank within her at the thought of numberless fox-hounds swarming under the house and in the yard, and roaming around over the plantation. At the first convenient opportunity she broached the subject.

"Mr. Rivers" (she never called him Colonel), "I do hope you haven't asked your friends to bring their hound-dogs with them. Why, they'll take the whole place. You've got twelve of your own. What on earth do you want with any more?"

"Why, yes, honey," said the Colonel, with a sigh. "Harvey Dennis, and Matt Kilpatrick, and Tom Collingsworth will fetch their dogs, and I reckon maybe Jack Casswell and Bill Hearn will fetch theirs."

Mrs. Rivers dropped her hands in her lap in helpless dismay. "Mercies upon us! I thought you surely had dogs enough of your own."

"Why, honey," the Colonel expostulated, "you've let the niggers chunk my dogs till they are no manner account."

"Well, I do hate a hound-dog!" ex-

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claimed Miss Lou; "sneaking around, sticking their noses in the pots and pans, and squalling like they're killed if you lift your hand. Why, the foxes come right up in the yard and take off the geese and ducks, where your dogs could see them if they weren't too lazy to open their eyes."

"Those are just the foxes we're going to catch, honey," remarked the Colonel, soothingly.

"Well, I'd rather feed the foxes a whole year than to have forty or fifty hound-dogs quartered on this place three or four days."

The Colonel made no reply, and after awhile his wife remarked, pleasantly, if not cheerfully, "Well, I guess I'll have bigger troubles than that before I die. If I don't, it will be a mercy."

"If you don't, honey, you'll live and die a happy woman," responded the Colonel.

Miss Lou wiped her face on her apron and sat absorbed in thought. Presently, Mary came dancing in. Her face was shining with health and high spirits.

"Just think, folks!" she exclaimed. "Four more days and I'll be eighteen! A woman grown, but with the sweet disposition of a child!"

The Colonel laughed and his wife flushed a little. "Where did you hear that?" she asked her daughter.

"Why, I heard you say those words to father no longer than last night. Look, father! mother is actually blushing!"

"I believe I did say something like that," said Miss Lou. "I intended to tell your father afterward that very few children have sweet dispositions. But my mind has been worried all day with the thought of the hound-dogs we've got to feed."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Mary, "are we to have a fox-hunt? And may I go?" The Colonel nodded a prompt assent, but Miss Lou protested. "Now, Mr. Rivers, I think that is going too far. I certainly do. I have always been opposed to it. There is no earthly reason why Mary at her age should get on a horse and go galloping about the country with a crowd of yelling men and howling dogs. It may be well enough for the men—though I think they could be better employed—but I think the line ought to be drawn at the women."

"Why, mother, how many times have I been fox-hunting with father?"

"Just as many times as you have made me miserable," replied Miss Lou; "just that many times and no more."

"Now, momsy! don't scold your onliest and oldest daughter," pleaded Mary.

"Don't wheedle around me!" cried Miss Lou, pretending to be very angry. "Mr. Rivers, you needn't be winking at Mary behind your paper. I do think it is a shame that you should allow your daughter to go ripping and tearing about the country hunting foxes. I think it is a burning shame. I positively do."

"Well, honey——"

"I don't care what anybody says," Miss Lou broke in. "Here is Mary old enough to get married, and now she must go scampering about with a lot of men on horseback. It is ridiculous!"

"You hear that, father? Momsy says I'm old enough to get married. I'll marry the man that brings me the fox's brush the day after Christmas. And momsy shall bake the cake, and she'll burn it just as the cake is burning now."

Miss Lou lifted her nose in the air. "I declare if old Dilsey has gone to sleep and left that fruit-cake to burn, I'll send her to the overseer!"

Whereupon she skipped out of the room, and soon after the Colonel and Mary heard her laughing at something the fat old cook had said. Miss Lou's temper was all on the surface.

The Colonel looked at his daughter over his spectacles and smiled. "I reckon you know, precious, that we'll have to catch the fox before your beau can give you the brush. But we'll have some good dogs here. So you'd better tell your sweetheart to stir his stumps. Maybe the wrong chap will get the brush."

"Why, you won't let me have one little joke, father," cried Mary. "Of course I won't marry the man that gives me the brush"—she paused, went to the long mirror that slanted forward

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from the wall, and made a pretty mouth at herself—"unless he's the right person." Then she ran away, laughing.

Preparations for the Christmas festival went forward rapidly, and when the day came a goodly company had assembled to do honor to the hearty hospitality of Colonel Rivers. As Miss Lou had foreseen, the yard fairly swarmed with dogs. Harvey Dennis brought seven, Matt Kilpatrick ten, Tom Collingsworth twelve, Jack Casswell eight, and Bill Hearn fourteen—about fifty hounds in all. Colston and Preston had arrived the night before. Colston had dogs, but he left them at home. He knew the prejudices of Mary's mother. Preston was not a planter and had no dogs, but he was very fond of cross-country riding, and never lost an opportunity to engage in the sport.

The Colonel was in ecstacies. The wide fireplace in the sitting-room was piled high with half-seasoned hickory wood, and those who sat around it had to form a very wide half-circle indeed, for the flaring logs and glowing embers sent forth a warmth that penetrated to all parts of the room, big as it was.

And it was a goodly company that sat around the blazing fire—men of affairs, planters with very large interests depending on their energy and foresight, lawyers who had won more than a local fame, and yet all as gay and as good-humored as a parcel of school-boys. The conversation was seasoned with apt anecdotes inimitably told, and full of the peculiar humor that has not its counterpart anywhere in the world outside of middle Georgia.

And the dinner was magnificent. Miss Lou was really proud of it, as she had a right to be. There are very few things that a Georgia plantation will not produce when it is coaxed, and the Colonel had a knack of coaxing that was the envy of his neighbors. Miss Lou could not doubt the sincerity of the praise bestowed on her dinner. All the guests were high-livers, and they declared solemnly that they had never before sat down to such a royal feast.

The servants moved about as silently as ghosts. There were four negro girls to wait on the table, and they attended to their duties with a promptness and precision that were constant tributes to the pains that Miss Lou had taken to train them, and to the vigilance with which she watched their movements.

Over the dessert, the Colonel grew communicative. "This mince-pie," he said, "was made by Mary. I don't think she put enough of the twang into it."

"It is magnificent!" exclaimed Colston.

"Superb!" Preston declared.

"It's as good as any," said Tom Collingsworth; "but this pie business is mighty deceiving. Miss Molly is eighteen, and if she can bake a pone of corn-bread as it ought to be baked, she's ready to get married."

"That is her strong point!" cried the Colonel. "She beats anybody at that."

"Well, then," said Collingsworth, "you just go and get her wedding goods."

"I'm beginning to think so, too," replied the Colonel. "No longer than the other day she declared she'd marry the man that brings her the fox's brush to-morrow. What do you think of that?"

"Why, father!" exclaimed Mary, blushing violently.

"Then it's just as good as settled," replied Collingsworth, gravely. "I'm just as certain to tail that fox as the sun shines. I rubbed my rabbit-foot on Music and Rowdy before I started, and I'll whistle 'em up and shake it at 'em to-night."

"But remember, Mr. Collingsworth, you are already married," Mary suggested, archly.

"I know—I know! But my old woman has been complaining might'ly of late—complaining might'ly. When I started away, she says, 'Tom, you oughtn't to ride your big gray; he's lots too young for you.' But something told me that I'd need the big gray, and sure enough here's right where the big gray comes in."

"I brought my sorrel along," remarked Colston, sententiously.

"Oh, you did?" inquired Collingsworth, sarcastically. "Well, I'll give your sorrel half-way across a ten-acre

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field and run right spang over you with my big gray before you can get out of the way. There ain't but one nag I'm afraid of, and that's Jack Preston's roan filly. You didn't bring her, did you, Jack? Well," continued Collingsworth with a sigh, as Jack nodded assent, "I'll give you one tussle anyhow. But that roan is a half-sister of Waters's Termoleon. I declare, Jack, you oughtn't to be riding that filly around in the underbrush."

"She needs exercise," Preston explained. "She's been in the stable eating her head off for a week."

Collingsworth shook his head. "Well," he said, after a while, "just keep her on the ground and I'll try to follow along after you the best I can."

That day and nearly all night there was fun in the big house and fun on the plantation. The Colonel insisted on having some yam-potatoes roasted in the ashes to go along with persimmon beer. The negroes made the night melodious with their play-songs, and everything combined to make the occasion a memorable one, especially to the young people. Toward bedtime the hunters went out and inspected their dogs, and an abundant feed of warm ash-cake was served out to them. Then Tom Collingsworth hung his saddle-blanket on the fence, and under it and around it his dogs curled themselves in the oak-leaves; and the rest of the dogs followed their example, so that when morning came not a hound was missing.

During the night Mary was awakened by the tramping of feet. Some one had come in. Then she heard the voice of Collingsworth.

"How is it, Harvey?"

"Splendid! Couldn't be better. It's warmer. Been drizzling a little."

"Thank the Lord for that!" exclaimed Collingsworth.

Then Mary heard the big clock in the hall chime three. In a little while she heard Aunt Dilsey, the cook, shuffling in. A fire was already crackling and blazing in the sitting-room. Then the clock chimed four, and at once there seemed to be a subdued stir all over the house. The house-girl came into Mary's room with a lighted candle and quickly kindled a fire, and in a quarter of an hour the young lady tripped lightly downstairs, the skirt of her riding-habit flung over her arm.

It was not long before the company of fox-hunters was gathered around the breakfast-table. The aroma of Aunt Dilsey's hot coffee filled the room, mingled with the odor of fried chicken, and, after the Colonel had asked a blessing, they all fell to with a heartiness of appetite that made Aunt Dilsey grin as she stood in the door of the dining-room, giving some parting advice to her young mistress.

There was a stir in the yard and in front of the house. The dogs, seeing the horses brought out, knew that there was fun on foot, and they were running about and yelping with delight. And the negroes were laughing and talking, and the horses snorting and whinnying, and, altogether, the scene was full of life and animation. The morning was a little damp and chilly, but what did that matter? The drifting clouds, tinged with the dim twilight of dawn, were more ominous in appearance than in fact. They were driving steadily eastward and breaking up, and the day promised to be all that could be desired.

At half-past five the cavalcade moved off. Mary had disposed of a possible complication by requesting Tom Collingsworth to be her escort until the hunt should need his attention. In addition, she had Bob, the man-of-all-work, to look to her safety, and, although Bob was astride of a mule, he considered himself as well mounted as any of the rest. So they set out, Bob leading the way to open the plantation gates that led to the old sedge-fields where a fox was always found.

The riders had been compelled to make a détour in order to cross Murder Creek, so that it was near half-past six o'clock when they reached the fields. Once upon a time these fields had been covered with broom-sedge, but now they had been taken by Bermuda grass, and were as clean-looking as if they were under cultivation. But they were still called the old sedge-fields.

As the east reddened, the huge shadows crept down into the valleys to find

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a hiding-place. They rested there a little, and then slowly disappeared, moving westward, and leaving behind them the light of day.

Tom Collingsworth had carried Mary to a hill that overlooked every part of the wide valley in which the dogs were hunting. He had been teasing her about Colston and Preston. Finally, he asked :

"Now, Miss Mary, which of the two would you like to receive the brush from ? "

"I'll allow you to choose for me. You are a good judge."

"Well," said Collingsworth, "if a man was to back me up against the wall, and draw a knife on me, and I couldn't help myself, I'd say Preston. That's a fact."

What Mary would have said the old hunter never knew until long afterward, for just at that moment a quavering, long-drawn note came stealing up from the valley below.

"That's my beauty ! " exclaimed Collingsworth. "That's Music telling what she thinks she knows. Wait ! "

Again the long-drawn note came out of the valley, but this time it was eager, significant.

"Now she's telling what she knows," exclaimed Collingsworth.

The dogs went scampering to the signal. Music was not indulging in any flirtation. The drag was very warm. Whalebone, Matt Kilpatrick's brag dog, picked it up with an exultant cry that made the horses prick their ears forward. Then Rowan joined in, and presently it was taken up by every ambitious dog on the ground. But there seemed to be some trouble. The dogs made no headway. They were casting about eagerly, but in confusion.

"If you'll excuse me, Miss Mary, I'll go down and try to untangle that skein. That fox isn't forty yards from Music's nose."

He spurred his horse forward, but had to rein him up again. Whalebone swept out of the underbrush, a hundred yards away, followed by Music and Rowan, gave a wild, exultant challenge that thrilled and vibrated on the air, and went whirling past Mary and Collingsworth not fifty yards from where they stood. Collingsworth gave a series of yells that brought the whole field into the chase, not far behind the leaders.

The drag led through and across a series of undulations, and Miss Mary and Collingsworth cantering leisurely along a skirting ridge had an excellent view of hunt and huntsmen. The drag was warm enough to be inviting, but not warm enough to excite the hounds. Whalebone, Music, and Rowan were running easily twenty yards ahead of the pack, and for a good part of the time a horse-blanket would have covered them.

It was evident, Mr. Collingsworth said, that the fox had run around at the head of the valley in some confusion, and had then slipped away before the hunt came upon the ground. It was a red, too, for a gray would have played around in the undergrowth with the dogs at his heels before breaking cover.

The ridge along which Miss Mary and Collingsworth rode bore gradually to the left, enclosing for three miles or more a low range of Bermuda hills, and a series of sweeping valleys, fringed here and there with pine and black-jack thickets.

The chase led toward the point where this ridge intersected the woodland region, so that the young lady and Collingsworth not only had an almost uninterrupted view of the hunt from the moment the hounds got away, but were taking a short cut to the point whither the dogs seemed to be going. Both Preston and Colston were well up with the hounds, but Preston's roan filly was going at a much easier gait than Colston's sorrel.

Where the ridge and the hunt entered the woods there was what is known as a "clay gall," a barren spot, above two acres in extent. The surface soil had been washed away and the red clay lay bare and unproductive. At this point the fox seemed to have taken unto himself wings. The drag had vanished.

Who can solve the mystery of scent ? Xenophon, who knew as much (and as little) about it as anybody knew before or has known since, puzzled himself

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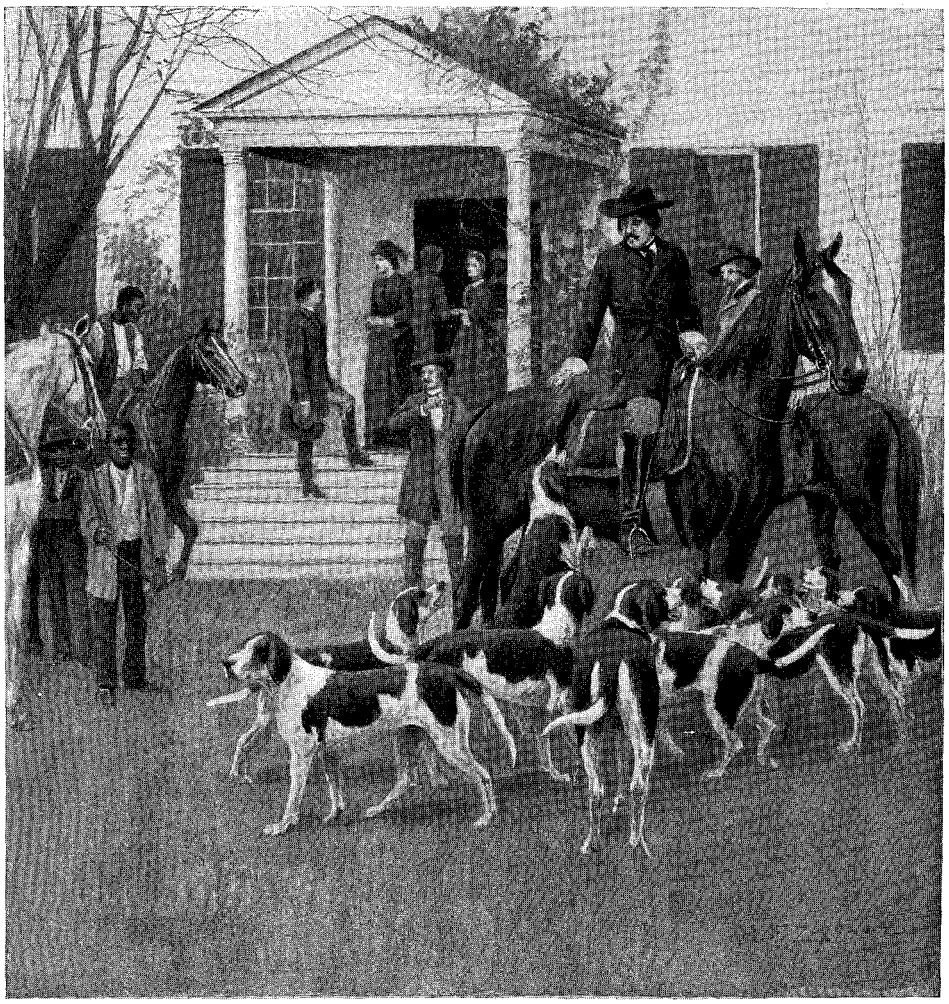

"There was a stir in the yard and in front of the house."—Page 611.

and his readers with a dissertation on the subject. There is a superstition that wild animals can withhold their scent, and there is a theory held by some hunters that a fox badly frightened will leave no scent behind him at all. Those who have followed the hounds know that many a hopeful chase has suddenly come to an end under circumstances as mysterious as they were exasperating.

The old riders looked at one another significantly when the dogs ran whining about the clay gull. Matt Kilpatrick groaned and shook his head. Harvey Dennis encouraged the dogs and urged them on, and they seemed to do their best, but not a whimper came from the noisiest of the pack. Some of the huntsmen began to exhibit signs of despair. But the older ones were more philosophical.

"Wait," said Matt Kilpatrick. "Whalebone and Music and Rowan have gone off to investigate matters. Let's hear what they have to say."

This seemed to be a pretty tame piece of advice to give a parcel of impatient people who had just got a taste of the chase, but it was reasonable; and so they waited with such appearance of resignation as they could muster. They did not have long to wait. By the time Collingsworth could throw a

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leg over the pommel of his saddle and take out his pocket-knife preparatory to whittling a twig, Whalebone gave a short, sharp challenge a quarter of a mile away. He was joined instantly by Rowan and Music, and then Bob, the negro, gave a yell as he heard Old Blue, the Colonel's brag dog, put in his mouth. The rest of the dogs joined in the best they could, but a good many were thrown out, for the fox had been taking matters easily, it seems, until he heard the dogs coming over the hills, and then he made a bee-line for Little River, seven miles away.

The chase went with a rush from the moment Whalebone picked up the drag in the big woods. When the fox broke away he turned sharply to the left, and in a few moments the dogs streamed out into the open and struck across the Bermuda hills. Mr. Collingsworth, still escorting Mary, was compelled to let his big gray out a few links. It was fun for the young lady, who had a quick eye and a firm hand. She gave the black she was riding two sharp strokes with her whip, and, for a couple of miles, she set the pace for the riders. But it was a pace not good for the horses, as the older hunters knew, and Collingsworth remonstrated

"Don't ride so hard, Miss Mary," he said. "You'll have plenty of hard riding to do when that old red comes back. I'm going to take my stand on yonder hill, and if you'll keep me company, our horses will be fresh when the big scuffle comes."

So they took their stand on the hill, and the hounds swept away toward the river, followed by the more enthusiastic riders. They were riders, however, who seemed to have the knack of taking care of their horses. When the hounds went over a hill the music of their voices rose loud and clear; when they dipped down into the valleys, it came sweet and faint. They streamed into the woods, two miles away, and their melody swelled out on the morning air like the notes of some powerful organ softly played. Then the music became fainter and fainter, falling on the ear as gently as a whisper, and finally it died away altogether.

"Now," said Collingsworth, "we'll ride a half-mile to the left here, and I think we'll then be in the hock of the ham."

"In the hock of the ham!" exclaimed Mary.

"Oh, I was talking to myself," explained the gray cavalier, laughing. "If you'll put a ham on the ground and make an outline of it, you'll get a good map of this chase, in my opinion. The line at the big end of the ham will be Little River. The line on the right will be the way the fox went, and the line on the left will be the way he'll come back. If you ask me why a fox will run up stream when he's not hard pushed, I'll never tell you, but that's the way they do."

A quarter of an hour passed—a half-hour—three-quarters. Then, far to the left, there came upon the morning wind a whimpering sound that gradually swelled into a chorus of hounds.

"He's cut out a bigger ham than I thought he would," said Collingsworth.

The sun was now shining brightly. An old bell-cow, browsing on the Bermuda roots on the hillside, lifted her head suddenly as she heard the hounds, and the kling-kolangle of the bell made a curious accompaniment to the music of the dogs, as they burst from a thicket of scrub-pine and persimmon bushes that crowned the farthest hill on the left. There was a short pause as the leading dogs came into view—a "little bobble," as Mr. Collingsworth phrased it—and they deployed about very rapidly, knowing by instinct that they had no time to lose. Old Blue, the Colonel's dog, was still with the leaders, and seemed to be as spry as any of them. It was Old Blue, in fact, that recovered the drag a little to the right of the point where the dogs had made their appearance. The chase then swerved somewhat to the right, and half-way down the hill the dogs took a running jump at a ten-rail fence. Whalebone took it in grand style, knocking the top-rail off behind him. Rowan and Music went over easily, but Old Blue had to scramble a little. He made up for lost time when he did get over, and Mary grew enthusiastic. She declared that hereafter Old Blue should be treated with due respect.

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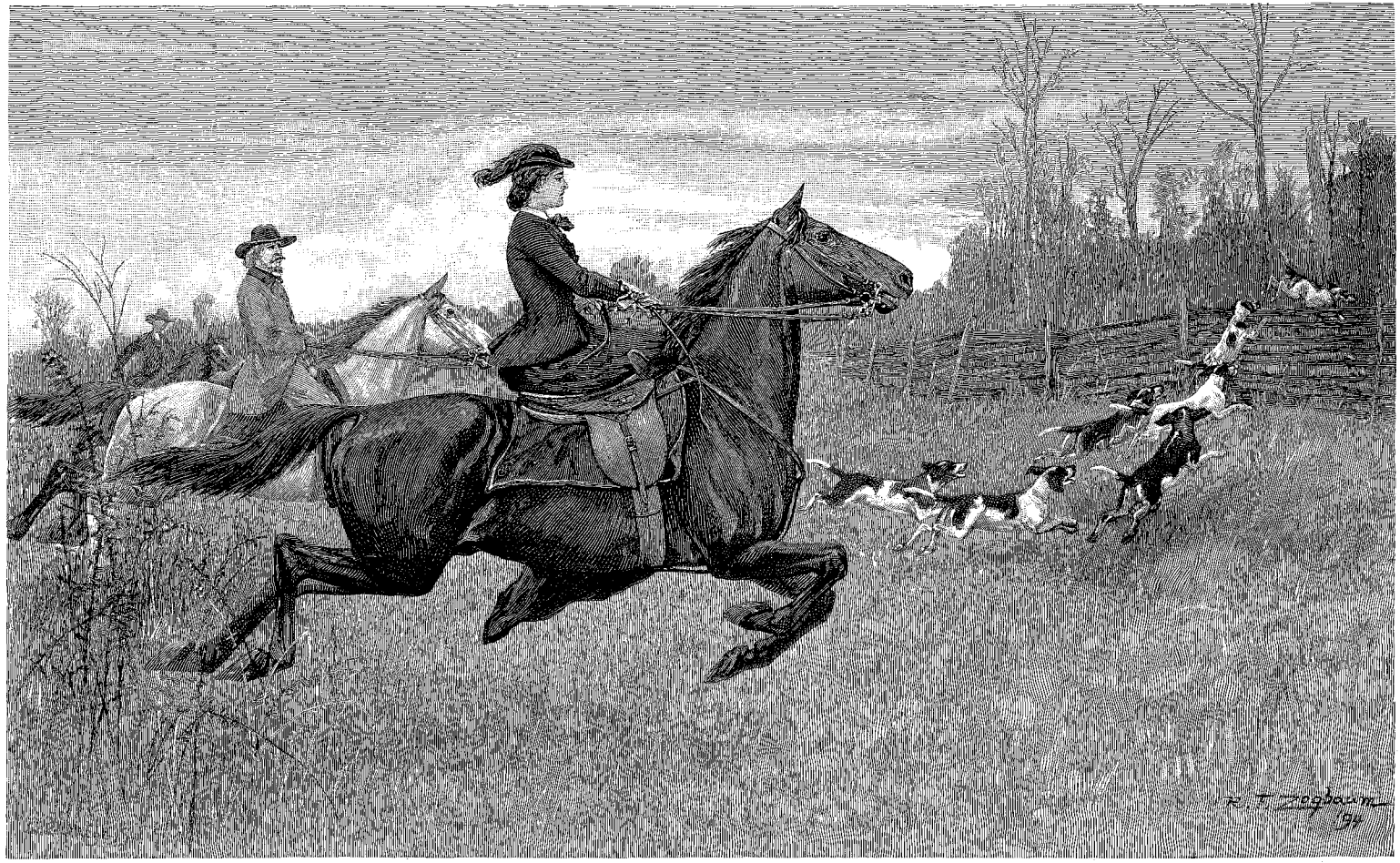

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM. "The dogs took a running jump at a ten-rail fence."—Page 614. ENGRAVED BY J. HELLAWELL.

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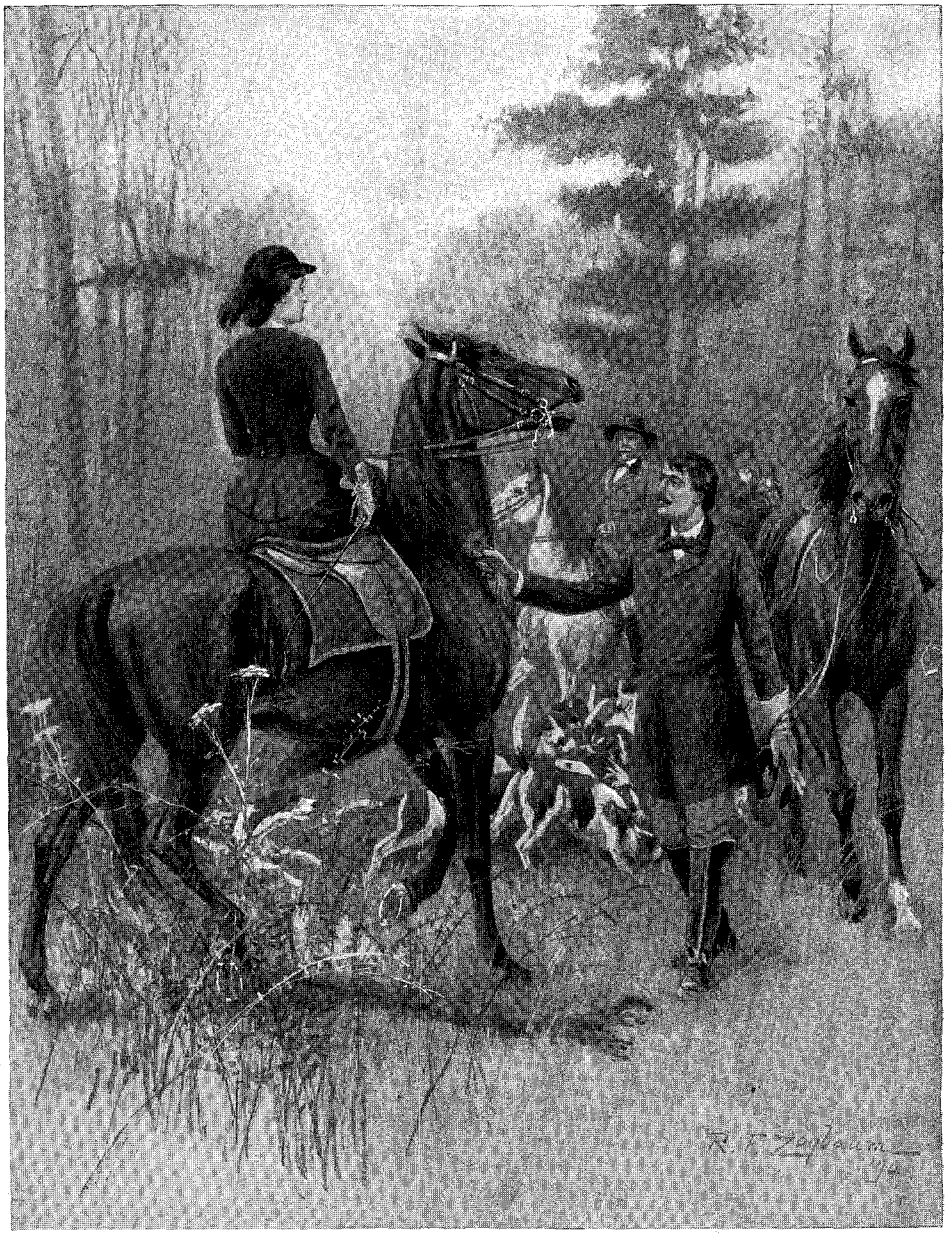

"He held the coveted brush in his hand."—Page 617.

By this time the rest of the dogs had made their appearance. It was a pretty sight to see them swarming, helter-skelter, over the fence, and the sweet discord their voices made was thrilling indeed.

A rider appeared on the hill to the left. It was Preston, and he seemed to be riding easily and contentedly. On the hill to the right the silhouette of another rider appeared. It was Colston, and he was going as hard as he could. The fox, too, had given Colston a decided advantage, for he had swerved considerably to the left, a fact that placed Preston nearly a half-mile farther from the dogs than Colston was.

Collingsworth glanced at Mary and

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smiled, but she did not return the smile. She was very pale, and she swished the air with her riding-whip so suddenly and so vigorously that her horse jumped and snorted.

"Don't do that, child!" said Collingsworth, in a low tone. His eye had run ahead of the dogs, and he caught sight of the fox, doubling back up the valley, the dogs going down on one side of a low swampy growth that extended part of the way through the low ground, and the fox going back on the other side. He was going very nimbly too, but his brush was heavy with dew, and his mouth was half open.

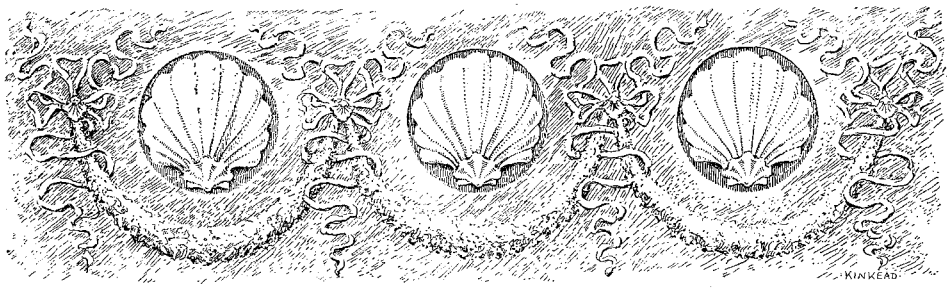
Mary glanced at Collingsworth, but that gentleman was looking steadily at Preston. Then a singular thing happened. Preston, riding to the hounds, raised his right hand above his head and held it there an instant. As quick as a flash, Collingsworth leaned from his saddle and shook his left hand, and then bent and unbent his arm rapidly. Preston's roan fully seemed to understand it, for she made three or four leaps forward, and then came to a stand-still.

At this juncture Mr. Collingsworth gave the view halloo — once, twice, thrice—and then spurred his big gray toward the fox, which was now going at full speed. Whalebone responded with a howl of delight that rang clear and sharp, and in another moment he and Rowan and Music and Old Blue were going with their heads up and tails down. When Bob, the negro, saw Old Blue going with the best, he gave utterance to a shout which few white men could imitate, but which no sensible dog could misunderstand. At that instant the four dogs caught sight of the fox, and they went after him at a pace that neither he nor any of his tribe could improve on. He plunged into the swampy barrier, was forced out, and the dogs ran into him at the roan filly's feet. He leaped into the air with a squall, and fell into the red jaws of Whalebone and Old Blue.

Preston leaped from the filly so quickly that some of the others thought he had been thrown. When he rose to his feet he held the coveted brush in his hand, and without saying "By your leave," tied it to Miss Mary's saddle-bow. Mr. Collingsworth growled a little because Music was not the first to touch the fox. But otherwise he seemed to be very happy. Colston rode up, a little flushed, but he was not sulky. Mary seemed to pay no attention whatever to the little episode. Her face was somewhat rosier than usual, but this was undoubtedly due to the excitement and exercise of the chase.

When the belated hunters arrived—those who had ambled along with the Colonel—the whole party turned their horses' heads toward the Rivers place, and, as they went along, Collingsworth noticed that Mary kept watching the brush to see that it was not lost.

A good deal more might be said, but I simply set out to explain why Matt Kilpatrick, of Putnam, used to laugh and say that his dog Whalebone caused a wedding.



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THE KING OF CURRUMPAW

A WOLF STORY

By Ernest E. Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

CURRUMPAW is a vast cattle range in northern New Mexico. It is a land of rich pastures and teeming flocks and herds, a land of rolling mesas and precious running waters that at length unite in the Currumpaw River, from which the whole region is named. And the king whose despotic power was felt over its entire extent was an old gray wolf.

Old Lobo, or the king, as the Mexicans called him, was the gigantic leader of a remarkable pack of gray wolves, that had ravaged the Currumpaw Valley for a number of years. All the shepherds and ranchmen knew him well, and, wherever he appeared with his trusty band, terror reigned supreme among the cattle, and wrath and despair among their owners. Old Lobo was a giant among wolves, and was cunning and strong in proportion to his size. His voice at night was well known and easily distinguished from that of any of his fellows. An ordinary wolf might howl half the night about the herdsman's bivouac without attracting more than a passing notice, but when the deep roar of the old king came booming down the cañon, the watcher bestirred himself and prepared to learn in the morning that fresh and serious inroads had been made among the herds.

Old Lobo's band was but a small one. This I never quite understood, for usually, when a wolf rises to the position and power that he had, he attracts a numerous following. It may be that he had as many as he desired, or perhaps his ferocious temper prevented the increase of his pack. Certain it is that Lobo had only five followers during the latter part of his reign. Each of these, however, was a wolf of renown, most of them were above the ordinary size, one in particular, the second in command, was a veritable giant, but even he was far below the leader in size and prowess. Several of the band, besides the two leaders, were especially noted. One of these was a beautiful white wolf, that the Mexicans called Blanco, or Blanca; this was supposed to be a female, possibly Lobo's mate. Another was a yellow wolf of remarkable swiftness, and which, according to current stories had, on several occasions, captured an antelope for the pack.

It will be seen, then, that these wolves were thoroughly well known to the cowboys and shepherds. They were frequently seen and oftener heard, and their lives were intimately associated with those of the cattlemen, who would so gladly have destroyed them. There was not a stockman on the Currumpaw who would not readily have given the value of many steers for the scalp of anyone of Lobo's band, but they seemed to possess charmed lives, and defied all manner of devices to kill them. They scorned all hunters, derided all poisons, and continued, for at least five years, to exact their tribute from the Currumpaw ranchers to the extent, many said,

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of a cow each day. According to this estimate, therefore, the band had killed more than two thousand of the finest stock, for, as was only too well known, they selected the best in every instance.

The old idea that a wolf was constantly in a starving state, and therefore ready to eat anything, was as far as possible from the truth in this case, for these freebooters were always sleek and well conditioned, and were in fact most fastidious about what they ate. Any animal that had died from natural causes, or that was diseased or tainted, they would not touch, and even rejected anything that had been killed by the stockmen. Their choice and daily food was the tenderer parts of a freshly killed yearling heifer. An old bull or cow they disdained, and though they occasionally took a young calf or colt, it was quite clear that veal or horse flesh was not their favorite diet. It was also known that they were not fond of mutton, although they often amused themselves by killing sheep. One night in November, 1893, Blanco and the yellow wolf killed two hundred and fifty sheep, apparently for the fun of it, and did not eat an ounce of their flesh. These are examples of many stories, which I might repeat, to show the ravages of this destructive band. Many new devices for their extinction were tried each year, but still they lived and throve in spite of all the efforts of their foes. A great price was set on Lobo's head, and in consequence poison in a score of subtle forms was put out for him, but he never failed to detect and avoid it. One thing only he feared, that was firearms, and knowing full well that all men in this region carried them, he never was known to attack or face a human being. Indeed, the set policy of his band was to take refuge in flight whenever, in the daytime, a man was descried, no matter at what distance. Lobo's habit of permitting the pack to eat only that which they themselves had killed, was in numerous cases their salvation, and the keenness of his scent to detect the taint of human hands or the poison itself, completed their immunity.

On one occasion a cowboy surprised the pack just after they had killed a heifer. They retired when he rode up, and he, having a bottle of strychnine with him, quickly poisoned the carcase in three places, then went away, knowing that they would return to feed, as they themselves had killed the animal. But next morning, on going to look for his expected victims, he found that, although the wolves had entirely eaten the heifer, they had carefully cut out and thrown aside all those parts that had been poisoned.

On another occasion, one of the cowboys heard the too familiar rallying cry of Old Lobo, and stealthily approaching the place whence the voice proceeded, he found the Currumpaw pack in a slight hollow, where they had "rounded up" a small herd of cattle. Lobo sat apart on a knoll, while Blanco with the rest was endeavoring to "cut out" a young cow, which they had selected; but the cattle were standing in a compact mass with their heads outward, presenting to the foe a serried phalanx of horns, unbroken save when some cow frightened by a fresh onset of the wolves, tried to retreat into the centre of the herd. It was by taking advantage of these temporary demoralizations that the wolves had succeeded at all in wounding the selected cow, but still she was very far from being disabled, and it seemed that Lobo at length lost patience with his followers, for he left his position on the hill, and, uttering a deep roar, dashed toward the herd. The terrified rank broke at his charge, and he sprang in among them. Then the cattle scattered like the pieces of a bursting bomb. Away went the chosen victim, but ere she had gone twenty-five yards Lobo was upon her. Seizing her by the neck he suddenly held back with all his force and so threw her heavily to the ground. The shock must have been tremendous, for the heifer was thrown heels over head. Lobo, also, turned a somersault, but immediately recovered himself, and his followers falling on the poor cow, killed her in a few seconds. Lobo took no part in the killing — after having thrown the victim, he seemed to say, "Now, why could not some of you have done that at once without wasting so much time?"

The cowboy who related this thought

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it not prudent to attack the pack single-handed, so retired from the scene, and the wolves devoured their quarry in less than an hour.

The dread of this great wolf spread yearly among the ranchmen, and each year a larger price was set on his head, until at last it reached $1,000, an unparalleled wolf bounty, surely. Tempted by the promised reward, a Texan ranger named Tannerey came one day galloping up the cañon of the Currumpaw. He had a superb outfit for wolf-hunting—the best of guns and horses, and a pack of enormous wolf-hounds. Far out on the plains of the Pan-handle, he and his dogs had killed many a wolf, and now he never doubted that, within a few days, Old Lobo's scalp would dangle at his saddle-bow.

Away they went bravely on their quest in the gray dawn of a summer morning, and soon the great dogs gave joyous tongue to say that they were already on the track of their quarry. Within two miles, the grizzly band of Currumpaw leaped into view, and the chase grew fast and furious. The part of the wolf-hound was merely to hold the wolves at bay till the hunter could ride up and shoot them, and this usually was easy of execution on the open plains of Texas; but here a new feature of the country came into play, and showed that Lobo had chosen his range only too sagaciously; for the rocky cañons of the Currumpaw and its tributaries intersect the prairies at intervals in every direction. The old wolf at once made for the nearest of these, his band scattering as they went, the dogs, also dividing, following them, but out of the pack of ten, six kept on Lobo's track.

Exactly how it came about no one knows, but certain it is that the wolves, having scattered the dogs by themselves scattering, baffled the horseman by going into a precipitous cañon; and not far away the pack reunited as by signal; and, turning on the now unsupported hounds, killed or desperately wounded them all. That night, when Tannerey mustered his dogs, only six of them returned, and out of these, two were terribly lacerated. This hunter made two other attempts to capture the royal scalp, but neither were more successful than the first, and on the last occasion his best horse met its death by a fall; so he gave up the chase in disgust and went back to Texas, leaving Lobo more than ever the despot of the region.

Next year, two other hunters appeared, determined to win the promised bounty. Each believed he could destroy this noted wolf, the first by means of a newly devised poison, which was to be laid out in an entirely new manner; the other a French Canadian, by poison assisted with certain spells and charms, for he firmly believed that Lobo was a veritable "loup-garou," and could not be killed by ordinary means. But cunningly compounded poisons, charms, and incantations were all of no avail against this grizzly devastator. He made his weekly rounds and daily banquets as aforetime, and ere many weeks had passed, Calone and Laloche were compelled to give up the pursuit in despair and go elsewhere to hunt.

In the spring of 1893, after his abortive attempt to capture Lobo, Joe Calone had a humiliating experience, which seems to show that the big wolf simply scorned his enemies, and had absolute confidence in himself. Calone's farm was on a small tributary of the Currumpaw, in a picturesque cañon, and among the rocks of this very cañon, within a thousand yards of the house, Old Lobo and his mate selected their den and raised their family that season. There they lived all summer, and killed Joe's cattle, sheep, and dogs, but rejected all his poisons and evaded his traps, and rested securely among the recesses of the cavernous cliffs, while Joe vainly racked his brain for some method of smoking them out, or of reaching them with dynamite. But they escaped entirely unscathed, and continued their ravages as before. "There's where he lived all last summer," said Joe, pointing to the face of the cliff, "and I couldn't do a thing with him, I was like a fool to him."

All this history, so far, is mere hearsay, but in the fall of 1893, I was destined to make the acquaintance of this wily marauder, and at length to know him more thoroughly than anyone else.

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Lobo showing the Pack how to Kill Beef.—Page 619.

Some years before, I had been a successful wolf hunter, but my occupations since then had been of another sort, chaining me to stool and desk. I was much in need of a change, and when a friend, who was also a ranch owner on the Currumpaw, asked me to come to New Mexico and try if I could do anything with this predatory pack, I accepted the invitation joyfully and, eager to make the acquaintance of its king, was as soon as possible among the mesas of that region. I spent some time riding about to learn the country, and at intervals, my guide would point to the skeleton of a cow to which the hide still adhered, and remark, "That's some of his work."

It became quite clear to me that, in this rough country, it was useless to think of pursuing Lobo with hounds and horses, so that poison or traps were the only available expedients. At present we had no traps large enough, so I set to work with poison.

I need not enter into the details of a hundred devices that I employed to circumvent this "loup-garou;" there was no combination of strychnine, arsenic, cyanide, or prussic, that I did not essay; there was no manner of flesh that I did not try as bait; but morning after morning, as I rode forth to learn the result, I found that all my efforts were futile. The old king was too cunning for me. A single instance will illustrate his wonderful sagacity. An old trapper had given me a hint which I immediately put into practice. I melted some cheese together with the kidney fat of a freshly killed heifer, stewing it in a china dish, and cutting it with a bone knife to avoid the taint of metal. When the mixture was cool, I cut it into lumps, and making a hole in one side of each lump, I inserted a large dose of strychnine and cyanide, contained in a capsule that was impermeable by any odor; finally I sealed the holes up with pieces of the cheese itself. During the whole process, I wore a pair of gloves steeped in the hot blood of the heifer, and even avoided breathing on the baits. When all was ready, I put them in a raw-hide bag rubbed all over with blood, and rode forth dragging the liver and kidneys of the beef at the end of a rope. With this I made a ten-mile circuit, dropping a bait at each quarter of a mile, and taking the utmost care, always, not to touch any with my hands.

Lobo, generally, came into this part of the range in the early part of each week, and passed the latter part, it was supposed, around the base of Sierra Grande. This was Monday, and that same evening, as we were about to retire, I heard the deep bass howl of his

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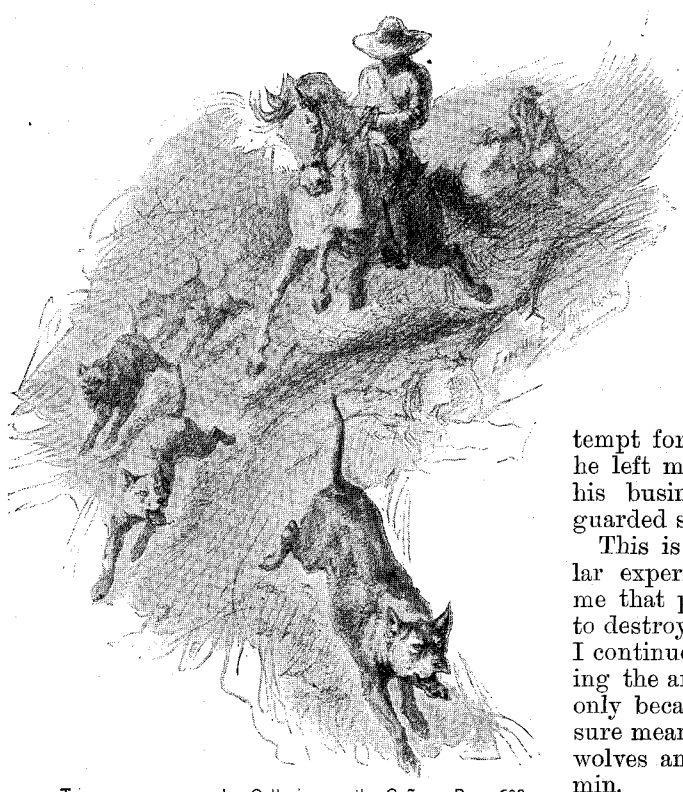

Tannerey came one day Galloping up the Cañon.—Page 620.

majesty; on hearing it one of the boys briefly remarked, "There he is, we'll see."

The next morning I sallied forth, eager to know the result. I soon came on the fresh trail of the robbers, with Lobo in the lead—his trail was always easily distinguished. An ordinary wolf's forefoot is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, that of a large wolf $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, but Lobo's, as measured a number of times, was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches from claw to heel; I afterward found that his other proportions were commensurate, for he stood three feet high at the shoulder, and weighed 150 pounds. His trail, therefore, though obscured by those of his followers, was never difficult to trace. The pack had soon found the track of my drag, and followed it instinctively. I could see that Lobo had come to the first bait, sniffed about it, and finally had picked it up.

Then I could not conceal my exultation. "I've got him at last," I exclaimed; "I shall find him stark within a mile," and I galloped on with eager eyes fixed on the great broad track in the dust. It led me to my second bait, and there I learned that Lobo had not really taken the first bait at all, but had merely carried it in his mouth. Then having poised it on top of the second, he had scattered filth over both of them, to express his utter contempt for my devices. After this he left my drag and went about his business with the pack he guarded so effectively.

This is only one of many similar experiences which convinced me that poison would never avail to destroy this robber, and though I continued to use it while awaiting the arrival of the traps, it was only because it was meanwhile a sure means of killing many prairie wolves and other destructive vermin.

About this time there came under my observation an incident that will illustrate Lobo as an aggressor of diabolical cunning. These wolves had at least one pursuit which was merely an amusement, and apparently not at all connected with their appetite for food; it was, as has already been intimated, stampeding and killing sheep. The sheep are usually kept in flocks of from one thousand to three thousand under one or more shepherds. At night they are gathered in the most sheltered place available, and a herdsman sleeps on each side of the flock to give additional protection. Sheep are such senseless creatures that they are liable to be stampeded at night by the veriest trifle, but they have deeply engrained in their nature one, and perhaps only one, strong weakness, viz., to follow their leader. And this the shepherds turn to good account, by putting half a dozen goats in the flock of sheep. The latter recognize the superior intelligence of their bearded cousins, and when a night alarm occurs they crowd

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around them, and usually are thus saved from a stampede. But it was not always so. One night, late in last November, two Perico shepherds were aroused by an onset of wolves. Their flocks huddled around the goats, which being neither fools nor cowards, stood their ground and were bravely defiant; but alas for them, no common wolf was heading this invasion. Old Lobo, the weir-wolf, knew as well as the shepherds that the goats were the moral force of the flock, so hastily running over the backs of the densely packed sheep, he fell on these leaders, slew them all in a few minutes, and soon had the luckless sheep stampeding in a thousand different directions. For weeks afterward I was almost daily accosted by some anxious questioning shepherd, who asked, "Have you seen any stray OTO sheep lately?" and usually I was compelled to make a most dolorous though affirmative reply; one day it was, "Yes, I came on some five or six carcasses by Diamond Springs;" or another, it was to the effect that I had seen a small "bunch" running on the "Malpai Mesa;" or again, "No, but Juan Meira saw about twenty, freshly killed, on the Cedra Monte two days ago."

Once or twice, however, I had found indications that everything was not quite right in the Currumpaw pack. There were signs of irregularity, I thought; for instance there was clearly the trail of a smaller wolf running ahead of the leader, at times, and this I could not understand, until a cowboy made a remark which explained the matter.

"I saw them to-day," he said, "and the wild one that breaks away is Blanco." Then the truth dawned upon me, and I added, "Now, I know that Blanco is a she-wolf, because were a he-wolf to act thus, Lobo would kill him at once."

From further conversation I learnt, also, that Blanco was one of the latest additions to the pack, and was, moreover, a young wolf, and noted more for her beauty than for heroic qualities. Several times after this, I had additional evidence of the truth of my surmise before I had finally the certain proof of her scalp, which she forfeited as the price of her imprudence.

At length the wolf traps arrived, and with two men I worked a whole week to get them properly set out. We spared no labor or pains, I adopted every device I could think of that might help to insure success. The second day after the traps arrived, I rode around to inspect, and soon came upon Lobo's trail running from trap to trap. In the dust I could read the whole story of his doings that night; He had trotted along in the darkness, and although the traps were so carefully concealed, he had instantly detected the first one. Stopping the onward march of the pack, he had cautiously scratched around it until he had disclosed the trap, the chain, and the log, then left them wholly exposed to view with the trap still unsprung, and passing on he treated over a dozen traps in the same fashion, varying his treatment of them sometimes by scratching stones or clods on them and so springing them in safety to himself. This he did on many other occasions, and although I varied my methods and redoubled my precautions, he was never deceived, his sagacity seemed never at fault, and he might have been pursuing his career of rapine to-day, but for an unfortunate alliance that proved his ruin and added his name to the long list of heroes who, unassailable when alone, have fallen through the indiscretion of a trusted ally.

In pursuance of my quest I killed a heifer, and, putting the choice parts together, I poisoned them, and close by set one or two rather obvious traps. Then taking the head, which is considered useless offal, and quite beneath the notice of a wolf, I set it a little apart and around it placed six powerful steel traps properly deodorized and concealed with the utmost care. During my operations I kept my hands, boots, and implements smeared with fresh blood, and afterward sprinkled the ground with the same, as though it had flowed from the head; and when the traps were buried in the dust I brushed the place over with the skin of a coyote, and with the foot of the same animal made a number of tracks over the traps. The head was so placed that there was a

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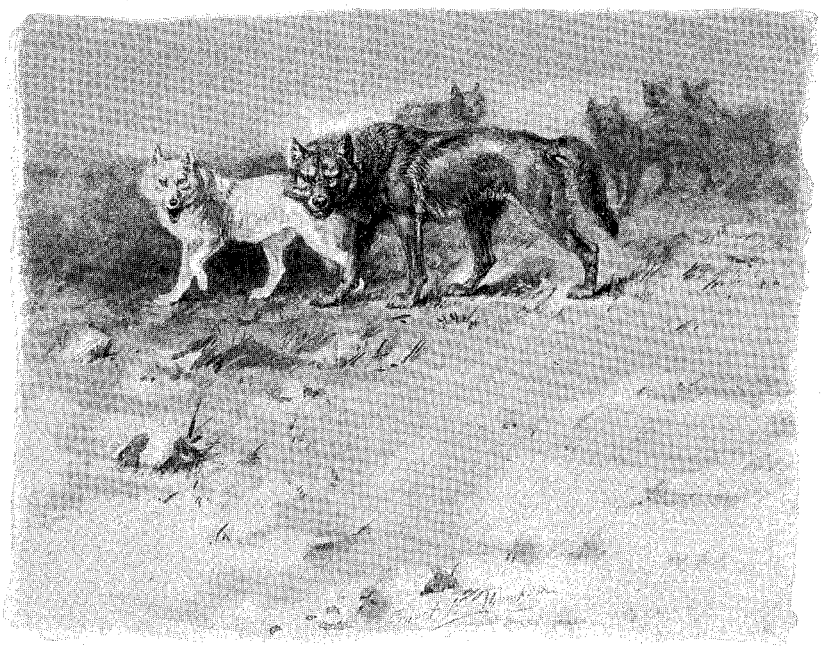
narrow passage between it and some tussocks, and in this passage I buried two of my best traps, fastening them to the head itself.



Blanco was one of the latest Additions to the Pack.—Page 623.

Wolves have a habit of approaching every carcass they get the wind of, in order to examine it, even when they have no intention of partaking of it, and I hoped that this habit would bring the Currumpaw pack within reach of my latest stratagem. I did not doubt that Lobo would detect my handiwork about the meat, and prevent the pack approaching it, but on the head I did build some hopes, for it looked as though it had been thrown aside as useless.

Next morning, I sallied forth to inspect the traps, and there, oh, joy! were the tracks of the pack, and the place where the beef-head and its traps had been was empty. A hasty study of the trail showed that Lobo had kept the pack from approaching the meat, but one, a small wolf, had evidently walked in to examine the head as it lay apart and had immediately set foot in one of the traps.

We set out on the trail, and within a mile discovered that the hapless wolf was Blanco. Away she went, however, at a gallop, and although encumbered by the beef-head which weighed over fifty pounds, she speedily distanced my companion who was on foot. But we overtook her when she reached the rocks, for the horns of the cow's head became caught and held her fast.

She then turned to fight, and raising her voice in the rallying cry of her race, sent a long howl rolling over the cañon. From far away upon the mesa came a deep response, the cry of Old Lobo. That was her last call, for now we had closed in on her, and all her energy and breath were devoted to combat. She was indeed the handsomest wolf I had ever seen, her coat was in perfect condition and nearly white. As she stood thus defying us, I exclaimed, "How I wish I had brought my camera." To this the cowboy replied, "Why not ride home and get it? she is perfectly secure here." And so I did, and took two photos, which give a good idea of her fine form, though they make her very peaceful-looking, as I had to wait till she was quiet before I made the exposures.

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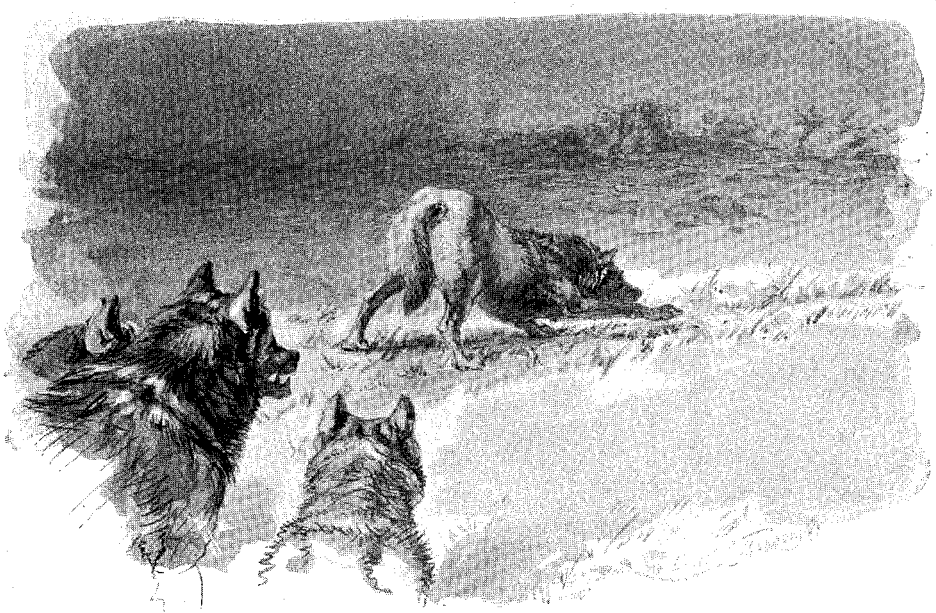
Then followed the inevitable tragedy, the idea of which I shrank from afterward more than at the time. We each threw a lasso over the neck of the doomed wolf, and strained our horses in opposite directions until the blood burst from her mouth, her eyes glazed, her limbs stiffened and then fell limp. Homeward then we rode, carrying the dead wolf, and exulting over this, the first death-blow we had been able to inflict on the Currumpaw pack.

At intervals during the tragedy, and afterward as we rode homeward, we heard the roar of Lobo as he wandered about on the distant mesas, where he seemed to be searching for Blanco. He had never really deserted her, but knowing that he could not save her, his deep-rooted dread of firearms had been too much for him when he saw us approaching. All that day we heard him wailing as he roamed in his quest, and I remarked at length to one of the boys, "Now, indeed, I truly know that Blanco was his mate."

As evening fell he seemed to be coming toward the home cañon, for his voice sounded continually nearer. There was an unmistakable note of sorrow in it now. It was no longer the loud, defiant howl, but a long, plaintive wail; "Blanco! Blanco!" he seemed to call. And as night came down, I noticed that he was not far from the place where we had overtaken her. At length he seemed to find the trail, and when he came to the spot where we had killed her, his heart-broken wailing was piteous to hear. It was sadder than I could possibly have believed. He seemed to know exactly what had taken place, for her blood had stained the place of her death.

Then he took up the trail of the horses and followed it to the ranch-house. Whether in hopes of finding her there, or in quest of revenge, I know not, but the latter was what he found, for he surprised our unfortunate watch-dog outside and tore him to pieces within fifty yards of the door. He evidently came alone on this expedition, for I found but one trail next morning, and he had galloped about in a reckless manner that was very unusual with him. I had half expected this, and had set a number of additional traps about the pasture. Afterward I found that he had indeed fallen into one of these, but such was his strength, he had torn himself loose and cast it aside.



He had cautiously scratched around it until he had disclosed the Trap.—Page 623.

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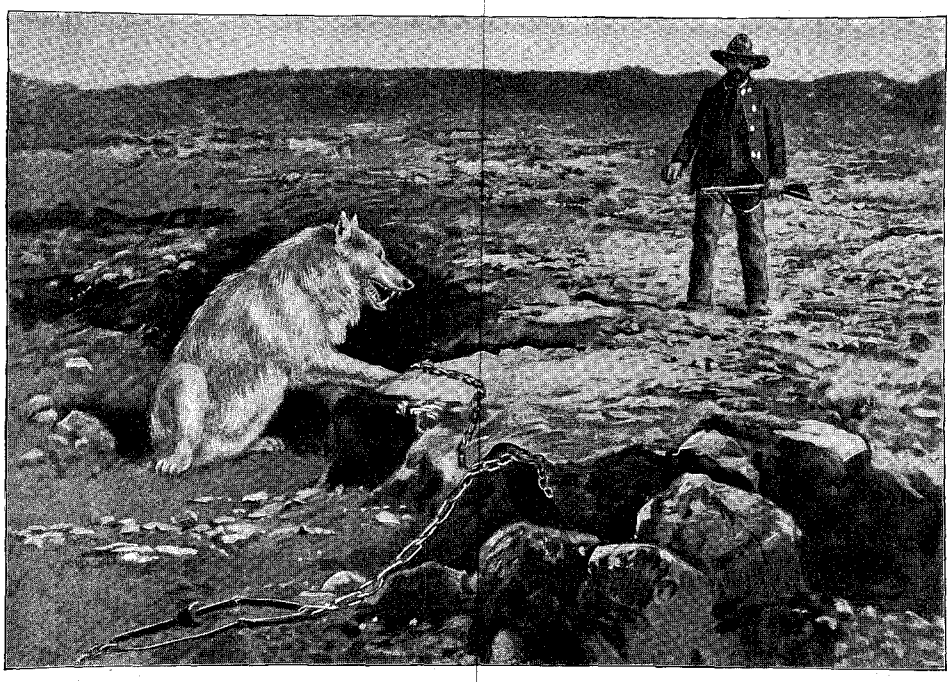

Blanco in the Trap.—Page 624.
(From a photograph.)

I believed that he would continue in the neighborhood until he found her body at least, so I concentrated all my energies on this one enterprise of catching him ere he left the region, and while yet in this reckless mood. Then I realized what a mistake I had made in killing Blanco, for by using her as a decoy I might have secured him the next night.

I gathered in all the traps I could command, one hundred and thirty strong steel wolf-traps, and set them in fours in every trail that led into the cañon, each trap was separately fastened to a log, and each log was separately buried. In burying them, I carefully removed the sod and every particle of earth that was lifted we put in blankets, so that after the sod was replaced and all was finished the eye could detect no trace of human handiwork. When the traps were concealed I trailed the body of poor Blanco over each place, and made of it a drag that circled all about the ranch, and finally I took off one of her paws and made with it a line of tracks over each trap. Every precaution and device known to me I put in execution, and retired at a late hour to await the result.

Once during the night I thought I heard Old Lobo, but was not sure of it. Next day I rode around, but darkness came on before I completed the circuit of the north cañon, and I had nothing to report. At supper one of the cowboys said, "There was a great disturbance among the cattle in the north cañon this morning, maybe there is something in the traps there." It was afternoon of the next day before I got to the place referred to, and as I drew near a great grizzly form arose from the ground, vainly endeavoring to escape, and there revealed before me stood Lobo, King of the Currumpaw, firmly held in the traps. Poor old hero, he had never ceased to search for his darling, and when he found the trail her body had made he followed it recklessly, and so fell into the snare prepared for him. There he lay in the iron grasp of all four traps, perfectly helpless, and all around him were numerous tracks showing how the cat-

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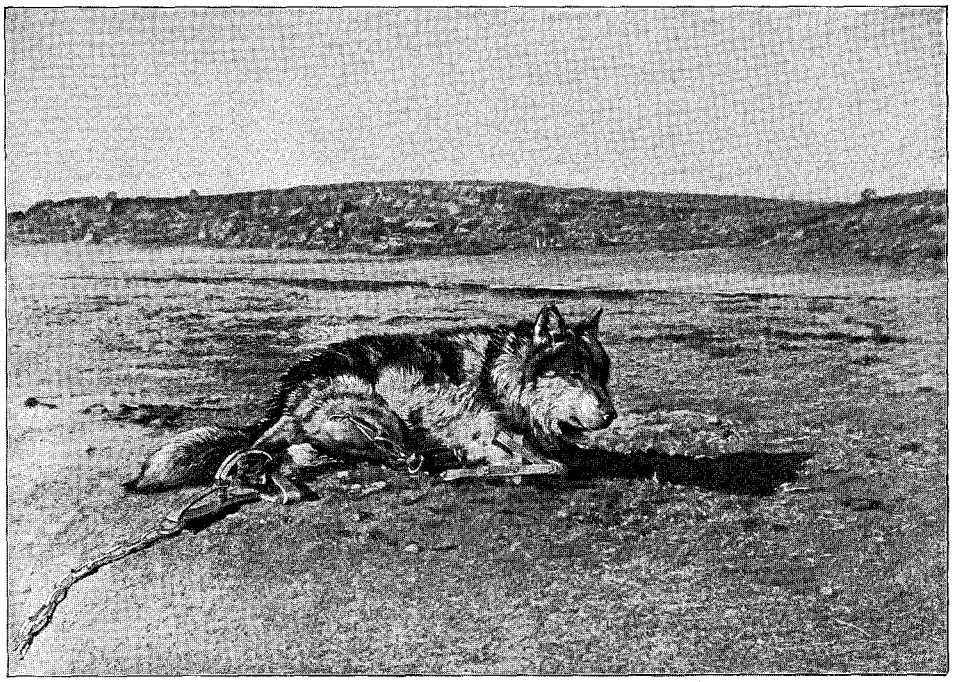

Lobo, King of the Currumpaw, firmly held in the Traps.—Page 626.
(From a photograph.)

tle had gathered about him to insult the fallen despot, without daring to approach within his reach. For two days and two nights he had lain there, and now was worn out with struggling. Yet, when I went near him, he rose up with bristling mane and raised his voice, and for the last time made the cañon reverberate with his deep bass roar, the muster call of his band. But there was none to answer him, and, left alone in his extremity, he whirled about with all his strength and made a desperate effort to get at me. All in vain, each trap was a dead drag of over three hundred pounds, and in their relentless fourfold grasp, with great steel jaws on every foot, and the heavy logs and chains all entangled together, he was absolutely powerless. How his huge ivory tusks did grind on those cruel chains, and when I ventured to touch him with my rifle-barrel he left grooves on it which are there to this day. His eyes glared green with hate and fury, and his jaws snapped with a hollow "chop," as he vainly endeavored to reach me and my trembling horse. But he was exhausted with hunger and struggling and loss of blood, and when at length he sank to the ground in momentary exhaustion, I played the part of the Kodak fiend and secured two pictures of him which are to-day among my greatest treasures.

Something like compunction came over me, as I prepared to deal out to him that which so many had suffered at his hands.

"Grand old outlaw, hero of a thousand lawless raids, in a few minutes you will be but a great load of carrion. It cannot be otherwise." Then I swung my lasso and sent it whistling over his head. But not so fast, he was yet far from being subdued, and, before the supple coils had fallen on his neck he seized the noose and, with one fierce chop, cut through its hard thick strands, and dropped it in two pieces at his feet.

Of course I had my rifle as a last resource, but I did not wish to spoil his royal hide, I therefore galloped back to the camp and soon returned with a cowboy and a fresh lasso. We threw to our victim a stick of wood which he seized in his teeth, and ere he could relinquish

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it our lassoes whistled through the air and tightened on his neck.

Yet before the light had died from his fierce eyes, I cried "Stay, we will not kill him; let us take him alive to the camp." He was so completely powerless now that it was easy to put a stout stick through his mouth, behind his tusks, and then lash his jaws with a heavy cord which was also fastened to the stick. As soon as he felt his jaws were tied he made no further resistance, and uttered no sound, but looked calmly at us and seemed to say, "Well, you have got me at last, do as you please with me."

We tied his feet securely, and then with our united strength were just able to put him on my horse; by travelling slowly we reached the ranch in safety, and having secured him with a collar and a strong chain, we removed the cords. Then for the first time I could examine him closely, and at once proved how unreliable is vulgar report when a living hero or tyrant is concerned. He had *not* a collar of gold about his neck, nor was there on his shoulders an inverted cross to denote that he had leagued himself with Satan. But I did find on one haunch a great broad scar, that tradition says was the fang-mark of Juno, the leader of Tannerey's wolfhounds—a mark which she gave him the moment before he stretched her lifeless on the sand of the cañon.

A lion shorn of his strength, an eagle robbed of his freedom, or a dove bereft of his mate, all die, it is said, of a broken heart; and who will say that this grim bandit could bear the three-fold brunt, heart-whole. This only I know, that when the morning dawned, he was lying there in a position of calm repose, but his spirit was gone—the old King-wolf was dead.

I took the chain from his neck, a cowboy helped me to carry him to the shed where lay the remains of Blanco, still unskinned, and as we laid him beside her, the cattle-man exclaimed: "There, you *would* come to her, now you are together again."

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THE THIRD RELIEF

By George I. Putnam

FROM the way we four companies held to our route for five days, one would have thought we were cutting off an enemy, or keeping from being cut off ourselves. For eighteen months we had been out of garrison no farther than to the target butts; had no duty more severe than a guard tour or a fatigue detail, when there came the order "Change Station!" and, as in the game of puss-in-the-corner, we made a dive for a new post, knowing some other command would run behind our backs to get our old one; and we drove a foot-furrow through the prairie dust due north a hundred and twenty-five miles, only stopping to eat and sleep. We marched in full kit by the Colonel's order. But Lieutenant Maclehose, who had command of our company (our Captain couldn't have marched a mile to draw his pay, and had been appointed field officer, and rode a broncho), shut one eye toward the First Sergeant, and said: "Sergeant, the mules are stronger than the men, and the wagons are not heavy loaded." And after that our blanket bags were flat and flabby. Did the Colonel notice it? If he did, he said nothing. We men in the ranks had a theory that Lieutenant Maclehose was a bad man to call down.

The Colonel set the pace on his long-legged roan. So long as we marched fifty minutes and rested ten, it went very well; but the second day, when we were getting stiff, he began making it sixty and rest ten; and that extra time was more wearying than all the rest, for the soles of our feet knew to a second when the bugler should have sounded the halt. Corcoran, my bunky, shook his head, unable to say what he thought; and every man in my view went with a cranky step, except Wyliff. We all disliked Wyliff as being the weakest, most uncertain man we had; yet now he pegged along as though he liked it and would have been glad to go faster.

The captains, old fellows out of the civil war, gave it up, and rode in the ambulance. The lieutenants stuck to the column like men who knew their business. And we had to make the best of it we could, for there was no room left in the ambulance. So when our hands swelled, and our shoulders chafed, and our knees stiffened, and our heels blistered, all we could do was to think back over the miles we'd come, and be glad we hadn't them to do over again. And all the time we went on, and on, and on.

Months after, we found out why we had been so rushed. The Colonel had not had an active command in a long time, and he wanted to impress the department with his efficiency. Scott! If there had been an inspection when we got to Redtown on the fifth day, half the command would have gone on sick report.

We swung down the red hill that leads into Redtown on a Sunday afternoon, with faces as red as the soil that stained us to the knees; and we went into camp on a grassy flat, round two sides of which the creek ran. All Redtown turned out to see us, as though spectacles were rare — and there they were on a railroad! But we were right out of the wilderness, and the only thing in order was our rifles. Some found friends in camp; Lieutenant Maclehose was claimed by a couple who took him off to their house in the town; but nearly all came out of curiosity to look at us from across the creek, and then to walk through the camp, and to watch us mount guard. A rusty ceremony it was; we limped through it like an invalid corps, and the band could hardly put lips to a mouthpiece. Captain Roth went on as officer of the day; and there was no officer of the guard—just a sergeant. And I was a member of the third relief, with as many aches as my bones would

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hold, and a belt of clean cartridges around my waist to bind them together.

When I went on post for my first tour, it was between eleven and twelve, and as black as the bore of a rifle—just as though the sky was a big soft black hat which some great hand pressed down over us. It oppressed me. I felt as though I would be bringing up against it the next step. But after I'd relieved my man and got the limits of my post, I went easily by sound. There was the creek on my left as I walked up, rattling along and keeping me from straying off into the foothills; and on the right were the tents of my own company, with a dropping fire of snores coming from them. That was a comfortable, companionable sound, with the unseen water running so cold on one side, and the dark heavens bearing down from above; and I tried to believe I knew the men by their snores, to work up some sort of a joke on them. I had to do something of that sort to fight off the drowsiness; for what with my blisters and my aching bones, I was that weary if I'd stood still a minute I'd have fallen asleep, bolt upright.

I might have been on post ten minutes or ten times that — time forgets you when you're dead tired and are under a hat—when I heard a voice murmuring out there over the creek. I couldn't see a thing, not even the water; but the sound of a man's voice came over to me. Of course it was thieves sneaking after camp-endings; and I was just going to shout a challenge, when I got the replying voice—a woman's. And at that I held my breath. For it was a soft, full, sweet voice of a woman—such as a man may hear once in the darkness and then go round the world to find the owner of to tell her he loves her. Oh, no; that sort of thing isn't for a rough soldier, with no knowledge or memory of a woman, to do; he isn't fit; but I can imagine any other man doing it, and being well repaid—if he found her. A good voice, with a mellowness and a meltingness, like the notes some of the bandsmen get out of the alto horns. I didn't challenge. I thought the thief—if he was a thief—wouldn't steal anything more than a kiss, which would be no loss to the Government; and I wasn't willing to interrupt him, be he soldier or civilian. There's just one time when every man is bound to give every other man a fair show; and that's when it's a question of a woman's love. The boys don't all hold to that, not even in my own company. Perhaps that's why I never. . . . They joke of cutting each other out, and why not. . . .?

And then something caught my other ear; the clanki-clatter of a sword. Somebody was coming down on the run. Then a sudden stop and a "Umrrph!" that told me he had run into a tent guy. By the voice I knew the officer of the day; and on he came again. I cut loose the challenge, "*Who* comes there?" and he panted back, "Never mind, sentinel." Then he banged away with his scabbard at a tent-pole, and my captain, who was asleep in there, woke up in a rage, and cried out, "Who the devil is it?"

"Roth. Wake up."

"Well, what the——"

"One of your men's shot up town."

"Who?"

"Wyliff."

"I told him he couldn't go!"

"Well, are you going to get up?" said the officer of the day.

"No!" roared the old man. "I'm glad he's shot! He had no business up there! Hope he's killed!" And he was going on with a string of abuse against Wyliff, and gradually including his whole company and the army as he became broader awake. But the officer of the day muttered, "Well, I'm damned!" and turned away. Roth was the finest captain I ever saw. I'd have been glad to be in his company. I'm told he gives his men four dinners a year out of his own pocket — New Year's, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas; and they're great feeds.

Just about the time Captain Roth said "Wyliff," or as much later as it would take a man to run a dozen steps, there was a splash in the creek over against me; and I saw some dark outline floundering in the sharp current, trying to cross. I lay down over the brink and held out my rifle. "Get

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hold!" I said, "and I'll challenge you after you're ashore." For I had no knowledge how deep the water was.

He got hold by the stock, and clambered up; and it was Lieutenant Maclehose.

"You recognize me; no use challenging," he said, quietly; and "Captain Roth!" he called. The officer of the day stopped and answered, and Lieutenant Maclehose ran after him. I heard my twisty old captain turning over on his creaky camp-bed, and muttering; and I took my beat again, wide awake; for the Lieutenant's cold bath had been as effective on me as though I had taken it myself; and I marched up and down, considering that now I knew two good officers — men who thought sooner of the private than of themselves; and I wished that sort of thing would happen oftener. You understand, now—not because I'm a private and hope to stay one that I want petting and pampering; the worst thing about the army now is its mess of book-rules for the protection of the men. No. I'm single and a soldier, and hard knocks is the lot I've chosen. But thoughtful officers, now—I want them because, beneath the uniform, we're all built to the same scale; because it wasn't God who put a sword on them, and a bayonet on me; and because, as I'm a man like them whatever else I mayn't be, they ought to admit it as freely as I do. I knew Captain Roth was the right kind—as strict as the Book of Regulations; but he knew where to draw the line, and he drew it. And Lieutenant Maclehose showed his interest in the most worthless private of his command when he jumped into the creek in the darkness, and made his way across to get in touch with the case. I thought more of him then than I ever had before; and I've never thought less of him since. You once get one of these officers on his true rating, and you'll find him right there, ever after.

As soon as I saw Lieutenant Maclehose, I knew there had been no philandering across the creek. The sword doesn't do that kind of thing; the bayonet may, because it has to take whatever chance offers. And I understood that it was his friends who had taken him up town, and had walked back to camp with him because it was dark and he was unacquainted with the road. It was still over there now, only for a fitful murmuring that might have been the creek, or the rising breeze in the mesquite; and I concluded that the good-nights were over, and they had gone home.

Then Captain Roth came on my post with Lieutenant Maclehose and a patrol of the guard; and after I had challenged and advanced them, I had to tell them there wasn't a good crossing, though I thought the Lieutenant might have saved me the trouble. But he had stepped to the creek side, and called out, clear:

"Madam!"

"Yes, sir," said that good voice from the other side, directly. The night noises hushed to hear her tone. And then the gloom seemed to lighten a little, and I saw her standing opposite, dim and slender and tall, as somehow suited the voice.

"Remain easy, please; we will be with you in a moment," said the Lieutenant. Then they all tramped off my post round to the other side where the crossing was. My bunky, Corcoran, was one of the patrol; and as he passed he stuck his elbow out at me and grunted, to let me know he thought it a queer proceeding. Presently I heard them moving up opposite me; there was a short halt, some murmured words, and then they went off toward the town.

My post was quiet after that, but I had sufficient entertainment in what had been. So Lieutenant Maclehose had been walking over there in the dark with that sweet-voiced woman alone, and there *had* been philandering. Well, the voice was his excuse, to me; and there would have been no need of an excuse at all if he had not taken so lively an interest in that poor stick of a Wyliff; and he would have been safe. I never would have mentioned the matter in barracks, had it rested with me. But he had even taken Captain Roth — a married man with a family —over there, to say nothing of the patrol. It was like Lieutenant Macle-

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hose, as we understood him, to do a thing if he pleased and d— the consequences; but this was d—ing them with a vengeance. And they had gone off together, with the woman for pilot, to town. For I understood well enough that the patrol was out to pick up poor Wyliff. And he was a poor stick, surely; never went to town on pass without getting his eyes blackened; peaceable when sober, but a fighting drunkard; a nice-looking young fellow, too, clean and trim and well set up. If it had not been for his lip and eye, he would have been a man to trust. But his lip trembled when it shouldn't; and it seemed as though the natural color had been bloodshot out of his eyes. It was the liquor that did that. He was weak as a man. By his military figure and bearing one would have thought him a man of family, which I am told is something an officer is proud to be; and then his shaky lip and red eye gave that the lie; and one didn't know where to place him. That, I suppose, is a reason why we disliked him. He was pliable enough. You could drag him after you anywhere, but you couldn't follow him and expect to gain your point. He was soft metal.

So, what with wonder over Lieutenant Maclehose's queer conduct, and the nature of the row up town, and indignation at the frontier beast who would shoot a man for being a soldier, and guessing if he was dead, and if Wyliff did for the brute before *he* died, and betting he didn't, the time flew. The patrol came back and was challenged in. And then Corcoran came down to relieve me, and told me the town end of the affair.

They marched off to town, he said, and it was a procession to surprise: the patrol in military order with the Lieutenant and the lady as a rear rank. As they went Lieutenant Maclehose and the lady were explaining to Captain Roth how it happened: that Wyliff had telegraphed her he would be there about that date, and she had taken train at once; then she had missed him at the depot (while he was busy getting shot), and when she was feeling utterly lost in the strange town, had seen a man in uniform, who was Lieutenant Maclehose. He was just returning to camp; and when she told him her story, he would have sent Wyliff to her at the hotel; but she was so anxious to see him that she preferred to walk with Lieutenant Maclehose to camp.

"What!" said I; "any woman so anxious to see that whelp?"

"So she said," Cork replied. And near camp they heard the officer of the day saying Wyliff was shot; and when they mentioned that she began to sob and sob, so they both assured her the chances were against its being anything serious. Then she forced herself calm, and they went on to the corner of the square, on the far side of which is the depot, with the hotel opposite. A lighted lamp was at the corner, and directly beneath it they met him carrying a handkerchief at his neck.

"Patrol, halt!" Captain Roth sang out. And:

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed the lady, hurrying front.

Wyliff stood still facing the patrol, and his lips quivered into a weak smile. "Well, mother," he said.

"Mother!" I repeated.

"Right," said Cork. "She had gray hair."

"Go on."

"Nothing. Well, they kissed."

"They did!"

"She did, anyway, her arms around his shoulders."

"And what then?"

"Oh, Lieutenant Maclehose gave Wyliff leave till 8 A.M. to-morrow, to report to him then at the depot. And we came back to camp."

"But how about the shooting?"

"That was nothing to speak of; anyway, I noticed Wyliff didn't speak of it. Saloon row, of course. It was only a scratch, and he'd dried it with his handkerchief."

I had to stand and think for a minute about what seemed to me the strangest part of the whole thing.

"But tell me, Cork, how is it any woman would come way from wherever it may be to see him a few hours?"

"Why, she's his mother, I tell you," said Cork.

"Well, he don't seem to think so mighty much of her."

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"It ain't to be expected. Those fellows never do," Cork replied.

"But he's such a weak, runty sort of a man——"

"She'll love him all the more for it. He'll be dearer than any child good dreams ever brought her."

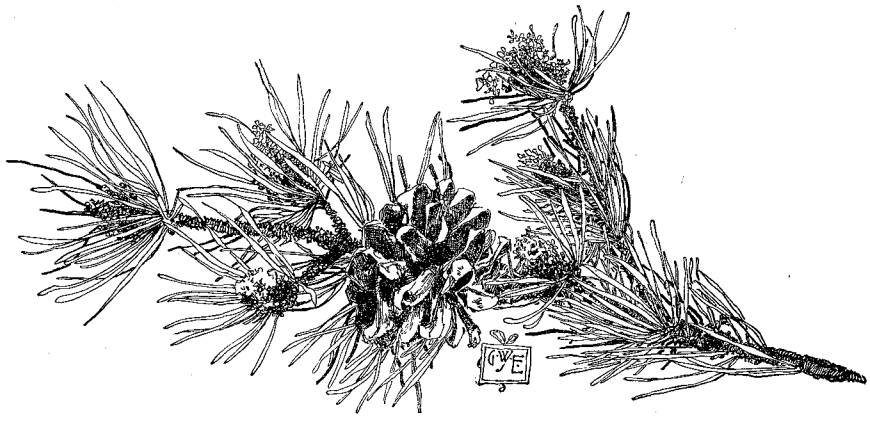
"Well, it's too much for me," said I. "A fellow's girl will throw him, and his wife will leave him. And here comes a gray old woman with a voice just to look at and talk to a poor devil——"

"Mother, mother, mother," said Cork, sticking his face into mine. "That's the way with them when they're any good. The only woman that ever stands by you through good and bad is your mother; and you can go back on her as much as you will, but she'll never falter; and if you so much as whisper 'mother' with your dying breath, *she* is satisfied with it all and smiles as she closes your eyes. *She'll* believe in you and put up a prayer for you. And that old lady up there was all of a tremble with happiness at seeing that worthless devil again, and if she hadn't hung round his neck she'd have fallen to the ground. It's because she's his mother; never another woman will care for him so. I'm ashamed of your ignorance and lack of feeling. It's his mother, his mother. Man alive, where's your own?"

"Here!" said I, swallowing something at the same minute, and holding up my rifle. "Here! I'm a son of a gun, and the army's a whole family to me."

Then Cork began to laugh, and said, "Go, turn in." And going off through the darkness, I felt suddenly lonesome. I was empty, and it was emptiness through which I moved. What was it I'd missed? Something I could never describe, never name, because I'd never had it; but Wyliff had it—Wyliff, who could take that hour of all others to tumble in a row! . . . Wyliff, who cared no more for it than that! What good did it do him? And what good wouldn't it have done me? Oh, I was jealous of Wyliff—the man I had spent my leisure in hating. If I could only have killed him and taken it from him! . . .

But I was dead tired when I got to my blankets, and I rolled myself in and slept like a log till reveille.



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THE CONQUEROR

By Bessie Chandler

To his dead heart alone I will surrender;
He, whom death conquered, now has conquered me.
I held my fortress like a brave defender—
Now it stands open for the world to see.

There was a castle once, in ancient story,
Besieged by one so noble in his fame,
That when he died the people thought it glory
To yield him what no living knight could claim.

So, as he lay, in dented armor sleeping—
A hero, after wearing strife at ease—
They gathered near, and gave into his keeping,
Safe in his mailèd hand, their castle keys.

So do I yield to-day to you, my lover—
Who died before my hard heart's frowning wall,
And never knew its harshness did but cover
Only a longing to surrender all.

Here are the keys, the last reserve is broken—
What does it matter now since all is past?
Let all men hear, and know that by this token
I loved you only, loved you first and last.

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LXX

THE ENEMY IN THE REAR

A NEW week came in with animating spring weather. On Monday Fannie sat up, and on Tuesday, when John called, her own smile surprised him at the door, while Johanna's reflected it in the background.

He felt himself taken at a disadvantage. His unready replies to her lively promptings turned aimlessly here and there; his thoughts could neither lead nor follow them. The wine of her pretty dissembling went to his head; while the signs of chastening in her fair face joined strangely with her sprightliness to make an obscure pathetic harmony that moved his heartstrings in a way in which he had felt youthfully sure they were never to be moved again. His late anger against Ravenel came back, and with it, to his surprise, the old tenderness for her, warmed by the new anger and without the bitterness of its old chagrin. He found himself reminded of his letters to Johanna's distant mistress, but instantly decided that the two matters had nothing to do with each other, and gave himself rich comfort in this visible and only half specious fulfilment of his youth's long dream. The daily protection and care

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of this girl, her welcome, winsome gayeties, and thanks, were his, his! with no one near to claim a division of shares and only honor to keep account with. His words were stumbling under these unconfessed distractions when she startled him by saying,

"I've telegraphed Jeff-Jack that I can travel."

His response was half-resentful. "Did the doctor say you might?"

She gave her tone a shade of mimicry. "Yes, sir, the doctor said I might." But she changed it to add, "You'll soon be free, John; it's a matter of only two or three hours." Her playfulness faded into a smile of gratefulest affection. Johanna, who was passing into the next room, could not see it, but she easily guessed it by the slight disconcertion which showed through the smile he gave back.

He dropped his eyes pensively. "To be free isn't everything."

"It is for you just now, John, mighty nearly. You've got a great work before you, and——"

"Oh, yes, so I've heard." He laughed apologetically and rose to go.

"You don't need to be reminded as badly as you used to," said Fannie, retaining his hand and looking into his face with open admiration. "You'll start East to-day, won't you?"

"That depends."

"Now, John, it doesn't do any such thing. It mustn't!"

"I'll let you know later," said John, freeing his grasp. The pressure of her little hand had got into his pulse. He hurried away.

"She's right," he pondered, as he walked down the populous street, beset by a vague discomfort, "it mustn't depend. Besides, she's pretty sure not to stay here. It wouldn't be Jeff-Jack's way to come back; he'll wire to her to come to him, at once. Reckon I'll decide now to go on that Washington express this evening. I can't afford to let my movements depend on F-Fannie's—hem! Heaven knows I've taxed the company's patience enough already."

He told the regretful clerks at his hotel that this was his farewell day with them, and tried to feel that he had thus burned the last bridge between himself and indiscretion. He only succeeded in feeling as you and I—and Garnet—used to feel when we had told our purpose to others and fibbed to ourselves about the motive. But Garnet had got far beyond that, understand.

So Vice-President March went to the day's activities, paying parting calls from one private office to another in the interest of Widewood's industrial colonization. He bought his railroad ticket—returnable in case any unforeseen——

"Oh, that's all right, President March: yes, sir; good-day, sir."

At his hotel shortly after noon he found a note. He guessed at its contents.

"She takes the same train I do." He forced himself to frown at the amusing yet agreeable accident. But his guess was faulty. The note read:

"I return immediately to Suez, where Jeff-Jack will arrive by the end of the week."

And thereupon John had another feeling known to us all—the dull shame with which we find that fate has defrauded us for our own good. However, he hurried to Fannie and put himself into her service with a gay imperiousness delightful to both and apparently amusing to the busy Johanna. By and by the music-teacher helped also, making Fannie keep her rocking-chair, and, as Mr. March came and went, dropped little melodious, regretful things to him privately, about his own departure. Once she said that nothing gave her so much happiness as answering pleasant letters; but John only wondered why women so often talk obviously without any aim whatever!

"Well," at length he said to Fannie, "I'll go now and get myself off. Your train starts from the same station mine does; I'll say good-by there."

He packed his valise and hand-bag, and had given them to the porter when he was given a letter.

"My George!" was his dismayed whisper to himself, "a duellist couldn't be prompter." He walked to the door, gazing at the superscription. "It feels like my letter sent back. Ah, well? that's just what it ought to be. Con-

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found the women, all; I wonder how it feels for a man just to mind his own business and let them"—he rent the envelope—"mind—theirs!"

He read the letter as he rode to the station. It wasn't very long, and it did seem to him a bit too formal; and yet it was so gravely sweet that he had to smooth the happiness off his face repeatedly, and finally stole a private laugh behind the hand that twisted his small mustache, as he fondly sighed.

"Doggone your considerate little soul, you're just a hundred ton nicer and better than your father or anybody else is ever going to deserve!" But he read on:

"For you remember, do you not? that I was free to speak of yours and papa's ambition and plans for Widewood? And so I enclose a page or two of a letter just received from our Johanna at home, because it states things about Colonel Proudfit's new construction company which Cornelius seems to have told your mother's black girl, Jane. They may be pure inventions; but if so, they must be his, not hers, although I should never have thought he would be so reckless as to tell such things to such a person——" Etc.

John unfolded the fragments of Johanna's letter with a condescending smile which began to fade before he had read five lines. A chill ran down his back, and then an angry flush mounted to his brow.

There is a kind of man—Mr. Leggett was one, Samson was another—who will tell his own most valuable or dangerous secrets to any woman on whose conquest he is bent, if she only knows how to bid for them. And there are "Delijahs" who will break any confidence and risk any fortune, nay, their own lives, to show a rival she has been eclipsed. There are also women, even girls, who are of such pure eyes they cannot discern obliquity, anywhere. And there are others just as pure—the lily's own heart, isn't purer—who, nevertheless—but why waste time or type. In short, Johanna first, and then Barbara, had seen how easily Daphne Jane's tittle-tattle might be serious news to John March. Which it certainly was if the dark cloud on his face was a true sign.

He found Fannie on her train and well cared for by Johanna and the music-teacher. In the silence which promptly followed his greeting these two moved aside and Fannie murmured eagerly.

"What on earth's the matter?—Yes, there is, John; something's wrong; what is it? I saw you slip a letter into your pocket at the door. What does it mean?"

"Why, Fannie—it means I've got to go straight back to Suez."

She made a rapturous gesture. "And you're going on this train?" she whispered.

"No."

"Now, why not? John, you're foolish!—or else you think I am. You mustn't! You must go on this train. John, I—I want you to?" She smiled up at his troubled gaze.

"Johanna," he said, and beckoned the maid a step aside. "Miss Barb has sent me that part of your letter to her that tells about the construction company."

"Yaas, seh," murmured Johanna. Her heart throbbed.

"You say, there, that Cornelius says its officers are mere tools in the power of men who have put them there; that Gamble's behind Crickwater, Bulger's behind Mattox, and he, Leggett, is behind Pettigrew—yes—don't interrupt, there isn't time—and that Colonel Proudfit got the money to buy stock enough to elect himself president, by persuading his wife to mortgage everything she has got. Yes; but you don't tell who Cornelius says is behind Colonel Proudfit. Didn't he say?"

"Please, seh, Mr. March, ef——"

"That's all, Johanna, I'm much obliged to you. It may be, you know, that there isn't a word of truth in the whole thing; but in any case you'll never—No, that's right." He turned to Fannie. "I must change my ticket and check; I'm going with you."

LXXI

WARM HEARTS, HOT WORDS, COOL FRIENDS

About that same hour the next day John stepped off the train at Suez and turned to let Fannie down; but a pair

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of uplifted arms came between the two, and Launcelot Halliday, with the back of his velvet coat close to the young man's face, said, "I'll take care of my daughter, John; you can look after any business of your own that may need you."

"Why, Pop!" exclaimed Fannie in long-drawn deprecation as she reached the ground. The color flushed up to her brows. John gazed at him in haughty silence.

"Come on, Johanna," said the old General, heartily. "Good-by, John. When can I see you in your office?"

"Whenever I'm there and not too busy!" replied March as he strode away.

"We'll go to the old house for to-night, Johanna," said Fannie, and did not speak again until she began to draw off her gloves in her father's parlor. Her face was white, her dark eyes wide; but her voice was slow and kind.

"Yes, Johanna, go along to my room. I'll be there directly." She shut the door and folded her gloves, smiling like a swordsman rolling up his sleeves.

"Pop, I've owed you a-many an explanation that I've never paid. You never owed me one in your life till now; but"—her eyes flashed—"you owe it this time to the roots of your hair."

"Fan, that's a mighty poor beginning for the explanation I expect from you."

His tone was one of forbearance, but before he could finish she was as red as a flower. "I belong to my husband! When I've anything to explain I'll explain to him."

"Fannie Halliday——"

"Ravenel, if you please, sir."

He smiled severely. "Have a chair, Mrs. Ravenel. Fan, you're married to a man who never asks an explanation."

The two gazed upon each other in silence. His accustomed belief in her and her ardent love for him were already stealing back into their hearts. Nevertheless——

"O, sir!" she exclaimed, "tell me something I don't know! Yes! But I'm married to a man who waits for things to explain themselves."

"Or till they're past all explanation, Fan."

"Yes, sir; yes! But more! I'm married to a man who knows that nothing can explain conduct but conduct. That's the kind of explanation you still owe me, Pop, till you pay it to John March."

"Well, then," he replied with new warmth, "I'll owe it a long time. If he ever again shows his carelessness of conventional——"

Fannie laid a pale hand on her father's arm. "It wasn't his. He showed carefulness enough; I overruled it. It was his duty to come, Pop; and I had let him neglect duty for me long enough."

The General started. "Why, Fan." But when he looked into her sad eyes his soul melted. She smiled with her face close to his.

"Pop, you never meddled in my affairs before. Don't you reckon I'll manage this one all right?"

"Why, yes, Fan. I was only anxious about you, because——"

"Never mind your becauses, dear. Just say you'll make it all right with John."

"Go to bed, Fannie; go to bed; John and I will take care of ourselves."

When the General reached his office the next day the forenoon was well advanced. He was still there when at midday John March entered.

"John, howdy. Have a chair."

"Thank you, sir." But the young man continued to stand.

"Oh, take a seat John, you can get up again if what I say doesn't suit you."

The speaker came from his desk, took a chair, and pushed another to his visitor.

"John I had a short talk with Fannie last night, and a long one again this morning. If my manner to you last evening impugned your motives, I owe you an apology."

"That's all I want to hear, General," said John, accepting the old soldier's hand.

"Yes, my boy; but it's not all I want to say. Fannie tells me you've been taking some business risks, so to speak, for her sake." John scowled. "Now John, when she asked you to come home on her train she knew that was to her a social risk, and she took it for your sake, in return. Not improper? I don't say

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it was. It was worse than improper, John; it was romantic! The gay half of Suez will never forget it, and the grim half will never forgive it! Oh, it was quite proper and praiseworthy if Pussie and Susie would just not misconstrue it, as they certainly will. Only a few months ago, you know, you were making it almost public that you would still maintain your highly poetical line of conduct and sentiment toward Fan after she should be married."

"General Halliday, I——"

"Let me finish, John; we didn't run you out of town, did we?"

March smiled a strong sarcasm and shook his head. The General went on.

"No, sir, we took you good-naturedly and trusted to your sober second thought. Well, Fan's scarcely ten days married, Jeff-Jack's a thousand miles away, and here you come full of good intentions, hell's pavement you know—O John, the more I think of it the more ama-azed I am at all three of you. I don't blame Jeff-Jack for leaving Fan as he did——"

"'As he did'! By George! General Halliday, that's all I do blame him for!"

"Why, do you mean— But never mind; that's probably none of my business; I don't see how you could ever think it was any of yours. Oh, now, please keep your seat! No, at least, I don't blame him merely for leaving her; a politician's a soldier; he can't stop to comfort the sick. But he should have declined your offer to stay with her, in *Italics*, John, and sent for me!"

"Sent for—Oh, imagine him! Besides, General Halliday, Jeff-Jack knew my offer was to myself; not to him at all, sir! But he saw another thing—about me—as plainly as I did; yes, plainer!"

"I could do that myself, John. What was it—this time?"

"He saw my sober second thought had come!"

"H— I wish I had his eyes! Did he say so? Wha'd he say?"

"He said what wasn't true."

The old warrior smiled satirically. "What was it?"

"'Evermind what it was! I'm talked out."

"My dear fellow, so am I! John, honestly, I thank you for the—pardon me—the unusual patience with which you've taken my hard words." The speaker gripped his hearer's knee. "And you really think you've finished your first great campaign of mistakes—eh?"

"Yes!" They rose, laughing. "Yes, and I've every reason to hope it's my last." The General proposed drinks, but John hadn't time, and they only swapped cigars.

"I hear you leave us again this evening," said the General.

"No; they'd like me to go, but I'm—I'm very tired, and anyhow——"

"You're wha-at? Tired! Why, John—O no, you don't mean tired, you mean insa-ane! Why, sir, that's going straight back on everything you've been saying! John, we're not going to stand this." The General grew red.

"Whom do you mean by 'we,' General?" Both men were forgetting to smoke.

"Everybody, sir! everybody in Suez with whom you have any relations? Why, look at it yourself! For a week running you neglect your own interests and your company's business to do—what? Just what you'd do if you were still under an infatuation which you've openly confessed for years!"

"But which, General Halliday, I tell you again——"

"Telling won't do, sir, when doing tells another story. Here are your directors astonished and vexed at you for coming back with not a word as to why you've come. O, how do I know it! It's the talk o' the town! They bid you go back to the field of work you chose yourself, and you tell *them*—business men—financiers—that you're 'tired, and anyhow——' By Jupiter! John March——"

"General, stop! I'll manage my own business my own way, sir! It's no choice of mine to speak so to you, General Halliday, but I swear I'll not widen my confidences—no, nor modify my comings and goings—to provide against the looks of things It's the culpable who are careful, sir."

"Yes—yes—and 'the simple pass on and are punished.' I don't ask you to widen your confidences to include me, John."

"Sha'n't widen them to include any-

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one, under pressure, General. But it's a pity when you know so much about these things, you don't know more."

"I do, John. I know that when Jeff-Jack left here he left his proxy—at your solicitation—with John Wesley Garnet!"

"Which, he gave me to understand, was just what he intended to do, anyhow."

"O, gave you to understand, of course! But it wasn't, John. Jeff-Jack's still got too many uses for Garnet, to cross him without a good excuse. But he knows what Gamble's influence is, and a different request from you would have put his proxy in safer hands. He would have saved you, John, if you hadn't yourself rushed in and spoken for Garnet."

"And why should you assume that Garnet's holding the proxy has made——"

"Oh, bah! Why, John, d'you reckon I don't see that he and Bulger have gone over to Gamble, and are outvoting you—hauling you in hand over fist? It's written in large letters and hung up where all Susie can read it—except yourself!"

"Where?"

"In your face. And now you're staying here to stare at a lost game. O, John, for your own sake, get away! Clear out to-night! You can at least hide your helplessness. If you will, I'll call you back as soon as you can gain anything by coming. Yes, and I'll turn in and fight these fellows for you in the meantime!"

"Thank you, General, but you're mistaken; the game *isn't* lost. The moment Jeff-Jack and I——"

"Ah! John, the moment's gone! Ask yourself! Will Jeff-Jack ever join the forlorn hope of a man who won't dance to his fiddle? *His* self sacrifices are not that sort."

"And yet that's the very sacrifice you think I ought to let you make for me!"

"By Joe! sir, it wouldn't be a sacrifice! If it will just get you out of town it will suit me perfectly!"

"Then, sir, you'll not be suited! I'm going to stay here and see what my enemies are up to; and if they're up to what I think they are, I'll break their backs if I have to do it single-handed and alone! Good-day, sir."

"Good-day, John; that's the way you'll have to do it, sir."

"Devil take him," added the General as he found himself alone, "*he's* crossed the bar. It's his heart that's safe. O, Fan, my poor child!"

LXXII

PROBLEM: IS AN UNCONFIRMED DISTRUST NECESSARILY A DEAD ASSET?

JOHN went away heavy and bitter. Yet he remembered, this time, to take more care of his facial expression. He met Shotwell and Proudfit coming out of the best saloon. They stopped him, complimented his clothes and his legs, asked a question or two of genuine interest, poked him in the waistband, and regretted not meeting him sooner. Proudfit suggested, with the proper anathema, to go back and take a *re*-invigorator with Vice-president March. But the pleasant Shotwell said:

"You forget, Colonel, that ow a-able young friend belongs to Gideon's ba-and, now, seh."

Proudfit made a vague gesture of acknowledgment. "And anyhow"—his tongue thickened and his head waggled playfully—"anyhow, Shot, a ladies' man's just *got* to keep his breath sweet, ain't he?"

Shotwell looked as though the rolling earth had struck something. March paled, but he took the Captain's cigar to light his own as he remarked:

"I don't get the meaning of that expression as clear as I wish you'd make it, Colonel."

Shotwell pretended to burst with merriment. "Why, neither does the Colonel! That was only a sort o' glittering generality to hide his emba'assment—haw, haw, haw!"

Proudfit smiled modestly. "Shot, you're right again! He's right again, John. It was only one o' my grittlin' gen—my grilterin' geren—aw! Shot, hush yo' fuss! you 'confu-use me!"

John was laughing before he knew it. "Gentlemen, I've got to get along home. I slept at Tom Hersey's hotel last night,

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and haven't seen my mother yet. O—eh—Captain——"

Shotwell left Proudfit and walked away with March. Persons rarely asked advice of the ever-amiable Captain; they went by him to Charlie Champion, whom he reverenced as well as loved. And so he was thoroughly pleased when John actually let Champion pass them and asked him, in confidence, what he thought of Proudfit's construction company.

"Well, of co'se, John, you know how fah Proudfit is f'm being an a-able man; and so does he. He's evm fool enough to think he can sharpen his wits with whiskey, which *you* know, March, that if that was so I'd myself be as sharp as a ra-azor. But *I* don't suspicion but what everything's clean and square—Oh, I wouldn't swear nobody does; you know, yo'self, what double-ba'lled fools some men ah. I reckon just about everybody likes the arrangement, though; faw whetheh one company aw the otheh, aw both, make money, the money sta-ays. Yes, of co'se, we know he owes it to Garnet's influence, but I suspicion Garnet done as he did mo' to gratify Miz Proudfit's ambitions than fum any notion o' they being big money in it faw anybody; you know how fawnd Garnet's always been of both of 'em, you know. Oh, no, whateveh the thing is, it's square! You might know that by Pettigrew bein' its seccata'y; faw to *eh* is *human*—which Pettigrew *ain't.*"

John mounted a horse and started for Widewood. He had to stop and shake hands with Parson Tombs over his front palings, and make an honest effort to feel annoyed by the old man's laughter-laden compliments on his energy, enterprise, and perspicacity. At the Halliday cottage he saw Fannie clipping roses from the porch trellis for Martha Salter, who stood by. She waved her hand.

"John March, I do believe you were going to gallop right a-past us without stopping!" said Fannie, as he tardily wheeled and rode slowly up to the low gate.

He answered awkwardly, and when she gave him a rose, looked across at Miss Salter, whose gravity increased his discomfort. A dash up the slope beyond the Academy was a partial relief only while it lasted, and at the top, where his horse dropped into a trot, he lifted the flower as if to toss it over the hedge but faltered, bent forward, and stuck it into the animal's head-stall. As he straightened up he found himself in the company of a tall rider going his way, whom he had passed on the slope.

"I believe you're not often overtaken, once you're in the saddle, Mr. March."

John "reckoned that was so," and said that as he came up the hill he had been so busy thinking, that he had not recognized the quiet gray man in time to salute him. The poverty-chastened gentleman had "seen how it was," and began to speak of the great changes impending over Widewood and in Suez, principally due, he insisted, with a very agreeable dignity, to Mr. March's courageous and untiring perseverance.

"It's true you couldn't have succeeded without some support from such courageous and catholic spirits as Major Garnet and President Gamble; but when I lately spoke to them they said emphatically that, in comparison with you, they had done nothing; and Mr. Leggett, who was present, confirmed them and included himself. He had brought them to me to urge me to take a few shares which were for the moment available. The holder, I believe, was the lady who teaches French here in the Academy, Mademoiselle Eglantine; yes. I have no money to invest, however, and Mr. Leggett tells me she has changed her mind again and will keep the stock, which I am sure is wise. The Construction Company? think it an excellent idea; admirable! I mustn't detain you, Mr. March, though I have a request to make. Possibly you know that our more advanced students gather for an hour or so once a week in what we've named our Social Hall, for various forms of profitable entertainment—? Now and then we have the good fortune to have some man of mark address us informally, and if you, Mr. March, would do so, there's no one else in this region whom our young people would be so pleased to hear."

John thanked the president of Suez University for the honor. If there was only something, anything, on which he was really qualified to speak—but——

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"Mr. March, speak on the imperative need of organized effort harmoniously combined, for the accomplishment of almost all large undertakings! Or on the growing necessity men find to trust their interests in one another's hands! Oh! you can hardly be at a loss for a theme, I'm sure; but those are points which, it seems to me, our state of society here makes it especially needful to emphasize. Don't you think so, Mr. March?"

Mr. March thought so; ahem! There was a pause, and then they talked of the loveliness of the season. The temperature, they decided, must be about seventy-seven. And what a night the last one had been! Mr. March had attended a meeting of the land company's board, which did not adjourn until very late, but he simply had to take a long walk in the starlight afterward, and even when that was done he stayed up until an absurd hour writing a description of the glorious Southern night to a friend in New England who was still surrounded by frozen hills and streams.

"I hardly know an easier way to delight a New Englander's fancy at this time of year," said the gray president. "Or is your friend a Southern man?"

"Oh—eh—no, sir, she's a Southern girl. I—well, I had to write her on business, anyhow, and I just yielded to the impulse—wrote it, really, more to myself than"— Mr. March dreamed a moment and then spoke again.

"It's barely possible I shall have to leave town to-morrow or next day, sir; if I don't I'll try to meet your wish. Well, sir, good-day." He galloped on.

John had often before left Suez and crossed the old battle-field benumbed with consternation and galled with doubts of himself; but he had always breathed in new strength among the Widewood hills. Not so to-day. When once or twice he let his warm horse walk and his thought seek rest, the approbations of Proudfit and Shotwell, Parson Tombs, the president of Suez University, and such— Oh! they only filled him with gaspings. He tried to think what man of real weight there still was with whose efforts he might "harmoniously combine" his own; but he knew well enough there was not one who had not, seemingly through some error of his, drifted beyond his hail.

As the turnings of the mountain road led him from each familiar vista to the next, more and more grievously bore down upon his spirit the sacred charge which he had inherited along with this majestic forest. His father's presence and voice seemed with him again as at one point he halted a moment because it had been the father's habit to do so, and gazed far down and away upon Suez and off in the west where Rosemont's roof and grove lay in a flood of sunlight.

"Oh, son," he could almost hear the dear voice say again, as just there it had once said, "I do believe it's fah betteh to get cheated once in a while, than to be afraid to trust those who're not afraid to trust us. Why, son, we wouldn't ever a-been father and son, at all, only for the sweet trustfulness of yo' dear motheh. Think o' that, son; you an' me neveh bein' any relation to each otheh!"

The rider's bosom heaved. But the next moment he was hearkening. A distant strain of human mirth came softly from farther up in the wooded hills; one and no more, as if those who made it had descended from some swell of the land into one of its tangled hollows. He listened in vain. All he heard was that beloved long-lost voice saying once more in his lonely heart, "Make haste and grow, son." He put in the spur.

Down a long slope, up a sudden rise, over a level curve where a fox-squirrel leaped into the road and scampered along it; up again, down into a hollow, across the ridge beyond—so he was going, when voices sounded again, then hoofs and wheels, and flashing and darkling in the woodland's afternoon shadows came a party of four, two under hats, two under bonnets, drawn by Bulger's handsome trotters, in Garnet's carryall. Garnet drove. Beside him sat Mrs. March, luminous with satisfaction, and on the back seat, with Bulger, sat a small thin woman whose flaxen hair was flattened in quince-seed waves on her pretty temples, and whom John knew slightly as Mrs. Gamble. Bulger and the ladies waved hands. Only Garnet's smile showed restraint.

In the board meeting, though surprise and annoyance at John's presence and at-

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titude were obvious, only the Major and he had openly struck fire. When Gamble, Garnet, and Bulger were left alone, Bulger, who had all along been silent, remarked to Garnet:

"I never drive with a whip. There's lots of horse in a young fellow like March, and I never blame a horse for not liking what he don't understand. I give him lump-sugar. If he's vicious, that's another thing; but when he's only nervous—Got a match, Gamble?—Thanks. Now, I'll tell you what's let's do first thing to-morrow morning." And this, with one or two happy modifications suggested by Garnet and Gamble, was now being done.

LXXIII

FAREWELL, WIDEWOOD

JOHN was lost in a conflict of strong emotions. Sore beset, he forced them all aside for the moment and yielded only to a grateful wonder as he looked upon his pretty mother with her lap full of spring flowers. For the first time in their acquaintance her shapely ear was not waiting to receive, nor her refined lips to reject, his usual rough apologies. Her tone of resignation was almost playful as she said that the first news of his return had come to her through her present kind companions.

Mrs. Gamble put in that she had induced Mrs. March to join them, on their return from their mountain drive, by telling her that her son was so full of his work in his, her, and their common interest, that she could not expect him to come to her.

"And you all were bringing mother in to see me?" exclaimed John.

"Certing!" said blithe Mrs. Gamble, while Garnet faltered a smiling disclaimer, and the son wondered what hidden influence was making endurable to his mother the company of a woman who declared he would soon have this wilderness turned into a "frewtful garding." But as Mrs. Gamble turned from him and engaged Mrs. March's and Bulger's attention, Garnet gave him a beckoning nod, and as he came round, the Major leaned out and softly said, with a most amiable dignity:

"We were really looking for you, too. Don't you want, just for three or four hours, to forget last night's discord and come along with Sister March and us? We've got a pleasant surprise for her, and we'll enjoy it more, and so will she, if you take part in it."

"Why, Major Garnet—hm!—I can forget; I only can't recede, sir. But——"

"Better speak a little lower."

"Yes, sir. Where's mother going with you, sir? I suppose she knows that, of course?"

"O yes, she knows that. President Gamble and his wife have invited a few of us—the two Miss Kinsingtons, Mademoiselle, Brother and Sister Tombs, Proudfit, Sister Proudfit, Launcelot Halliday and Fannie——"

"Professor Pettigrew?" asked John.

"No, just a few of us—to a sort of literary evening. But Sister March doesn't know that I've been asked to read a number of her poems; you'll be expected to recite others, and the evening will close with the announcement that we—that is, Mrs. Gamble, Bulger, and I—I'm afraid you'll think we've taken a great liberty in your absence, Brother March; I——"

"What have you been doing, Major Garnet?"

"Why, John, we've outrun your intended efforts and—partly by mail, partly by telegraph—the news only came this morning—we've found Sister March a publisher."

"Why, Major Garnet!" whispered John, with girlish tenderness. Tears sprang to his eyes.

"They're a new house, just starting," continued Garnet.

"In Boston or New York?" interrupted John.

"In Pittsburg."

"But how did they decide, Major, without seeing the poems?"

"They didn't; Sister March loaned me some of her duplicates."

"I hope you got good terms, did you?"

"Excellent. Thirty three and a third per cent. royalty after the first five thousand. Why, John, Dixie alone will want that many."

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John "reckoned so" and backed his horse. Mrs. Gamble ratified the Major's invitation, and the horseman replied to the smiling four that he must go home for one or two matters, but would make haste to rejoin them in Suez. As Garnet lifted the reins Mrs. March settled herself anew at his side with a sweet glance into his face which disturbed her son, it seemed so fondly personal. But this disquietude quickly left him as he rode away, when he remembered the Major's daughter having lifted just such a look at himself, for whom, manifestly, she cared nothing, except in the most colorless way.

Daphne Jane, at Widewood, swinging on the garden-gate and cackling airily to a parting visitor, slipped to the ground and was still as Widewood's master suddenly appeared, although just then the first really light-hearted smile of that day broke upon his face. It was the parting visitor, also mounted, whose presence pleased him in a way and degree so unexpected even to himself that he promptly abated, by a visible restraint, his first show of delight.

"Why, Johanna, you important adjunct! To what are we indebted for"—the tone grew vacant—"this—pleasure?" His gay look darkened to one of swift reflection and crushing inference. "Do—do you want to see me?" he blurted, and somewhere under her dark skin Johanna blushed. "No, of course you don't."

As he dismounted—"Jane," he said, "you no need to come in; finish your confab." Upstairs he tried to recall the errand that had brought him there, but Barbara's maid filled all his thought. He saw her from a window and silently addressed her.

"You're not yourself! You're your mistress and you know it! You're she, come all the way back from the land of snow to counsel me; and you're welcome. There's balm, at least, in a sweet woman's counsel, womanly given. Balm; ah, me! neither she nor I have any right—O! what am I looking for in this drawer?—No, I'll take just this word from her and then no more!" Downstairs he paused an instant in passing his mother's portrait. "No, dear," he said, "we'll mix nothing else with our one good dream—Widewood filled with happy homes and this one, with just you and me in it, the happiest of them all!"

On the gate Daphne Jane still prattled, but after half a dozen false starts Johanna, for gentle shame's sake, had to go. Her horse paced off briskly, and a less alert nature than Daphne Jane's would have fancied her soon far on her way. As John came from the house again he saw no sign that his mother's maid, slowly walking toward it with her eyes down, was not engaged in some pious self-examination, instead of listening down the mountain road with both ears. But she easily guessed he was doing the same thing.

"Well, Jane," he said as he loosed his bridle from the fence, "been writing something for Johanna?" and when she said, "Yass, seh," he knew the bashful lie was part of her complicity in a matter she did not understand, but only hoped it was some rascality. A secret delight filled her bosom as he mounted and walked his horse out of sight. She stopped with lifted head like a listening doe and let her joy tell itself in a smiling whisper:

"Trott'n'!" She hearkened again; the smile widened; the voice rose: "Gallopin'!" Her eyes dilated merrily and she cried aloud:

"Ga-allopin', ga-allopin', lippetty-clip, down Zigzag Hill!" Her smile became a laugh, the laugh a song, the song a dance which joined the lightness of a butterfly with the grace of a girl whose mothers had never worn a staylace, and she ran with tossing arms and willowy undulations to kiss her image in Daphne's glass.

With a hundred or so of small stones rattling at his horse's heels John reached the foot of "Zigzag Hill," turned with the forest road once or twice more, noticed, by the tracks, that Johanna's horse was walking, and at another angle saw her just ahead timorously working her animal sidewise to the edge of the way.

"Johanna," he began as he dashed up—"O!—don't get scared—didn't you come out here in hopes to somehow let me know"—he took on a look of angry

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distress—"that the Suez folks are talking?"

The girl started, gasped and stammered, but the young man knitted his brows worse and interrupted. "Umhm. That's all right." His horse leaped forward so that he had to look behind to see her, as he added more kindly:

"I'm much obliged to you, Johanna—Good-by."

The face he had thus taken by surprise tried, too late, to smile away the signs that its owner was grieved and hurt. A few rods farther on John wheeled around and trotted back. Her pulse bounded with gratitude for his look of tender deference.

"Johanna, of course if I stay here I shall keep entirely out of Mrs. Ravenel's sight, or——"

The girl made a despairing gesture that brought John's frown again.

"Why, what?" he asked with a perplexed smile.

"Law! Mr. Mahch, you cayn't all of a sudden do dat; dey'll on'y talk wuss."

"Well, Johanna—I'm not going to try it. I'm going to take the express train this evening." He started on, but checked up once more and faced around. "O—eh—Johanna, I'd rather you'd not speak of this, you understand, I natu'ly don't want Mrs. Ravenel to know why I go; but I'm even more particular about General Halliday. It's none o' his—hm! I say I don't want him to know. Well, good-by. O—eh—Johanna, have you no word—of course, you know, the North's a mighty sizable place, and still it's just possible I might chance some day to meet up with—eh—eh—however, it's aft' all so utterly improbable, that, really—well, good-by!" He dashed away.

A while later Johanna stopped at that familiar point which overlooked the valley of the Swanee and the slopes about Rosemont. The sun had nearly set, but she realized her hope. Far down on the gray turnpike she saw the diminished figure of John March speeding townward across the battle-field. At the culvert he drew rein, faced about, and stood gazing upon Widewood's hills. She could but just be sure it was he, yet her tender spirit felt the swelling of his heart, and the tears rose in her eyes, that were not in his only because a man—mustn't.

While she wondered wistfully if he could see her, his arm went slowly up and waved a wide farewell to the scene. She snatched out her handkerchief, flaunted it, and saw him start gratefully at sight of her and reply with his own. Then he wheeled and sped on.

"Go," she cried, "go; and de Lawd be wid you an' wid yo' sperrit, Mr. Jawn Mahch, Gen'lemun!—O Lawd, Lawd! Mr. Jawn Mahch, I wisht I knowed a niggeh like you!"

LXXIV

IN YANKEE LAND

It was still early May when Barbara Garnet had been six weeks in college. The institution stood in one of New England's oldest towns, a place of unfenced greenswards, among which the streets wound and loitered, hunting for historic gambrel-roofed houses, many of which had given room to other sorts less picturesque and homelike. In the same search great elms followed them, down into river meadows or up among flowery hills, casting off their dainty blossoms, putting on their leaves, and waving majestic greetings to the sower as he strode across his stony fields.

Yet for all the sudden beauty of the land and season Miss Garnet was able to retain enough of her "nostalgia" to comfort her Southern conscience. She had arrived in March and caught Dame Nature in the midst of her spring cleaning, scolding her patient children; and at any rate her loyalty to Dixie forbade her to be quite satisfied with these tardy blandishments. Let the cold Connecticut turn as blue as heaven, by so much the more was it not the green Swanee. She had made more than one warm friendship among her fellow-students, but the well-trimmed lamp of her home feeling waxed not dim. It only smoked a trifle even in Boston, that maze of allurements into which no Southerner of her father's generation ever sent his brother, no Southerness her sister, without some fear of apostasy.

Barbara had made three visits to that

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city, where Mrs. Fair, the ladies said, "did a great deal for her." Yet when Mrs. Fair said, with kind elation, "My dear, you have met Boston and it is yours!" the smiling exile, as she put her hand into both hands of her hostess, remembered older friends and silently apologized to herself for having so lost her heart to this new one.

At that point came in one who was at least an older acquaintance — the son. Thoroughly as Barbara had always liked Henry Fair, he seemed to her to have saved his best attractiveness until now, and with a gentleness as masculine as it was refined fitted into his beautiful home, his city, the whole environing country, indeed, and shone from them, in her enlivened fancy, like an ancestor's portrait from its frame. He came to take her to an exhibition of paintings, and thence to the railway station, where a fellow-student was to rejoin her for the trip back to college. Mrs. Fair had to attend a meeting of the society for something or other, of which she was president.

"These people make every minute count," wrote Barbara to Fannie; "and yet they're far from being always at work. I'm learning the art of recreation from them. Even the men have a knack for it that our Southern men know nothing about."

"You might endorse that 'Fair *versus* March,'" replied Ravenel to his wife, one evening, as he lingered a moment at tea. She had playfully shown him the passage as a timorous hint at better self-care; but he smilingly rose and went out. She kept a bright face, and as she sat alone re-reading the letter, said, laughingly, "Poor John!" and a full minute afterward, without knowing it, sighed.

This may have been due, in part at least, to the fact that Barbara's long but tardy letter was the first one Fannie had received from her. It told how a full correspondence between the writer's father and his fellow college president had made it perfectly comfortable for her to appear at the institution for the first time quite unescorted, having within the hour parted from Mr. and Mrs. Fair, who, though less than three hours' run from their own home, would have gone with her if she could have consented. She had known that the dormitories were full and that like many other students she would have to make her home with a private family, and had found it with three very lovable sisters, two spinsters and a widow, who turned out to be old friends—former intimates—of the Fairs. And now this intimacy had been revived; Mrs. Fair had already been to see them once, although to do so she had come up from Boston alone. How she had gone back the letter did not say. Fannie felt the omission.

"I didn't think Barb would do me that way," she mused; and was no better pleased when she recalled a recent word of Jeff-Jack's to the effect that few small things so sting a woman as to disappoint her fondness and her curiosity at the same time. Now with men—However! All Barbara had omitted was merely that Mrs. Fair had gone back with her son, who on his way homeward from a trip to New York had been "only too glad" to join her here, and spend two or three hours under spring skies and shingle roof with the three pleasantly remembered sisters.

This was in the third of those six weeks during which Barbara had been at college. About half of the two or three hours was spent in a stroll along the windings of a small woodland river. The widow and Mrs. Fair led the van, the two spinsters were the main body, and Henry Fair and Barbara straggled well in the rear, stooping side by side among white and blue violets, making perilous ventures for cowslips and maple blossoms, and commercing in sweet wood-lore and dainty likes and dislikes.

When the procession turned, the two stragglers took seats on a great bowlder round which the stream broke in rapids, Barbara gravely confessing to the spinsters, as they lingeringly passed, that she had never done so much walking in her life before as now and here in a place where an unprotected girl could hire four hacks for a dollar.

The widow and Mrs. Fair left the others behind. They had once been room-mates at school, and this walk brought back something of that old relation. They talked about the young man at their back, and paused to smile

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across the stream at some children in daring colors on a green hillside getting sprouts of dandelion.

"Do you think," asked the widow, "it's really been this serious with him all along?"

"Yes, I do. Henry's always been such a pattern of prudence and moderation that no one ever suspects the whole depth of his feelings. He realizes she's very young, and he may have held back until her mind—her whole nature—should ripen; although, like him, as you see, she's ripe beyond her years. But above all he's a dutiful son, and I believe he's simply been waiting till he could see her effect on us, and ours on her. Tell me frankly, dear, how do you like her?"

The Yankee widow had bright black eyes and they twinkled with restrained enthusiasm as she murmured, "I hope she'll get him!"

"Ah!" Mrs. Fair smiled gratefully, made a pretty mouth and ended with a wise gesture and a dubious toss, as who should say, "I admit he's priceless, but I hope he may get her."

Whereupon the widow ventured one question more, and Mrs. Fair told her of John March. "Yes," she said at the end, "he happened to be in Boston for his Company last Saturday when Miss Garnet was with us, and Henry brought him to the house. I wasn't half glad, though I like him, quite. He's a big, handsome, swinging fellow that everybody invites to everything. He makes good speeches before the clubs and flaunts his Southern politics just enough to please our Yankee fondness for being politely *sassed*."

"Why, dear, isn't that a rather good trait in us? It's zest for the overlooked fact, isn't it?"

"O!—it has its uses. It certainly furnishes a larger feeling of superiority to both sides at once than anything else I know of."

"You say Henry brought him to the house while Miss Garnet was with you——"

"Yes; and, my dear, I wish you might have seen those two Southerners meet! They didn't leave us any feeling of superiority then; at least *he* didn't. Except that they're both so Southern, they're not alike. She moved right in among us without the smallest misstep. He made a dozen delicious blunders. It was lovely to see how sweetly she and Henry helped him up and brushed him off, and the boyish manfulness with which he always took it. I couldn't tell, sometimes, which of the three to like best, only——"

Those behind called them to hearken to the notes of a woodlark, and when Mrs. Fair asked her son the hour it was time to get to the station. Barbara would not say just when she would be in Boston again; but the classmate she liked best was a Boston girl, and by the time this college life had lasted six weeks her visits to the city had been three, as aforesaid, and in every instance, with an unobtrusiveness all his own, Henry Fair had made her pleasure his business. On the second visit she had expected to meet Mr. March again—a matter wholly of his contriving—but had only got his telegram from New York at the last momeut of her stay, stating that he was unavoidaby detained by business, and leaving space for six words unused. The main purpose of her third visit had been to attend with Mrs. Fair a reception given by that lady's club. It had ended with dancing; but Mr. Fair had not danced to suit her and Mr. March had not danced at all, but had allowed himself to betray dejection, and had torn her dress. Back at college she had told the favorite classmate how she had chided Mr. March for certain trivial oversights and feared she had been severe; and when the classmate insisted she had not been nearly severe enough she said goodnight and went to her room to mend the torn dress; and as she sewed she gnawed her lip, wished she had never left Suez, and salted her needle with slow tears.

Thus ended the sixth week—stop! I was about to forget the thing for which I began the chapter—and, anyhow, this was not Saturday, it was Friday! While Barbara was so employed, John March, writing to Henry Fair from somewhere among the Rhode Island cotton-spinners, said:

"To-night I go to New York, where I have an important appointment to mor-

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row noon, but I can leave there Monday morning at five and be in Springfield at ten-twenty-five If you will get there half an hour later by the train that leaves Boston at seven, I will telegraph the Springfield men to meet us in the bank at eleven. They assure me that if you confirm my answers to their questions they will do all I've asked. Please telegraph your reply, if favorable, to my New York address."

About three o'clock of Saturday March was relieved of much anxiety by receipt of Fair's telegram. It was a long time before Monday morning, but in a sudden elation he strapped his valise and said to the porter—"Grand Central Depot."

"Back to Boston again?"

"Not much! But I'm not going to get up at four o'clock Monday morning, either."

In Boston at nine that evening a servant of the Fairs told one of their familiar friends who happened to drop in, that Mr. Fair, senior, was in, but that Mr. Henry Fair had gone to spend Sunday at some Connecticut River town, he was not sure which, but — near Springfield.

LXXV

ACROSS THE MEADOWS

Next morning, John March, for the first time in his life, saw and heard the bobolink.

"Ah! you turncoat scoundrel!" he laughed in a sort of fond dejection, "you've come North to be a lover, too, have you? You were songless enough down South."

But the quivering gallant went singing across the fields, too drunk with the joy of loving to notice accusers.

On the previous evening March had come up by rail some fifteen miles beyond the brisk inland city just mentioned and stopped at a certain "Mount" —no matter what—known to him only through casual allusions in one or two letters of—a friend. Here he had crossed a hand-ferry, climbed a noted hill, put up at its solitary mountain house—being tired of walls and pavements, as he had more than once needlessly explained—and at his chamber window sat looking down, until most of them had vanished, upon a cluster of soft lights on the other side of the valley, shining among the trees of the embowered town where one who now was never absent from his thoughts was at school.

The knowledge that he loved her was not of yesterday only. He could count its age in weeks and a fraction, beginning with the evening when "those two Southerners" had met in Mrs. Fair's drawing-room. Since then the dear trouble of it had ever been with him, deep, silent, dark—like this night on the mountain—shot with meteors of brief exultation, and starlighted with recollections of her every motion, glance, and word.

At sunrise, looking again, he saw the town's five or six spires, and heard one of them tell the hour and the college bell confirm it. Care was on his brow, but in the look of it you could see it was a care that came of new freedom. He was again a lover, still tremorous with the wonder of unsought deliverance from his dungeon of not-loving. And now the stern yet inspiring necessity was not to let his delivering angel find it out; to be a lover, but not a suitor. Hence his presence up here instead of down in the town beyond the meadows and across the river. He would make it very plain to her and her friends that he had not come into this part ahead of his business appointment to thrust himself upon her, but to get a breath of heaven's own air—being very tired of walls and pavements—and to—to discover the bobolink!

Of course, being so near, he should call. He must anyhow go to church, and if only he could keep himself from starting too early, there was no reason why he should not combine the two duties and make them one pleasure. Should he ride or drive? He ordered the concern's best saddle-horse, walked mournfully half round him, and said, "I reckon—I reckon I'll drive. Sorry to trouble you, but——"

"Put him in the shafts, Dave," said the stable-keeper, and then to the guest, "No trouble, sir; if a man doesn't feel safe in a saddle he'd better not monkey with it."

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"I dare say," sedately responded John. "I suppose a man oughtn't to try to learn to ride without somebody to go along with him."

The boy had just finished harnessing the animal, when March, as he stood waiting, started with a new thought. He steadied himself, turned a step or two away, drew something from his pocket, opened, consulted, and returned it—it was neither a watch nor a weapon—and rejoining the stable-keeper said, with a sweet smile and a red face:

"See here, it's only three miles over there. If you'll let me change my mind——"

"You'll walk it—O all right! If you change your mind again you can let us know on your return."

John took a way that went by a bridge. It was longer than the other, by way of a ferry, but time, for the moment, was a burden and either way was beautiful. The Sabbath was all smiles. On the Hampshire hills and along the far meanderings of the Connecticut a hundred tints of perfect springtide beguiled the heart to forget that winter had ever been. Above a balmy warmth of sunshine and breeze in which the mellowed call of church-bells floated through the wide valley from one to another of half a dozen towns and villages, silvery clouds rolled and unrolled as if in stately play, swung, careened, and fell melting through the marvellous blue, or soared and sunk and soared again. Keeping his eyes much on such a heaven, our inexperienced walker thought little of close-fitting boots until he had to sit down, screened from the public road by a hillock and, with a smile of amusement but hardly of complacency, smooth a cruel wrinkle from one of his very striped socks. Just then a buck-board rumbled by, filled with pretty girls, from the college, he guessed, driving over to that other college town, seven miles across the valley, where a noted Boston clergyman was to preach today; but the foot-passenger only made himself a bit smaller and chuckled at the lucky privacy of his position. As they got by he stole a peep at their well-dressed young backs, and the best dressed and shapeliest was Barbara Garnet's. The driver was Henry Fair. It was then that the bobolink, for the firs time in his life, saw and heard John March.

LXXVI

IN THE WOODS

The sun mounted on to noon and nature fell into a reverent stillness; but in certain leafy aisles under the wooded bluffs and along that narrow stream where Mrs. Fair some three weeks earlier had walked and talked with the widow, the Sabbath afternoon was scarcely half spent before the air began to be crossed and cleft with the vesper hymns and serenades of plumed worshippers and lovers.

It was a place to quicken the heart and tongue of any wooer. The breezes moved pensively and without a sound. On the middle surface of the water the sunshine lay in wide bands, liquid-bordered under overhanging boughs by glimmering shadows that wove lace in their sleep. Between the stream and the steep ground ran an abandoned road fringed with ferns, its brown pine-fallings flecked with a sunlight that fell through the twined arms and myriad green fingers of all namable sorts of great and lesser trees. You would have said the forest's every knight and lady, dwarf, page, and elf—for in this magical seclusion all the world's times were tangled into one—had come to the noiseless dance of some fairy's bridal; chestnut and hemlock, hazel and witch-hazel, walnut and willow, birches white and yellow, poplar and ash in feathery bloom, the lusty oaks in the scarred harness of their winter wars under new tabards of pink and silver green, and the slim service-bush, white with blooms and writhing in maiden shame of her too transparent gown. In each tangled ravine Flora's little pious mortals of the May—anemone, yellow violet, bloodroot, mustard, liverwort, and their yet humbler neighbors and kin—heard mass, or held meeting—whichever it was—and slept for blissful lack of brain while jack-in-the-pulpit preached to them under Solomon's seal, and oriole, tanager, warbler, thrush, up in the choir-loft,

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made love between the hymns, ate tidbits, and dropped crumbs upon wake-robin, baby-toes, and the nodding columbine.

Was it so? Or was it but fantasy in the mind of Henry Fair alone, reflected from the mood of the girl at whose side he walked here, and whose "Herrick" he vainly tried to beguile from her in hope that so she might better heed his words? It may be. The joy of spring was in her feet, the colors of the trees were answered in her robes, the flush of the orchards and breath of the meadows through which they had gone and come again were on her cheek and in her parted lips, the red-brown depths of the stream were in her hair and lashes, and above them a cunningly disordered thing of fine straw and loose ribbons matched the head and face it shaded, as though all were parts together of some flower unspoiled by the garden's captivity and escaped again into the woods.

To Barbara's ear Fair's speech had always been melodious and low. Its well-tempered pitch had her approval especially here, where not only was there the wild life of grove and thicket to look and listen for, but a subdued ripple of other girls' voices and the stir of other draperies came more than once along the path and through the bushes. But there are degrees and degrees, and in this walk his tones had gradually sunk to such pure wooing that Herrick was no protection and she could reply only with irrelevant pleasantries.

At length he halted, and with a lover's distress showing beneath his smile, asked:

"Why cannot you be serious with me—Barbara?"

In make-believe aimlessness she swept the wood with a reconnoitering glance, and then with eyes of maidenly desperation fixed on him, said, tremblingly:

"Because, Mr. Fair, I know what you want to say, and I don't want you to say it."

He turned their slow step toward a low rock in an open space near the water's edge, where no one could come near them unseen. "Would you let me say it if we were down in Dixie?" he asked. "Is it because you are so far from home?"

"No, Mr. Fair, I told you I really have no home. I'm sorry I did; I'm afraid it's led you to this, when everything I said—about taking myself into my own care and all—was said to keep you from it."

The lover shook his head. "You cannot. You must not. To be that kind is to be unkind." He motioned to the rock. "Sit here. You do not know exactly what I have to say; sit here, will you not? and while I stand beside you let me do both of us the simple honor to seal with right words what I have so long said in behavior."

Barbara hesitated and then stood and leaned against the granite seat. "O Mr. Fair, what need is there? Your behavior's always borne the seal of its own perfection. How could I answer you? If you only wanted any other answer but just the one you want, I could give it—the kindest answer in the world, the most unbounded praise—O I could give it with my whole heart and soul! Why, Mr. Fair"—as she sadly smiled she let him gaze into the furthest depth of her eyes—"as far as I can see, you seem to me to be ab-so-lute-ly fault-less."

The young man caught his breath as if for some word of fond passion, but the unfaltering eyes prevented him. As she began again to speak, however, they fell.

"And that's not because I can't see men's faults. I see them so plainly, and show so plainly I see them, that sometimes I wonder—" She left the wonder implied while she pinched lichens from the stone. He began in a tender monotone to say:

"All the more let me speak. I cannot see you put away unconsidered——"

She lifted her eyes again. "O! I know what I'm putting away from me; a life! a life wider, richer than I ever hoped to live. Mr. Fair, it's as if a beautiful, great, strong ship were waiting to carry me across a summer sea, and I couldn't go, just for want of the right passport—the right heart! If I had that it might be ever so different. I have no other ship ever to come in. I say all this only to save you from speaking. The only thing lacking is lacking in me." She smiled a compassionate despair. "It's not you nor your condi-

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tions—you know it's none of those dear ones who love you so at home—it's only I that can't qualify."

They looked at each other in reverent silence. Fair turned, plucked a flower, and as if to it, said, "I know the passion of love is a true and sacred thing. But love should never be all, or chiefly, a passion. The love of a mother for her child, of brother and sister for each other, however passionate, springs first from relationship and rises into passion as a plant springs from its root into bloom. Why should not all love do so? Why should only this, the most perilous kind, be made an exception?"

"Because," softly interrupted Barbara, glad of a moment's refuge in abstractions, "it belongs to the only relationship that comes by choice!"

"Are passions ever the best choosers?" asked the gentle suitor. "Has history told us so, or science, or scripture, or anybody but lovers and romancers—and—and Americans? Life—living and loving—is the greatest of the arts, and the passions should be our tools, not our guides."

"I believe life *is* an art to you, Mr. Fair; but to me it's a dreadful battle." The speaker sank upon the stone, half rose again, and then sat still.

"It hasn't scarred you badly," responded the lover. Then gravely: "Do you not think we may find it worth the fight if we make passions our chariot horses and never our charioteers?"

No answer came, though he waited. He picked another flower and asked: "If you had a brother, have you the faintest doubt that you would love him?"

"No," said Barbara, "I couldn't help but love him." She thrust away the recollection of a certain railway-journey talk and thought of her father.

Fair dropped his voice. "If I did not know that I should not be here today. Barbara, kinship is the only true root of all abiding love. We cannot feel sure even of God's love until we call ourselves his children. Neither church, state, nor society requires lovers to swear that they love passionately, but that they will love persistently by virtue of a kinship made permanent in law. These marriages on the American plan, of which we are so vain, are they the only happy ones, and are they all happy? When they are, is it because love began as a passion, or has it not been because the choice was fortunate, and love, whether from a large or small beginning, has grown, like that of Isaac and Rebecca, out of a union made stronger than the ties of blood, by troth and oath? Barbara, do you not know in your heart of hearts that if you were the wife of a husband, wisely but dispassionately chosen, you would love him with a wife's full love as long as he loved you? You do. You would."

Barbara was slow to reply, but presently she began, "Unless I could commit my fate to one who already loved me consumingly——" She gave a start of protestation as he exclaimed:

"I love you consumingly! O Barbara, Barbara Garnet, let that serve for us both! Words could not tell my joy if I could find in you this day a like passion for me. But the seed and soil of it are here to my sight in what I find you to be, and all I ask is that you will let reason fix the only relationship can truly feed the flame which I know—I *know*—my love will kindle."

"O Mr. Fair, I begged you not to ask!"

"Do not answer! Not now; to-morrow morning. If you can't answer then——"

"I can answer now, Mr. Fair. Why should I keep you in suspense?"

Such agitation came into the young man's face as Barbara had never thought to see. His low voice quivered. "No! No! I beseech you not to answer yet! Wait! Wait and weigh! O Barbara! weigh well and I will wait well! Wait! O wait until you have weighed all things well—my fortune, love, life, and the love of all who love me—O weigh them all well, beloved! beloved one!"

Without warning, a grosbeak—the one whose breast is stained with the blood of the rose—began his soft, sweet, song so close overhead that Barbara started up and he flew. She waited to catch the strain again, and as it drifted back her glance met her lover's. She smiled tenderly, but was grave the next moment and said, "Let us go back."

Nevertheless they went very slowly,

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culling and exchanging wild flowers as they went. On her doorstep she said, "Now, in the morning——"

"How soon may I come?" he asked.

"Immediately after chapel."

LXXVII

MY GOOD GRACIOUS, MISS BARB

"GOOD-BY," said Fair, with an ardent last look.

"Good-by," softly echoed Barbara, with eyelids down, and passed in.

According to a habit contracted since coming to college she took a brief glimpse of the hat-rack to see if it held any other than girl's hats. Not that she expected any visitor of the sort that can't wear that kind, but—you know how it is—the unexpected does sometimes call. Besides, Mr. Fair had told her whom he was to meet in Springfield next day. But the hat-rack said no. Nevertheless she glanced also into the tiny parlor. The widow sat there alone, reading the *Congregationalist.* She looked up with sweet surprise, and Barbara, not giving her time to speak, said:

"The woods are so per-fect-ly fas-ci-nat-ing I'm neg-lect-ing my cor-re-spond-ence."

She dangled her hat at her knee and slowly mounted to her room, humming a dance, but longing, as some sick wild thing, for a seclusion she had no hope to find.

The two college mates who had driven with her in the morning were lolling on her bed. They recognized the earliness of her return by a mischievous sparkle of eyes which only gathered emphasis from the absence of any open comment.

"Barbara," said one, as she doubled a pillow under her neck and took on the Southern drawl, "par-don my in-quis-i-tive-ness, but if it isn't an im-per-ti-nent ques-tion—or even if it is—how man-y but-ter-cups did you pro-cure, and alas! where are they now?"

"Heaow?" softly asked Barbara. But the other school-fellow cried:

"Barbara, dear, don't you notice that girl, she's bad. I'll give you a nice, easy question. I ask merely for information. Of course you're not bound to answer unless you choose——"

"I wan't to know!" murmured Miss Garnet.

"Of course you do; you don't want to criminate yourself when you haven't got to. What I wish to ask is this: why is it that sometimes the sweetest and most conscientious girls have to prove themselves experts in the noble art of concealment? Now, no prevaricating; answer me, yes or no!"

"Yes!" heroically replied the witness.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the questioner, "there's nothing evasive about you. And now another question: Miss Garnet—if that is still your name——"

"Don't call me Miss Garnet," said Barbara with her chin in her hands, "call me honey."

"Honey," came the response, "where's my Herrick?"

Barbara sprang to her feet with a gasp and vacancy of eye that filled the room with the laughter of her companions, and the next moment was speeding down the stairs and across the doorstep, crowding her hat on with one hand and stabbing it with the other as she went. Down from the streets into the wood she hastened, gained the path, ran up it, walked by three or four pretty loiterers, ran again, and on the stone by the water-side found the volume as she had left it.

Then she lingered. As she leaned against the rock and gazed into the shaded depths of the mill-stream her problem came again, and the beautiful solitude whispered a welcome to her to revolve and weigh and solve it here. But when she essayed to do so, it would no more be revolved or weighed by her alone than this huge bowlder at her side. Her baffled mind drifted into fantasy, and the hoary question, whether it is wiser for a maiden to love first, hoping to be chosen accordingly, or to be chosen first and hope to love accordingly, became itself an age-worn relic from woman's earlier and harder lot, left by its glaciers as they had melted in the warmth of more modern suns.

She murmured a word of impatience at such dreaming and looked around to

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see if she was overheard; but the only near presence was two girls sitting behind and high above her, one writing, the other reading, under the pines. They seemed not to have heard, but she sauntered beyond their sight up the path, wondering if they were the kind in whom to love was the necessity it was in her, and, if so, what they would do in her case. What they would advise her to do depended mainly, she fancied, on whether they were in their teens or their twenties. As for married women, she shrank from the very thought of their counsel, whichever way it might tend, and mused on Fannie Ravenel, who, with eyes wide open, had chosen rather to be made unhappy by the one her love had lighted on than to take any other chance for happiness. She stopped her listless walk and found her wrists crossed and her hands knit, remembering one whom Fannie could have chosen and would not.

Burning with resentment against herself for the thought, she turned aside and sat down on the river's brink in a shade of hemlocks. "Come," her actions seemed to say, "I will think of Henry Fair; gentle, noble Henry Fair, and what he is and will and might be; of how I love his mother and all his kindred; of how tenderly I admire him; and of his trembling word, 'I love you consumingly!'"

Her heart quickened gratefully, as though he spoke again; but as she gazed down at the bubbles that floated by from a dipping bough she presently fell to musing anew on Fannie, without that inward shudder which the recollection of her course and her fate commonly brought. "At least," she thought to herself, "it's heroic!" Yet before she could find a moment's comfort in the reflection it was gone, and she started up and moved on again, knowing that, whatever it may be for man, for true womanhood the better heroism is not to give a passionate love its unwise way at heroic cost, but dispassionately to master love in all its greatness and help it grow to passion in wise ways.

"If I take this step," she began to say to herself audibly as she followed the old road out into a neglected meadow, "I satisfy my father; I delight my friends; I rid myself at once and forever of this dreadful dependence on him." She bit her lip and shut her eyes against these politic considerations. "He tells me to weigh the matter well. How shall I, when there's nothing to weigh against it? Fannie could choose between the one who loved her and the one she loved. I have no choice; this is the most—most likely it is all—that will ever be offered me. There's just the one simple sane question before me—Shill I or shall I?" She smiled. "We make too much of it all!" she thought on. "A man's life depends upon the man he is, not on the girl he gets; why shouldn't it be so with us?" She smiled still more, and, glancing round the open view, murmured, "Silly little country girls! We begin life as a poem, we can't find our rhyme, we tell our mothers—if we have any—they say yes, it was the same with our aunts; so we decide with them that good prose will do very well; they kiss us—that means they won't tell—and—O Heaven! is that our best?" She dropped upon a bank and wept till she shook.

But that would never do! She dried her tears and lay toying with her book and sadly putting into thought a thing she had never more than felt before: that whatever she might wisely or unwisely do with it, she held in her nature a sacred gift of passion; that life, her life, could never bloom in full joy and glory shut out from wifehood and motherhood, and that the idlest self-conceit she could attempt would be to say she need not marry. Suddenly she started and then lay stiller than before. She had found the long-sought explanation of her mother's tardy marriage—neither a controlling nor a controlled passion, but the reasoning despair of famishing affections. Barbara let her face sink into the grass and wept again for the dear lost one with a new reverence and compassion. She was pressing her brow hard against the earth when there came from the far end of the meadow two clear, glad notes of nature's voice, that entered her soul like a call from the pastures of Rosemont, a missing rhyme sent to make good the failing poetry of love's declining day. She sprang to the top of the rise with her

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open hand to her hat-brim, the dew still in her lashes, her lips parted fondly, and her ear waiting to hear again—the whistle of the quail. Many a day in those sunny springtimes when she still ran wild with Johanna had she held taunting parley with those two crystal love-notes, and now she straightened to her best height, pursed her lips, whistled back the brave octave, and listened again. A distant cowbell tinkled from some willows in another meadow across the river, a breeze moved audibly by, and then the answer came. "Bob—Bob White?" it inquired from the top of a vine-covered bluff round which the stream swept down in bowlder-strewn rapids to its smoother course between the two meadows. It may be the name was not just that, but it was certainly two monosyllables! The listener stepped quickly to the nearest bush, answered again, and began to move warily from cover to cover in the direction of the call. Once she delayed her response. A man and wife with three or four children, loitering down the river-bank, passed so close to her as to be startled when at last they saw her, although she was merely sitting at the roots of a great tree deeply absorbed in a book. A few steps farther put a slight ridge and a clump of bushes between the couple and the student; and the man, glancing back, had just noticed it, when—

"Hear that quail!" he exclaimed, and stopped his wife with a touch.

"What of it?" asked the helpmate, who was stoop-shouldered.

"Why, we must have passed in a few feet of it! It's right there where we saw that girl!"

The woman's voice took on an added dreariness as she replied: "We might 'a' seen it if you hadn't been so taken up with the girl. James, come back! you know 'tain't that bird you're peekin' after. O land o' love! men *air* sich fools!"

The man found neither girl nor quail; the grassy seat beneath the tree was empty. But just as he was rejoining his partner—"Hark!" he said: "there he is again, farther up the river. Now if we listen like's not we'll hear another fellow answer him. Many's the time I've lain in the grass and called one of them right up. There! that was the answering challenge, away off yonder between here and that hill with the pines on it. There's going to be a beautiful little fight when those two birds meet, and that college girl's going to see it. I wish I— There's the other one again; they get closer each time! Didn't you hear it?"

The wife replied, mainly to herself, that she did not; that if he had her backache he wouldn't hear a brass band, and that her next walk would be by herself.

The partner did not venture to look back after that, but as they sauntered on, rarely speaking except when the mother rebuked the children, he listened eagerly, and after a silence of unaccountable length, finally heard the two calls once more, up near the rapids and very close to each other. He dared not prick his ears, but while he agreed with his wife that if they were ever going home at all it was time they were about it, he could not but think the outcome of a man's life depends largely on the sort of girl he gets.

At the upper end of the meadow, meantime, Barbara Garnet, with "Herrick" in one hand and her hat pressed against the back of her skirts in the other, was bending and peering round the trunk of an elm draped to the ground in flounces of its own green. The last response to her whistle had seemed to come from a spot so close in front of her that she feared to risk another step, and yet, peep and pry as she might, she could neither spy out nor nearer decoy the cunning challenger. In a sense of delinquency she noted the sky showing yellow and red through the hill-top pines, and seeing she must make short end of her play, prepared to rush out upon the rogue and have an old-time laugh at his pretty panic. So!—One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four for to—"Ha, ha, ha!"—

"Good gracious alive!" exclaimed the quail, leaping from his back to his feet, and standing a fathom tall before the gasping, half-sinking girl. "Good gra'—why—why, my good gracious, Miss Barb! why—why, my good gracious!" insisted John March.

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LXXVIII

IMMEDIATELY AFTER CHAPEL

THERE was a great deal of pleasure in the house of the three sisters that evening. The widow asked March to stay to tea, and when he opened his mouth to decline, the wrong word fell out and he accepted. He confided to Barbara his fear that in so doing he had blundered, but she softly scouted the idea, and with a delicious reproachfulness in her murmur "wondered if he supposed they"—etc.

At table he sat next to her, in the seat the sisters had intended for Henry Fair. Neither Miss Garnet nor Mr. March gave the other's proximity more than its due recognition; they talked with almost everyone about almost everything, and as far as they knew, said and did nothing to betray the fact that they were as happy as Psyche in a swing with Cupid to push and run under.

Nobody went to evening service. They sang hymns at the piano, selecting oftenest those which made best display of Miss Garnet's and Mr. March's voices. Hers was only mezzo-soprano and not brilliant, but Mr. March and a very short college girl, conversing for a moment aside, agreed that it was "singularly winsome." Another college girl, very tall, whispered Barbara that his was a "superb barrytone!" The young man entered deeper and deeper every moment into the esteem of the household, and they into his. The very best of the evening came last, when, at the widow's request, the two Southerners sang, without the instrument, a hymn or two of the Dixie mountaineers: "To play on the golden harp" and "Where there's no more stormy clouds arising." Being further urged for a negro hymn, John began "Bow low a little bit longer," which Barbara, with a thrill of recollection and an involuntary gesture of pain, said she couldn't sing, and they gave another instead, one of the best, and presently had the whole company joining in the clarion refrain of "O Canaan! bright Canaan!" Barbara heard her college mates still singing it in their rooms on either side of her after she had said her prayers with her cheek on John March's photograph.

To her painful surprise when she awoke next day she found herself in a downcast mood. She could not even account for the blissful frame in which she had gone to bed. She had not forgotten one word or tone of all John March had said to her while carried away from his fine resolutions by the wave of ecstasy which followed their unexpected meeting, but the sunset light, their thrilling significances, were totally gone from them. Across each utterance some qualifying word or clause, quite overlooked till now, cast its morning shadow. Not so much as one fond ejaculation of his impulsive lips last evening but she could explain it away this morning, and she felt a dull, half-guilty distress in the fear that her blissful silences had embarrassed him into letting several things imply more than he had intended. Before she was quite dressed one of her fellow-students came in with an anguished face to show what a fatal error she had made in the purchase of some ribbons.

Barbara held them first in one light and then in another, and at length shook her head over them in compassionate despair and asked:

"How *could* you so utterly mistake both color and quality?"

"Why, my dear, I bought them by lamplight! and, besides, it was an auction and I was excited."

"Yes," said Barbara, and took a long breath. "I know how that is."

Down in town two commercial travellers, one of whom we have met before, took an after-breakfast saunter.

"She was coming," said the one we remember, "to New England. I didn't know where or for what, and I don't know yet; but when my house said, 'Old boy, we'd like to promote you, just say what you want!' says I, 'Let the salary stand as it is, only change my district; gimme New England!"

"That's the college," he continued, as they came up into Elm Street. "Those are the students, just coming out of the chapel: 'sweet girl graduates,' as Shakespeare calls them."

He clutched his companion's arm.

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Their eyes rested on one of the dispersing throng, who came last and alone, with a slow step and manifestly under some burdensome preoccupation, through the high iron gateway of the campus. She passed them with drooping eyelashes and walked in the same tardy pace before them. Presently she turned from the sidewalk, crossed a small grassplot, and stood on the doorstep with her hand on the latch while they went by.

"Her?" said the one who thought he had quoted Shakespeare, "of course it's her; who else could it be? Ah, hmm! 'so near and yet so far!' Tom, I believe in heaven when I look at that girl —heaven and holiness! I read Taylor's 'Holy Living' when a boy!"

Presently they returned and passed again. She was still standing at the door. A few steps away the speaker looked over his shoulder and moaned:

"Not a glimpse of me does she get! There, she's gone in; but sure's you live she didn't want to!" They walked on. In front of their hotel he clutched his companion again. A young man of commanding figure stood near, deeply immersed in a telegram. The drummer whispered an oath of surprise.

"That's him now! the young millionaire she rejected on the trip we all made together! What's he here for?—George! he looks as worried as her!"

"How do you know she rejected him?"

"How do— Now, look here! If I didn't know it do you s'pose I'd say so? Well, then! Come, I'll introduce you to him— O he's all right! he's just as white and modest as either of us; come on!" March proved himself both modest and white, and as he walked away,

"This's a stra-a-ange world!" moralized the commercial man. "'Tain't him I'm thinking of, it's her! She's in trouble, Tom; in trouble. And who knows but what, for some mysterious reason, *I* may be the only one on earth who can—O Lord!—Look here; I'm not goin' to do any business to-day; I'm not goin' to be fit; you needn't be surprised if you hear to-night that I've gone off on a drunk."

Meantime Barbara had lifted the latch and gone in. No hat was on the rack, but when she turned into the parlor a sickness came to her heart as she smiled and said good-morning to Henry Fair. He, too, smiled, but she fancied he was pale.

They mentioned the weather, which was quite pleasant enough. Fair said the factories that used water-power would be glad of rain, and Barbara seemed interested, but when he paused she asked, in the measured tone he liked so well:

"Who do you think took us all by surprise and spent last evening with us?"

Fair's reply came tardily and was disguised as a playful guess. "Mister—"

"Yes—"

He sobered. "March!" he softly exclaimed, and let his gaze rest long on the floor. "I thought—really I thought Mr. March was in New York."

"So did we all," was the response, and both laughed, without knowing just why.

"He ought to have had a delightful time," said Fair.

Barbara meditated pleasedly. "Mr. March always lets one know what kind of time he's having, and I never saw him more per-fect-ly sat-is-fied," she said, and allowed her silence to continue so long and with such manifest significance that at length the suitor's low voice asked:

"Am I to understand that that visit alters my case?"

"No," responded Barbara, but without even a look of surprise. "I'm afraid, Mr. Fair, that you'll think me a rather daring girl, but I want you to be assured that I know of no one whose visit can alter—that." She lifted her eyes bravely to his, but they filled. "As for Mr. March," she continued, and the same amusement gleamed in them which so often attended her mention of him, "there's always been a perfect understanding between us. We're the very best of friends, but no one knows better than he does that we can never be more, though I don't see why we need ever be less."

"I should call that hard terms, for myself," said Fair; "I hope—" And there he stopped.

"Mr. Fair," the girl began, was still,

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and then—"O Mr. Fair, I know what to say, but I don't know how to say it! I admit everything. All the good reasons are on your side. And yet if I am to answer you now—" She ceased. Her voice had not faltered, but her head drooped and he saw one tear follow quickly after another and fall upon her hands.

"Why, you need not answer now," he tenderly said. "I told you I would wait."

"O Mr. Fair, no, no! You have every right to be answered now, and I have no right to delay beyond your wish. Only, I believe also that, matters standing as they do, you have a perfect right to wait for a later answer from me if you choose. I can only beg you will not. O you who are so rational and brave and strong with yourself, you who know so well that a man's whole fate cannot be wrapped up in one girl unless he weakly chooses it so, take your answer now! I don't believe I can ever look upon you—your offer—differently. Mr. Fair, there's one thing it lacks which I think even you overlook."

"What is that?"

"It—I—I don't know any one word to describe it, unless it it is turn-out-well-a-bil-i-ty."

"Fair started with astonishment, and the tears leaped again to her eyes as she laughed and with new distress said: "It isn't—it—O Mr. Fair, don't you know what I mean? It doesn't make good poetry! As you would say, it's not good art. You may think me 'fresh,' as the girls say, and fantastical, but I can't help believing that in a matter like this there's something wrong—some essential wanting—in whatever's not good—good——"

"Romance?" asked Fair; "do you think the fact that a thing is good romance——"

"No! O no, no, no! I don't say being good romance is enough to commend it; but I do think not being good romance is enough to condemn it! Is that so very foolish?"

The lover answered wistfully. "No. No." Then very softly: "Barbara"—he waited till she looked up—"if this thing should ever seem to you to have become good poetry, might not your answer be different?"

Barbara hesitated. "I—you—O—I only know how it seems now!"

"Never mind," said Fair, very gently. They rose and he took her hand, speaking again in the same tone. "You really believe I have the right to wait for a later answer?"

Her head drooped. "The right?" she murmured, "yes—the right——"

"So also do I. I shall wait. Good-by."

She raised her glance, her voice failed to a whisper. "Good-by."

Gaze to gaze, one stood, and the other, with reluctant step, backed away; and at the last moment, with his foot leaving the threshold, lover and maiden said again, still gaze to gaze:

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

(To be concluded in the December number.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

My friend and coeval Ajax, a person of much intellectual activity and some discernment, spends his summers far down in Maine, and has told me of the pleasure he finds there in observation of the Yankee character. He does not do his observing in any meagre fortnight, or even month, wrung from the exactions of business, but devotes whole summers to it—summers that begin late in the spring and merge liberally into autumn. The Maine village which he affects he describes as a place curiously, and, he thinks, providentially shielded from the contamination of the modern spirit by its geographical location. It had a vigorous marine life of its own before railroads were invented, and is so placed that, though a railroad might come to it, it could not advantageously pass through it. So the life was not run out it, as it was out of many once prosperous New England villages, and it has kept much of its old Yankee stock in something like its old Yankee vigor. Ajax says for one thing that the Yankee voice, as he hears it there, has not the nasal tones that are commonly credited to it, but is clear and agreeable, but still Yankee in its inflections, and perhaps in its drawl. Besides that, he finds Yankee humor and Yankee independence very sturdy in quality, but qualified with a philosophical spirit and a patient, thrifty unwillingness to allow sentimental considerations to stand overmuch in the way of lawful gain. But what interests him as much as anything is the survival of the old Puritan conscientiousness, modified in its manifestations and transmogrified in its aims, but still persistent and effectual. As usual it is more obvious in the women than in the men, and it compels them rather to intellectual than spiritual flights. He complains that in their passion for self-improvement they set themselves awful tasks of reading, and labor through long, hard books with very much of the dreary persistence with which their forebears sat in cold meeting-houses under interminable discourses. Ajax is a product of Boston, and has come to middle life without any very protracted evasions of the atmosphere of his nativity. I have known him to read long books himself, but it seems to distress him that these Yankee women should devote to such tasks so much time and toil that, he thinks, might be more profitably employed in having some sort of fun. He told me that one of them said to him, "Oh, Mr. Ajax, I do so envy you the opportunities for intellectual society that Boston must afford," whereat he had the grace to blush, remembering that almost the only overt indication of intellectuality that he gave at home was a constant and outspoken dissatisfaction with Boston newspapers, and a greedy preference for those of New York. And as for intellectual companionship she assured me that his mind had been stimulated more in a week by conversation with a house-painter down at his Maine village than by a whole winter's communion with most of his intimates.

I confess I do not share all his ideas about the betterment of his Maine neighbors, and would rather have them as he describes them than improved to fit his preferences. To anyone busied in any measure with the work of capturing stray ideas and carrying them to market, it is bound to be a comforting thought that in remote places there are folks who have time

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and energy to improve their minds for the simple sake of improvement, and without any immediate purpose of the more vulgar sort of gain. That this austere pursuit of intellectual discipline still exists down East helps one to understand how it happens that the origins of writers and prima donnas, and people who win renown in various branches of art as well as in commerce, are still so frequently traceable to the soil of that *saeva mater leonum* the State of Maine.

ANOTHER thing which I dare say they do better at that village in Maine where Ajax goes is to sing hymns: Your experience may be different, but the social circle in which I move is self-contained and unemotional to a degree that seems to preclude hymns, and I never hear them any more, except when I go to church. Then they are not sung, but "rendered" by surpliced specialists into whose harmonies my ear may venture but not my voice. We are superior to a good many things in our set, and to hymns among others. Are hymns out of fashion, do you know, among the best people? When I was young we had them at home as regularly as bread and butter; but then we had family prayers too, and observed other ceremonies which now seem to be growing obsolete. I don't visit in any family where they sing hymns, except, to be sure, the family where I first heard them. I confess that I visit comparatively few families, and those comparatively worldly; but I often go out to supper on Sunday night with people who have been to church during the day, and I hear no hymns. The impression I gather is that there is more beer and champagne in the world than there was twenty-five years ago, and not so much devotional music; but one has always to be on his guard not to confuse personal changes with terrestrial movement, and especially not to mistake the signs of one's own individual degeneration for marks of the world's progress. I do not especially deprecate the beer, but I regret the hymns. They echo very pleasantly in the memory, and if the habit of singing them still holds out in that village where Ajax goes, that should be reckoned as one of the advantages of the aspiring Yankees who still lead simple lives there.

I think we are quite as pious in this generation as our forebears were, but our manifestations, though not less sincere than theirs, seem to be less overt. Most of us go to church, but we do not seem to attach the same importance to it as they did, nor go quite so conscientiously. It is more of a habit with us and less of a duty, and if we find what seems a better occupation for a particular Sunday morning, our consciences do not smite us as sharply as consciences did thirty years ago. We are more apt than our fathers were to think that we know more about religion than the preacher does; and it may be that our impressions in that regard have foundation, for the latest news about matters of faith comes to us just as promptly as it does to him, and if it recommends itself to our belief there is less to retard our acceptance of it.

But if we are less sure than our parents were of getting our hymns in church, we ought to be less willing to forego them at home. It is painful to think of one's children growing up without hymns or hymn tunes in their heads, but that very thing may happen to them unless fit measures are taken betimes. The words of many modern popular hymns are absurd, and do violence to any reasonable person's intelligence; but the great hymns are sound poetry set to sound music, and though the sentiments of some of them do not altogether accord with the religious convictions of this enlightened generation, the greater number are as available now as they ever were, and the sanest singer need not mumble the words or make mental reservations as he sings them.

I AM conscious of a want which most of my fellow readers of this magazine might, I should say, hesitate to acknowledge, and yet which I am sure they share with me—the want of a political newspaper. Of such, it may be said, in a sense, that we have a surfeit. It is not in that sense that I speak. We have plenty and to spare of newspapers, largely given up to what is generally called politics, and of politics of that sort in nearly all our newspapers. But let me divide the word of which the lazy hurry of our race has run together the elements. We have no political *news paper;* that is to say, with all due respect to my numerous

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friends in the business, we have no journal in which the news as to politics is at once ample, accurate, impartial, and intelligibly told.

We are called a nation of politicians. It is very far from being true; but there are very many politicians among us, men whose calling is politics and who get what they most care for, or try to, from politics; and there is a larger and less obvious class who have a strong interest in politics because they find in it a duty that some of them like, and that some perform all the more faithfully because they don't like it. Now these classes—and I have more or less close connection with both of them—are most abominably served by the newspapers. They do not and cannot get at the facts which they wish or need to know, and which are quite capable of clear and interesting statement. The newspapers, as a rule, treat such readers as if they were children, and would not read anything but the stories they like, with heroes and villains to their taste and a plot that will turn out just as they would like to have it turn out. If I wish to know anything worth knowing of a convention, or of any proceeding in a political movement to which I am friendly or unfriendly, I must either go to persons who have "inside" information and whom I can trust—and they are not numerous or accessible—or I must read from two to a half dozen newspapers, and analyze and compare and *compulser* their statements, usually with a result far from satisfactory.

All this ought not to be, and if some one of the "great" morning newspapers were endowed with sense and courage, it would not be. There is a very large class of readers who seek news as to politics not to have their palates tickled, but for the satisfaction of a healthy appetite and the assimilation of sustenance. They could be secured for a paper that would sternly abandon all purpose to characterize, in its news columns, the intelligence it publishes, and that would make that intelligence full and trustworthy. What I wish to know about my political friends or foes is not what some reporter or editor imagines will please me in the way of flattery or the reverse, but what they are themselves actually saying or doing. Why cannot I have it, instead of the silly sarcasm or the sickening adulation of some subordinate to whom I would not listen for five minutes on the subject he is allowed to color and distort in my newspaper? We are a young people, and our customs are callow in many ways; but if some editor favorably placed would awake to the fact that we have really outgrown our present style of newspaper politics, he would earn the gratitude of rational men and a fair reward besides in a business way.

THERE is one skill that need never lack employment — the skill of the salesman. Even in times of the smallest production a great store of goods is always awaiting sale, and even in times of the most reluctant purchase a great public is open to the salesman's persuasions. The result is ever mainly a question of his own quality. As he sells so does he profit. It makes no difference how many people are selling against him, if he still sells; and whether he shall still sell will depend primarily on his own power to commend himself and his wares. In short, the salesman has his fate to an unusual degree in his own hands.

The posture of the man who sells is very different from that of the man who makes. The prosperity of either hangs, at last, on the consent of the man who buys. And as no man will long consent to buy the thing he does not want, the salesman's prosperity must depend in part on the maker's skill in apprehending and meeting the public taste; and this dependence seems, at first view, to be a reservation out of that independence which the salesman has just been said to enjoy. But consider that apprehension of the public taste is no element of the maker's skill merely as a maker. So far as he exercises such apprehension he is himself a seller; and he stands, with reference to salesmen in the stricter sense, in precisely the relation of the merchant to his agents when, to help them along, he vaunts his wares through advertisements in the papers, bills posted against the fences, or circulars tucked under doors. His skill as a maker has nothing whatever to do with it. But his prosperity as a maker turns on it: he can have none until—either by himself or through another—he has plied the buyer at least thus far with a seller's skill.

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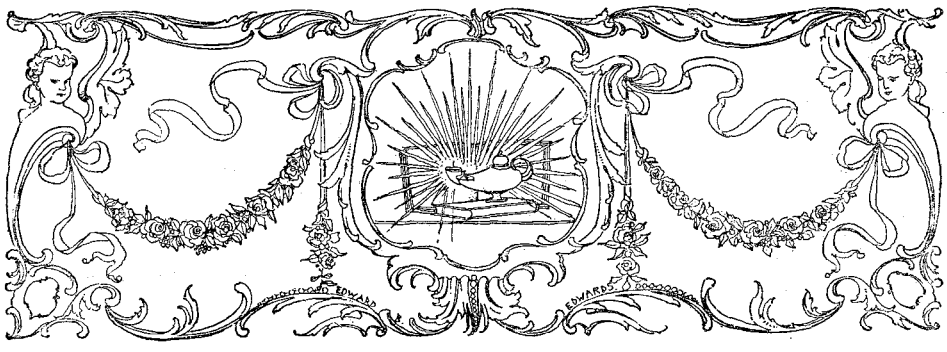
For his reward the maker, in short, must always wait in a manner upon the seller. A good product is only the possibility of a good sale, and it has no profit until a good sale of it has been made.

Besides coming always after the seller in the order of his reward, the maker comes always after him also in the measure of it. A man cannot become rich, it has been said, with approximate truth, so long as he works by himself: to do that he must have other people working for him. In pure making, making stripped of every element of selling, one can never have others working for him. In so far as others help, they are the makers, and not he; and he becomes, in respect of them, merely a seller. But theory apart, we know as a matter of common observation that the strict makers never do become rich. They attain often to moderate fortune, but not to positive riches. A few artists, professional men, and inventors, who in an unequalled skill enjoy a sort of monopoly, win as handsome rewards as any one. But except them and the people enriched by inheritance, and riches prove to be the lot only of the salesman.

The fact becomes obscured somewhat, however, under the difficulty, in all the complexity and divisions of business, of keeping the salesman identified. It is necessary to look a little closely; and also to bear in mind that selling implies and includes buying. The merchants, great and small; the brokers, "operators," and promiscuous traders—these one recognizes easily enough as salesmen. But the owner of a great mill, whose business is to sit in a retired office directing its affairs, and whom we call a manufacturer, is a salesman no less, and as merely a salesman. Having rented to say five hundred workmen suitable housing and machines, on condition of their securing to him the exclusive privilege of buying their product at prices previously agreed upon, he turns round and sells this product at the best prices the public can be persuaded to pay. At no point is the transaction anything else than a bargain, and in its neatness as a bargain alone lies its prosperity. As he is able to buy cheap and sell dear does he get on, does he "arrive." And the capitalist, in whatsoever guise you take him — whether as merchant, manufacturer, banker, bond-holder, or landlord—is, as a capitalist, simply a bargainer, a trafficker, a trader, a salesman.

Of the salesman's skill the chief element is address: the faculty of approaching, persuading, and swaying men. For the reward of this one faculty all of the great money prizes, at least, are reserved. And it is a faculty in the development of which education and training go far. Yet in the schemes of education, even at a time when no effort is sparing to make education "practical" — which means, in the end, money-getting—next to no regard is paid to it.



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THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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"PRIMAVERA."

A Study by Albert Lynch.

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ÉMILE FRIANT'S "CAST SHADOWS."

From a photograph by Braun & Co.

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 675.]

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